

PR  
1187  
H344s  
v. 1

HEADLEY

SELECT BEAUTIES OF  
ANCIENT ENGLISH  
POETRY

1



THE LIBRARY  
OF  
THE UNIVERSITY  
OF CALIFORNIA  
LOS ANGELES





de

Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2007 with funding from  
Microsoft Corporation

To dearest Mr. Webb  
B. Wright





**SELECT BEAUTIES  
OF  
ANCIENT ENGLISH POETRY.**

**WITH REMARKS**

**BY THE LATE**

**HENRY HEADLEY, A.B.**

**AND**

**A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH**

**BY THE**

**REV. HENRY KETT, B.D.**

**FELLOW OF TRINITY COLLEGE, OXFORD.**

---

**THE MONUMENT OF BANISH'D MINDES**

*Sir W. Davenant.*

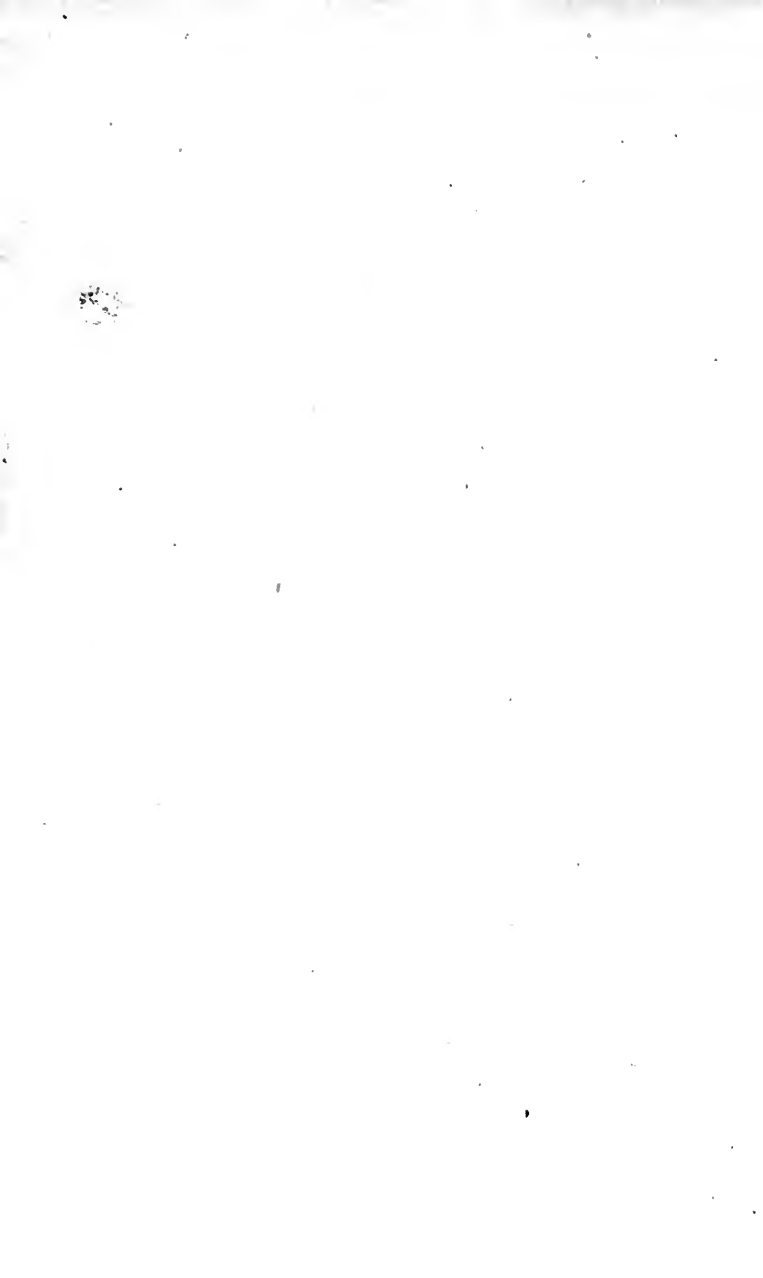


**VOLUME THE FIRST.**

**LONDON :**

**Printed for JOHN SHARPE, Piccadilly,  
and Taylor and Hefsey, Fleet Street .**

**MDCCCX .**



PR  
1187  
H3445  
v.1  
TO

WILLIAM WINDHAM, ESQ. M. P.

OF

*FELBRIG, NORFOLK.*

---

SIR,

IT is some satisfaction to me, in my anxiety for the fate of these volumes, that let the decisions of Criticism be what they will, in being permitted to affix your name to them, I am at least securing a degree of reflected lustre to one page; while every reader who is acquainted with your character, will be pleased to find, that the same generous and watchful attention which you dedicate to the liberty and interests of your Country, you are not backward in extending even to the most distant and collateral branches of its Literature.

Your much obliged

Humble Servant,

Norwich, Feb. 14, 1787.

HENRY HEADLEY.

1965447



# CONTENTS.

## VOLUME THE FIRST.

PREFACE .....	Page i
INTRODUCTION .....	ix
BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES .....	xxix

### DESCRIPTIVE PIECES.

The Den of the Vices .....	May	69
Orpheus and Eurydice .....	P. Fletcher	72
The Bower of Bliss .....	Niccols	75
The Cave of Despair.....	G. Fletcher	81
The Degeneracy of the Times.....	Browne	84
The Poet conducted to the Infernal Regions - Lord Buckhurst		86
The Battle of Cressey .....	May	100
The Shepherd's Life .....	P. Fletcher	113
The Capture of Mortimer .....	Drayton	115
The same .....	May	125
The Alarm of Satan, from Marino .....	Crashaw	130

### PATHETIC PIECES.

The Death of Rosamond .....	May	150
Cleopatra debating on her own destruction .....	Daniel	157
A Lady being wronged by false suspect, &c...Gascoigne		159
Doracles and Daphles .....	Warner	162
Ode to Mars.....	Gascoigne	172
Ode to Concord .....	Gascoigne	173
Matilda poisoned by an Assassin .....	Drayton	175
Robert Duke of Normandy in Captivity.....	Niccols	182
The Meeting of Richard and Isabel.....	Daniel	186
The Question .....	Hunis	195
Richard III. before the Battle of Bosworth Sir J. Beaumont		197
Richard II. the morning before his Murder .....	Daniel	202

*Handsomely printed, in Two Volumes, Demy 8vo. Price 1l. 1s. in  
Boards, for JOHN SHARPE, Piccadilly,*

THE  
POETICAL WORKS  
OF THE  
*REV. JAMES HURDIS, D.D.*

Late Fellow of Magdalen College, and Professor of Poetry in the  
University of Oxford.

With some Account of the Author by a Sister, and a Portrait en-  
graved by J. ROMNEY, from a Miniature by F. NASH, in the Pos-  
session of the Family.

**MR. HEADLEY'S**  
SELECT BEAUTIES OF  
**ANCIENT ENGLISH POETRY:**  
A NEW EDITION.

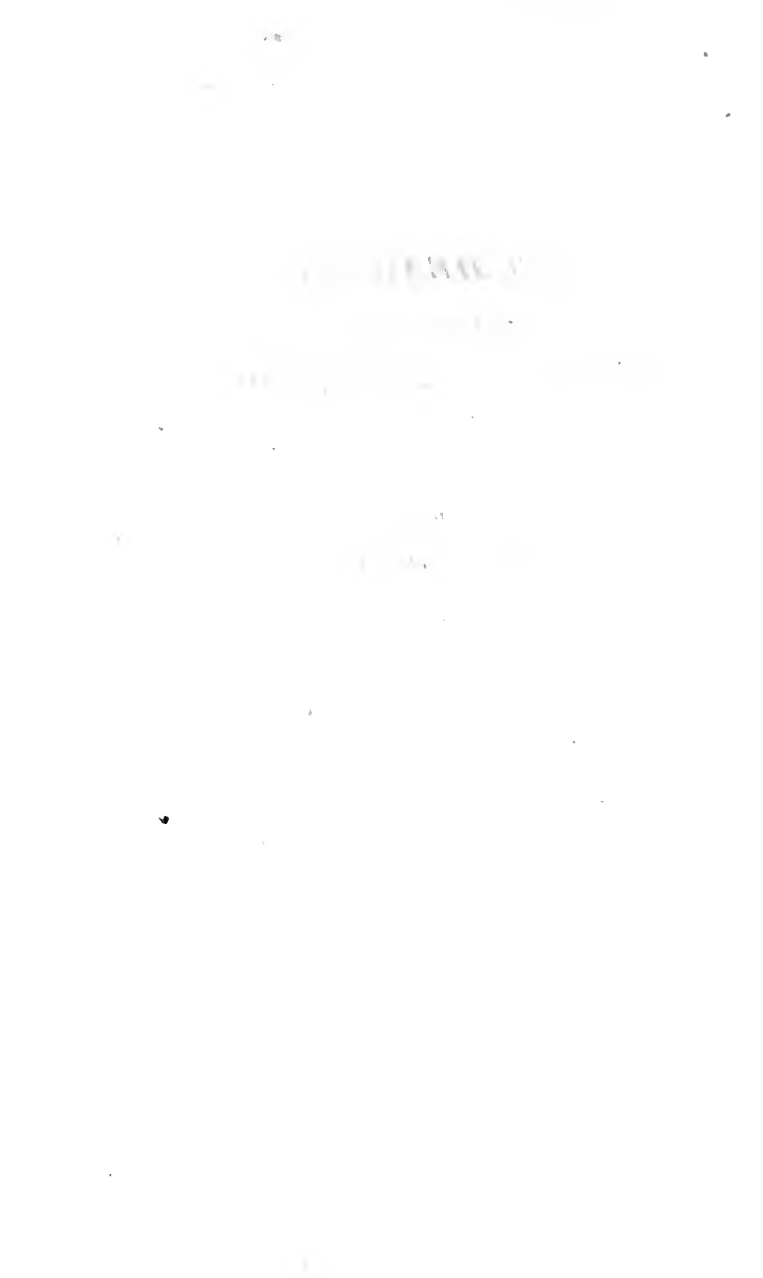
TO WHICH ARE ADDED,  
**HIS ORIGINAL POEMS, &c.**

PRECEDED BY A  
BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF HIS LIFE:

BY  
**HENRY KETT, B.D.**  
FELLOW OF TRINITY COLLEGE, OXFORD.

---

**VOL. I.**





# BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

OF

*HENRY HEADLEY.*

---

Fame, register of Time,  
Write in thy scrowle, that I,  
Of wisdom lover, and sweet poesie,  
Was cropped in my prime,  
And ripe in worth, though greene in years did dye.

DRUMMOND.

---

**H**ENRY HEADLEY was the only son of the Rev. Henry Headley, Vicar of North Walsham, in the county of Norfolk. He was born at Irstead, in Norfolk, in 1766. The reputation of Dr. Parr, as Master of the Grammar School at Norwich, induced Mr. Headley to place his son under his care, at a time when the Doctor had several scholars, who, as well as young Headley, afterwards displayed the great advantages they derived from his instructions. As the constitution of young Headley was naturally delicate, much of the time which his school-fellows spent in robust exercises, he devoted to writing, and many of the wild and tender effusions of his

fancy proved the poetical bias of mind. These early blossoms of his genius were distributed among his friends, and some of them still cherish the remembrance of their beauty and sweetness.

On the 14th of January 1782 he was admitted a Commoner of Trinity College, in the University of Oxford, under the tuition of the Rev. Charles Jesse; and at the following election on Trinity Monday, May 27, was chosen scholar of that society. His situation in the University was as favourable as he could desire; for it not only allowed him ample scope for the expansion of his genius, and the indulgence of his literary propensities, but presented him with a full view of that living example of classical taste and learned research, which he beheld with admiration, and followed with enthusiasm. This example was the Rev. Thomas Warton, well known to the Public by his numerous works: he was at that time senior Fellow of Trinity College, and usually resided there; and the situation of Headley, as a scholar of the same College, was favourable to the contemplation of Mr. Warton's character, general manners, and habits of life. As his friends found, that no subjects were more agreeable to Headley, than anecdotes of Warton, they often fed his curiosity with a treat he so much enjoyed. The information they gave him, and the perusal of his various publications—his Poems—his Observations on Spenser—and his History of English Poetry, operated as fuel supplied to the flame of his inclination, and stimulated him to give his mind that direction which marked the course of his sub-

sequent studies, and induced him to prefer the “monuments of banish’d minds” as existing in old English poetry, to all other literary pursuits.

The various objects which the appearance of the University of Oxford presented, could not fail to produce a powerful effect upon his imagination. The delightful gardens and public walks, the various seats of learning and piety, where heroes had been taught the lessons of honour and virtue, sages had planned their systems of philosophy, and poets had indulged their flights of fancy—the survey of the gothic battlements and lofty towers, “mantled with the moss of time,”—the crisped roofs, the clustered columns, and the mellow gloom of the painted windows—were all objects so closely connected with the study of antiquities, and with the history and the glory of his native country, as to give a deep tincture to his mind; they were perfectly congenial with his taste, and contributed with the before-mentioned circumstances to mature and refine it.

Meanwhile, whate’er of beautiful, or new,  
 Sublime, or dreadful, in earth, sea, or sky,  
 By chance or search, was offer’d to his view,  
 He scan’d with curious and romantic eye.  
 Whate’er of lore tradition could supply  
 From Gothic tale, or song, or fable old,  
 Rous’d him, still keen to listen and to pry.  
 At last, though long by *diffidence* control’d,  
 And solitude, his soul her graces ’gan unfold\*.

Diligent as he soon became in exploring the stores of ancient English poetry, he did not allow his darling studies to engross so much of his time as to interrupt the enjoyments, or damp the ardour of

\* Beattie’s Minstrel. Stanza 58.

social intercourse. Happily finding, in Trinity College, several of its members who were young men of talents, learning, and amiable manners, he had little difficulty in selecting his associates. He soon formed a strict intimacy with William Benwell, whose congenial taste, suavity of manners, exemplary conduct, and classical attainments, fully justified the predilection of Headley. And he was often the associate of William Lisle Bowles, who has since distinguished himself as an eminent poet. Both were scholars of Trinity College at the same time with Headley, and were nearly of the same standing; and although they were engaged in literary pursuits different from those of Headley, as that generous sympathy which animates ingenuous and cultivated understandings was the basis of their attachment, they warmly encouraged him to prosecute his favourite studies.

His long vacations, far from being passed in idle rambles from home, were devoted to his studies, and the anxious discharge of his domestic duties. At this time his father was confined by an illness, which terminated in his death: the impression made upon the mind of his affectionate son, by a prospect so melancholy, may be collected from the beginning of his poem to *Myra*.

From these sad scenes, where care and pale dismay  
Darken with deepest clouds the coming day,  
Where duty breathes in vain its lengthen'd sigh,  
And wipes the stagnant tear from sorrow's eye,  
O'er all its hopes views hovering death prevail,  
And mourns the social comforts, as they fail;  
Say, can a novice Muse, though you inspire,  
In artless thanks awake the sadden'd lyre?

In 1786 he produced the first collected fruits of authorship by the publication of his *Poems and other Pieces*. Most of them had appeared in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and were presented to the Public in this collection in a corrected form. They were inscribed to his preceptor Dr. Parr, whom he complimented, in an appropriate passage from a modern Latin author, applied with a felicity of judgment, for which Headley was always remarkable.

In 1787, at the age of 22, he published "*Select Beauties of Ancient English Poets, with Remarks.*" The list of subscribers to this work was highly honourable to the author, consisting chiefly of a large and very respectable number of Oxford and Norfolk friends. The Dedication to William Windham, Esq. of Felbrig, then M. P. for the city of Norwich, is neat and appropriate. That Mr. Windham took an opportunity of handsomely returning this public testimony of Headley's esteem, will appear in the course of this narrative.

Of the benevolence of Headley's disposition many instances might be adduced; the following occurred to do honour to his character, during his residence in the University.

When Dr. Uri, a learned Hungarian, who had been invited to Oxford from the University of Harderwick, for the purpose of making a catalogue of the Oriental Manuscripts in the Bodleian Library, was discharged by the delegates of the Oxford press with a trifling gratuity, Headley showed the greatest

solicitude to save this venerable scholar from impending poverty; he contributed, with Dr. Parr, Dr. Valpy, Dr. Smyth, Master of Pembroke College, the Rev. William Agutter, the writer of this narrative, and many others, to raise an annuity for his life. Dr. Uri frequently displayed his various knowledge of books, and recounted the adventures of his youthful days with a peculiar quaintness of narrative, and a diverting mixture of various languages, to the many parties made for him in Trinity College, and to no one of its members was he a more welcome guest than to Headley; and he cherished to the close of life for no one of his benefactors a warmer or more grateful attachment.

As a tribute of respect to Dr. Uri, Headley gave a sketch of his character in a Latin inscription, written under his profile, which, for terseness of expression, may pass as an extract from a classical author.

He was an occasional contributor of many ingenious pieces to the Gentleman's Magazine, under the signature of C. T. O. and wrote the Essay, No. 16, in the *Olla Podrida*, a periodical work, published in Oxford in 1788, by the Rev. Thomas Monro, an intimate friend, and one of his old school-fellows, then a Demy of Magdalen College. This Essay contains some excellent observations on ancient and modern tragedy.

He left Trinity College after having resided there for the greater part of three years. The extreme

concern he felt on quitting the University, he expressed in the beautiful and pathetic poem (page 207, Vol. ii.) which was never before printed correctly, and for which the Public are indebted to the kindness of his amiable sister, Mrs. Parish, of Guilford-Street, London.

For some months after he left Oxford, the inquiries of his college friends for his place of residence were vain : it at length appeared that he was married, and had retired to Matlock, in Derbyshire, pleased with such a sequestered retreat, and the wild scenery of the country, which accorded with the romantic turn of his mind.

The symptoms of a consumptive tendency in his constitution, which had been increasing for some years, were now so strongly confirmed, and he became so alarmingly indisposed, that his physician advised him to try the benefit of a warmer climate, and to take a voyage to Lisbon. Thither he determined to go, without delay, and his friend Benwell, excited by the most poignant sympathy, hastened to London to take leave of him. With what sensations the meeting and the parting of two such friends were attended under such distressing circumstances, may be more easily imagined than can adequately be described. Harassed by an incessant cough, and unaccompanied by any one he knew, Headley had the resolution to undertake this voyage in May 1788, but on landing at Lisbon, far from feeling any effectual relief, found himself oppressed by the heat of the climate. A few days would pro-

bably have terminated his life, had he not availed himself of a letter of recommendation kindly given to him by Mr. Windham to Mr. De Visme.

This gentleman, anxious to meliorate the deplorable state of Headley's health, conveyed him to his beautiful villa near Cintra, allotted spacious apartments for his use, procured for him an able physician, amused him with his elegant books and pictures, and gave him every facility of deriving the desired benefit from the change of climate.

His malady had however made too great a progress to be stopped by such expedients: and as he found he received no material benefit from his residence in Portugal, he returned to England in the month of August, to his house in Norwich. After suffering to such a degree, as to put his patience to a very severe trial, he died on the 15th of November 1788, in the 23d year of his age.

He was buried near his parents and two sisters, in the church of North Walsham, in Norfolk. A plain black marble slab, stating the periods of his death and his age, was put up to his memory, near a monument which had been erected by his desire to the memory of his father.

The following epitaph was written at the request of his widow, by the Rev. W. Benwell, and is now for the first time made public.



TO THE

## MEMORY OF HENRY HEADLEY,

Son of the Rev. HENRY HEADLEY, and late of Trinity College,  
Oxford,

Who died November 15, 1788,

His mournful Widow placed this stone.

With genius and literary abilities eminently distinguished,  
With an imagination the most vigorous, and judgment the most  
penetrating,

And a taste for whatever was excellent in art or nature,

In all his pleasures most pure, elegant, and refin'd,

In his friendships ardent and unchanging,

In his affections as a husband most tender and exalted ;

Beloved, admired, and revered

By the few whose happiness it was

To know his uncommon merits and qualifications.

He supported for more than five years

A state of almost unremitted pain and illness,

With a fortitude and manliness of mind,

That was never stimulated to severity, or subdued into complaint ;

And fell an early and much-lamented sacrifice

To a lingering consumption,

In his twenty-third year.

With respect to his person, he was of middle stature, thin, and delicately formed. Lavater might have taken a useful hint from his physiognomy, for his features were remarkably expressive. When he was in health, his cheeks glowed with the tints of the damask-rose, his face was the index of genius and sensibility ; and in the moments of social intercourse, when he was animated by some favourite subject, his eyes sparkled with extraordinary vivacity.

There was a charm in his society, which all acknowledged who came within the sphere of its influence. The stream of his conversation was

rather rapid than diffuse; rather bright than profound. He caught the peculiarities of different characters with wonderful quickness, and described them with matchless humour: he excelled in original and lively sallies of imagination; yet his wit was free from malevolence, for he was perfectly good-natured, and his ridicule was as often turned upon himself as it was levelled against others.

The writer of this narrative recollects but one instance of his anger. His resentment was roused by an unfounded insinuation, that he preferred the company of some of his acquaintance of another college, because they were of superior rank to his friends at Trinity. This gust of his passion was violent though short. Such a noble mind as his could recognize no predilection for associates, but that which depended upon merit alone.

He was high spirited without arrogance, and elevated without pride. Nothing could be more abhorrent from his disposition than the cringing of the sycophant, or the abject servilities of the flatterer. Although he had smarted under the discipline of his old master, he recounted many instances of his kindness, and he would not have paid the compliment of a Dedication of his Poems, even to Dr. Parr himself, had he not regarded him as a person of transcendent worth: to such worth alone he made his obeisance; and when Headley offered the incense of his praise, it was the sacrifice made by genius upon the altar of gratitude.

When suffering the attacks of indisposition, he showed great firmness of mind, and cheerfulness of

temper. There was indeed a buoyancy in his disposition, that elevated him above the weight of his malady, and which seldom failed to display itself in the most agreeable manner, on the appearance of any one of his friends, who might truly exclaim in the words of his favourite poet Shirley—

..... I often saw  
A smile shoot graceful upward from his eyes,  
As if they had gain'd a victory over grief.—

It would be difficult to find a person actuated by keener sensibility: his mind was accordingly the genial soil in which friendship took a rapid and a deep root, and soon bore the most delicious fruits. His heart beat with all the tenderness, and his actions displayed all the energetic charities of a son, a brother, a husband, and a friend.

When his life was verging towards its close, and the fire of his imagination began to be damped by his sufferings, his sympathies continued to be ardent and energetic; the kindness of his friends was still his predominant and favourite topic of conversation, and he only ceased to recount the instances of their attachment when he ceased to breathe.

Considered as a *Poet*, he displayed some of the mature fruits, as well as the tender blossoms of genius. His verses were for the most part pleasing, elegant, spirited, and nervous, but generally of a pensive cast: his strains were those of the plaintive nightingale, rather than of the cheerful lark: his poetry was the exact picture of his mind, the image of his genuine feelings; it arose naturally out of the

different situations of his life : he was born and occasionally resided near the sea : he delighted, therefore, to describe those scenes, amid which, in his days of health, he had taken delight to ramble ;

“ On those lov'd shores, where Yare with ceaseless sweep  
Joins the dark bosom of the fearful deep \*.”

He was a great admirer of good pictures—his taste as a connoisseur suggested to him the following appropriate description, and his gallantry prompted him to convert it into a high and very elegant compliment to a lady.

“ Slaves to the laws of taste, let some admire  
Paulo's bold stroke, or vivid Titian's fire ;  
With critic skill, and just precision, trace  
Poussin's learn'd air, or soft Corregio's grace.  
In mute amaze let others trembling stand,  
And feel the dark sublime of Rosa's hand ;  
Be mine the task their varied styles to view,  
And mark their blended beauties met in you.”

He disdained to be a competitor for fame with those whose merit consisted merely in writing sonorous and empty verses ; but the excellence he aimed at, and that which he attained, consisted in the display of vivid images and vigorous expressions, faithful delineations of nature, and rich melody of versification. The following specimens may serve to confirm these remarks, and it will not be easy to find two poems of the kind superior to them in point of sweetness and tenderness. The former has much of the manner of Shakspeare, the latter of Pope.

\* Verses to Myra, vol. ii. p. 204.

† Verses to Myra, vol. ii. p. 204.

## TO PHILOMEL.

A FRAGMENT.

No noise I heard, but all was still as death,  
 Save that at times a distant dying note  
 Of spirit unseen, or Heaven's minstrelsy,  
 Would indistinctly meet my ravished ear ;  
 Such as was never heard from harp or lute,  
 Or waked into a voice by human hand,  
 Ah, Philomel, the strain was thine !—

POEMS, vol. ii. p. 182.

## THE BEGGAR'S DOG.

YE pamper'd favourites of base mankind,  
 Whether with riches poor, or learning blind,  
 From your distracted views oh pause awhile,  
 And hear a brother's tale without a smile ;  
 And let contrition note how much is due  
 To all the generous cares I owe to you.  
 Whilst fatt'ning pomp secure in cumb'rous state,  
 His scanty crumbs withheld, and barr'd his gate,  
 Nor sullen deign'd with scorn's averted eye  
 The cheaper tribute of a selfish sigh,  
 The neediest suppliant of sorrow's train  
 For bread I hungering sought, and sought in vain ;  
 Each petty solace thus by you denied,  
 With sleepless watch Fidelio supplied :  
 When Winter wet with rain my trembling beard,  
 My falling tear he felt, my groan he heard,  
 When my grey locks at night the wild wind rent,  
 Like withered moss upon a monument,  
 What could he more ? against the pitiless storm  
 He lent his little aid to keep me warm ;  
 Even now as parting with his latest breath,  
 He feels the thrilling grasp of coming death,  
 With all that fond fidelity of face,  
 That marks the features of his honest race,  
 His half uplifted eye in vain he moves,  
 And gasps to lick the helpless hand he loves.—

POEMS vol. ii. p. 186.

With respect to his proficiency as a scholar, it would be unjust to his reputation not to remark, that he was particularly well acquainted with the Greek tragedians, and was skilled in Latin composition. He often conversed on the pathos of Euripides, the simple energy of the Greek epigrammatists, the copiousness of Cicero, and the fire of Lucan, with the accuracy of one who well understood their phraseology, and highly relished their original beauties: he has enriched his works with critical and illustrative remarks drawn from these and other classical sources.

Of few scholars could it be more truly said—*Nihil legebatur, quod non excerpebat*. He reaped the produce of many fields, but conveyed few weeds, mixed with corn, into his granary: his commonplace book, which was always at hand, attested at once the extent of his researches, and the judicious nature of his extracts from every book he read.

As the Author of the “Select Beauties of ancient English Poetry, with Remarks,” he has given proofs of great diligence and critical skill. He performed in this work more than he promised; for he included under the unostentatious and general term *Remarks*, a Preface, Introduction, Biographical Sketches, Notes, and a Supplement. The rigid critic may complain that this work bears marks of negligence and precipitation—but the same severity would induce him to censure a beautiful face for its freckles, or a diamond for a slight flaw. Such a critic would be uncandid and unjust not to allow, that Headley has executed much more in point of

quantity, and completed his design much better in point of judgment, than could be expected from a person so young, and whose health was extremely precarious. His principles of criticism are sound, his remarks are pertinent, and they are often made with a degree of acuteness, force, and discrimination, that would have done credit even to a Johnson, or a Walpole.

The collection of the *twenty-nine* Biographical Sketches of the old English Poets may be considered as a rich cabinet of exquisite portraits, finished with all the truth and spirit of a Vandyke. They possess a peculiar delicacy of touch, and fidelity of character. The colours are vivid, the features of each person are discriminated with the greatest precision; and we have only to regret, that we have no more compositions of the kind from the same masterly hand.

The following Selections afford ample specimens of his diligence as well as of his talents and his taste. He was obliged to travel through many a dreary and extensive forest of old English Poetry, often without a guide, before he could find and select the beautiful garland of flowers, which he has presented to the Public. Much of the work was executed when his spirits were drooping, when he was depressed by grief, or afflicted with pain: his work was intended to be as much a solace amid his sufferings, as a monument of his fame. It may, however, justly be pronounced to be one of the most curious and pleasing collections of the kind in

our language, and may deservedly be classed with Percy's *Reliques of ancient English Poetry*, and Ellis's *Specimens of early English Poets*. Had it pleased Divine Providence to prolong his life, and bless him with health, he would have completed his plan by publishing two additional volumes \*, as well as the better part of Robert Southwell's *Poetry* †. His more mature age would have justified all other promises of his youth, and he would not only have been, as it seems just to surmise, a most distinguished ornament to the literature of his country, as a critic and an antiquarian, but probably would have gained a nich in the Temple of the British Poets above Warton, and very near to Pope. A fatal malady prevented the growth of some of his laurels, but not before others had produced such branches as those who do justice to his memory and his productions, will ever delight to see thriving in the most fair and flourishing state.

The *Select Beauties* were spoken of in terms of just commendation by various reviewers. The following are the concluding observations in the *Monthly Review* for January 1788.

“ The Selections are made from an attentive perusal of the respective authors, and exhibit complete and satisfactory specimens of their different modes of writing. A work executed as this is, with diligence and taste, is an acquisition to English literature. It brings to light a number of poetical beau-

\* Preface, p. 8.

† *Biographical Sketches*, p. lxxv.



ties, which before were hardly known to exist; and by separating them from those dull and jejune pieces, among which they were buried, restores to their authors that fame which could be revived by no other means."

---



---

ON THE

## DEATH OF HENRY HEADLEY,

BY THE REV. WM. LISLE BOWLES, A.M. OF TRINITY COLLEGE,  
OXFORD.

To every gentle Muse in vain allied,  
In youth's full early morning Headley died!  
Ah! long had sickness left her pining trace,  
Rueful and wan on each decaying grace:  
Untimely sorrow touch'd his thoughtful mien!  
Despair upon his languid smile was seen!  
Yet Resignation, musing on the grave,  
(When now no hope could cheer, no pity save)  
And Virtue, that scarce felt its fate severe,  
And pale Affliction, dropping soft a tear,  
For friends belov'd, from whom she soon must part,  
Breath'd a sad solace on his aching heart.  
Nor ceas'd he yet to stray, where, winding wild,  
The Muse's path his drooping steps beguil'd,  
Intent to rescue some neglected rhyme,  
Lone-blooming, from the mournful waste of time;  
And cull each scatter'd sweet, that seem'd to smile,  
Like flowers upon some long-forsaken pile\*.

Far from the murmuring crowd, unseen, he sought  
Each charm congenial to his sadden'd thought.  
When the grey morn illum'd the mountain's side,  
To hear the sweet birds' earliest song he hied;  
When meekest eve to the fold's distant bell  
Listen'd, and bade the woods and vales farewell;

\* Alluding to *Beauties of Ancient Poetry*, published by Mr. H.

Musing in tearful mood, he oft was seen  
 The last that linger'd on the fading green.  
 The waving wood, high o'er the cliff reclin'd,  
 The murmuring waterfall, the winter's wind,  
 His temper's trembling texture seem'd to suit,  
 Like airs of sadness the responsive lute.

Yet deem not hence the social spirit dead,  
 Though from the world's hard gaze his feelings fled :  
 Firm was his friendship, and his faith sincere,  
 And warm as Pity's his unheeded tear,  
 That wept the ruthless deed, the poor man's fate,  
 By fortune's storms left cold and desolate.

Farewell!—yet be this humble tribute paid  
 To all thy virtues, from that *social shade* \*  
 Where once we sojourn'd.—I, alas! remain  
 To mourn the hours of youth (yet mourn in vain)  
 That fled neglected.—Wisely thou hast trod  
 The better path ; and that High Meed, which God  
 Ordain'd for Virtue, tow'ring from the dust,  
 Shall bless thy labours, spirit ! pure and just.

---

---

## VERSES

ON THE DEATH OF MR. HEADLEY,

BY THE REV. HENRY KETT, FELLOW OF TRINITY COLLEGE, OXFORD.

WRITTEN IN 1788.

---

SWEET Pensiveness, who once didst love to throw  
 O'er Headley's Muse the fading tints of woe !  
 How does thy swelling bosom heave with sighs,  
 To see how low thy youthful votary lies !  
*Cynthia*, whose praise adorn'd his tuneful lay,  
 Now gilds his tomb with her mild streaming ray ;  
 And *Philomela*, favourite of his song,  
 Charms his cold ear no more with thrilling tongue.

\* Trinity College, Oxford.

Taste, to his call obedient, drew aside  
 Oblivion's veil, that thick was wove to hide  
 The long-neglected Bards of other days,—  
 Reveal'd to sight, they trim their wither'd bays ;  
 His early loss with doleful dirges mourn,  
 And wreaths of cypress twine around his urn.  
 Led on by Gratitude, they ask of Fame  
 To mark her scroll with Headley's honour'd name.

But in his volumes vain the search to find  
 The perfect picture of his noble mind :  
 There Genius only shoots his feeble rays,  
 And Taste refin'd but half his skill displays.  
 Compar'd with that bright intellectual power  
 That spread its influence o'er his social hour ;  
 When health's fresh roses o'er his features bloom'd,  
 And joy's bright glance his eagle-eye illum'd ;  
 When brilliant wit, and solid judgment shone,  
 Whose striking features mark'd them for his own.

His fancy with congenial rapture fir'd,  
 That first the Poet's ardent soul inspir'd ;  
 With Shakspeare wander'd o'er the magic isle,  
 With Milton saw the groves of Eden smile ;  
 With captive Surrey mourn'd his distant fair ;  
 Or rais'd with Mulla's Bard the fiend Despair :  
 On Cherwell's sedgy banks with Warton stray'd ;  
 And woo'd the Muse in gothic stole array'd.

O Death, why hast thou pluck'd, with ruthless hand,  
 The fairest flower, that grac'd our favour'd land ?  
 Soon as, with fragrance rich, and colours fair,  
 It bar'd its bosom to the vernal air.  
 But Faith, whose steady eye can Heaven survey,  
 Views it transplanted to the realms of day ;  
 Where with fresh bloom its ripening beauties shine,  
 And mix with amaranth its leaves divine.

Oft as 'mid Bromholm's holy walls I stray,  
 Where Superstition mourns her own decay,  
 Thy lovely image shall to fancy rise,  
 And dreams of former joys entrance my eyes.  
 Here we remark'd how Time's relentless power  
 Broke the arch'd gate, and bow'd the ivy tower ;  
 How keen delight oft chas'd the sailor's woes,  
 When o'er the wave these misty walls arose

To his charm'd eye,—omen of heartfelt bliss,  
That he his babes all motherless should kiss.

When the world's eyes with poppy-wreaths are bound,  
And Sleep, the child of Silence, reigns around,  
Kind Melancholy, guide my lonely feet,  
Where thou and Headley fix'd your classic seat.  
If the dear scenes that won their earthly love  
Can draw down angels from the joys above,  
Soft let me breathe thy name with many a tear ;  
Haply thy gentle spirit stoops to hear!

In vain did slow decay with pain conspire  
To quench the lustre of affection's fire ;  
No wasting pains its vital heat consume,  
Strong as the lamp, that gilds the mould'ring tomb.  
From friendship's base no storms his soul could move,  
The last sad look was sympathy and love.

Before bright Genius and soft Friendship find  
A nobler mansion than his heaven-born mind,  
These eyes in death shall close, which melt with woe,  
And time's dark stream in distant ages flow.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

---

**T**HE Public are here presented with an Edition of Mr. Headley's Works, without either Abridgment or Addition, except a Note upon one by Mr. Headley, at page 83. In proceeding with the alterations of the Orthography in the "*Select Beauties*," many selections were found already modernized, having been printed by Mr. Headley from editions published since the deaths of the respective authors.

The Public have now an opportunity of enjoying the literary banquet prepared by Mr. Headley, with the same facility as they have been accustomed to peruse the Works of Shakspeare and Milton; and it is presumed, that an equal reliance may be placed upon the text, as upon the variorum editions of those immortal writers.

The Notes before placed in a body at the end of the Second Volume, are in this edition, for the convenience of the Reader, arranged at the bottom of the corresponding pages of the Text.



## *PREFACE.*

---

TO those who may have made the poetry of this country a subject of serious and deliberate investigation, the following extracts will afford neither entertainment nor instruction, as their own track of reading must have previously familiarized their several contents. From such, therefore, I have not the vanity to expect either thanks or attention: but as enquirers of this kind are comparatively few, a large and a respectable body of the public remains, to whom a work of this nature seems not improperly adapted; a work, that might at once do justice to deserted merit, diversify the materials of common reading, and by opening fresh sources of innocent amusement, tend to strengthen, and co-operate with, that taste for poetical antiquities which for some time past has been considerably advancing. Those who have long been accustomed to the correctness and refinement of a classical course of study, whose minds are become pampered with the luxuries of Rome and of Athens, soon form a habit of turning with aversion, from those paths of science which are at first, perhaps, uninviting, and apparently but little

congenial with their favourite pursuits ; from such readers the moth and the spider are in no danger of molestation : trusting to the taste and the diligence of others, it is through the medium of compilation they are generally made acquainted with the obscurer poets of their country. To constitute a relish for the black letter, a certain degree of literary Quixotism is highly requisite : he who is unwilling to penetrate the barren heath and the solitary desert ; he who cannot encounter weariness, perplexity, and disgust ; he who is not actuated by an enthusiasm for his employment, is no true knight, and unfit for such service. That species of occasional readers to whom business is the object of life, who may chance to while away their hour of relaxation with a book, it is humbly hoped, will be here as likely to meet with a moral sentiment, a good image, a pathetic incident, or a pointed reflection, that may strike the fancy, the judgment, or the heart, as in any miscellany of modern poetry whatever : perhaps from the advantages of novelty here offered, they may stand a better chance of losing their indifference, and after roving with the usual listlessness of a fickle appetite, may at last find a something to settle upon with pleasure. Of similar publications, I do not think it necessary to give a very particular account ; indeed I know of no one that comes under that title exactly. What, however, I have chiefly found those which may be per-versely considered as similar, I will state as briefly as



possible, and how far in the execution of my plan I have deviated from them. The compilations I have hitherto met with, from being either too limited or too extensive, have always appeared to me imperfect: some, under a variety of quaint and affected titles, selected from authors far too well known\* to stand in need of such partial and disjointed recommendation, and who in fact hold a most distinguished rank in the school of the people; others I have found mere common-place books of mutilated quotations, adapted to the illustration only of an alphabetical list of given subjects, without, as it should seem, the most distant reference to the beauties of composition. Nor are there wanting those, which seem formed, almost at random, from the great mass of our Poetry, both ancient and modern, where we must not be alarmed if we meet with our friend; or our neighbour, in the same page with a Shakspeare, a Milton, and a Pope†. Selections expressly of beauties‡ from modern books of credit, unless immediately in-

\* As Cowley, Dryden, Waller, Denham.

† From this censure it is but justice to except *The Muses Library*, a work which was intended to exhibit a systematic view of the progress of our poetry, from its origin with the Saxons to the reign of Charles the Second. It was begun with fidelity and spirit by a Mrs. Cowper, with the assistance of Mr. Oldys: only one volume appeared, which is very scarce. *The Quintessence of English Poetry*, 3 vols. Lond. 1740, a work comprehending a considerable range of our old poets, is, I think, the next in point of merit; the preface is neatly written.

‡ Dr. Goldsmith, who was only unhappy, amidst all the works he undertook, in his *Beauties of English Poetry*, disgraced himself by a very superficial and hasty compilation of the kind.

tended for the use of schools, are in a great degree idle and impertinent, and do but multiply books to no good end; by anticipating him, they deprive the reader of that pleasure which every one feels, and of that right which every one is entitled to, of judging for himself; but in obscure literature of a more remote period, the contents of which are strangely unequal, even where it is the wish of the editor to exhibit them entire, it is safer, previously to allure curiosity by select specimens of prominent excellence, than to run the risk of suppressing it totally by an indiscriminate and bulky republication of the whole: for it not unfrequently happens on the first inspection of such works, in which the beauties bear no proportion to the defects, that by an unlucky sort of perverseness the reader is confronted with a dull passage, or perhaps a series of them, the volume is instantly laid aside, and with it every intention of a re-examination. In such cases, therefore, and in such only, selections seem eminently of use; and were it possible to obtain the opinions of the forgotten authors in question, there can be little doubt of their acquiescing in a revival of their works, however partial, rather than meet the horrors of perpetual oblivion. As far as relates to myself, I have avoided, as much as possible, touching those who have already justly obtained the distinction of being denominated our Older Classics\*, who, though not

\* As Chaucer, Shakspeare, Jonson, Milton.

universally either read or understood (as must ever be the case with the best elder writers in every country), are notwithstanding familiar to us in conversation, and constantly appealed to in controverted points of poetical taste: these I have studiously avoided, and confined myself in the general to some of the better parts of the unfortunate few who still remain unpopular, and of whom I may safely affirm, that they may find foils in many writers, who, through accident and partiality, still linger amongst the favourites of the day. There are not wanting those who consider works of this kind as taking very unjustifiable liberties with the deceased, and who think no good reason can be assigned to warrant the havoc that ensues in the formation of them: there is a specious kind of philanthropy in the argument, and, as such, it deserves attention. Let us for a moment recollect the fate of Cowley.

..... et crimine ex uno

Disce omnes .....

VIRGIL.

As the unnatural relish for tinsel and metaphysical conceit declined, his bays gradually lost their verdure; he was no longer to be found in the hands of the multitude, and untouched even in the closets of the curious: in short, the shades of oblivion gathered fast upon him. In consequence, however, of many detached parts of him which teem with the finest pictures of the heart, Bishop Hurd undertook his well-

known edition, in which the most exceptionable poetry (that had operated like a mill-stone and sunk the rest) is omitted, and the generality of his charms preserved, he has now a dozen readers where before he had scarce one. To those who set a value on their hours, an accidental fascinating line, or a happy expression, is no compensation for the loss of them: for such readers, many authors must be mangled in order to be read; the cost of working some mines is more than the gold extracted will sometimes repay. Yet in thus playing the anatomist, every one who has sensibility must, more or less, feel a melancholy reluctance at rejecting too fastidiously; the very reflection that the writers of these works upon which we now calmly sit in judgment, have no longer the power of personally pleading for themselves; that the temporary supports of prejudice, patronage, and fashion, have long subsided for ever; that, in composing them, they might have forfeited their time, their fortune, and their health, and on many of those passages which we now by a random stroke of the pen deprive them of, might have fondly hoped to build their immortality, affords an irresistibly affecting specimen of the instability and hazard of human expectations. With the "*disjecti membra Poetæ*" before me, let me be pardoned then if I have sometimes, as I fear I have, listened to the captivating whispers of mercy, instead of the cool dictates of unsentimental criticism: often have I exulted to find an unexpected

and latent beauty, which on a first perusal had escaped me, that might countenance the preservation of a doubtful passage, which I had just doomed to its former oblivion. The end of a moralizing mood is too frequently nonsensical ; yet is there not something that holds out a strong incentive to the love of fame and the cultivation of the mind, when we thus see its works, though shrouded by occasional depressions, yet resting on the rock of truth, insensible, as it were, to the lapse of time and the wrecks of years, and surmounting at last every impediment, while the body to which they belonged has for ages been the plaything of the winds, or hardened with the clod of the valley ?

Let me conclude with an apology to my reader, which I am sorry to be under the necessity of making. In my endeavours to render these volumes worthy of attention, I have been thwarted by a situation peculiarly unfavourable to such pursuits: the repositories, museums, and libraries of the curious, from whence, and whence only, adequate materials are to be drawn, I have had no access to ; a small private collection was my only resource, some few notices from the Ashmolean MSS. in Oxford being excepted. For assistance received I am solely indebted to my very dear friend, Mr. William Benwell, of Trin. Coll. Oxon, whose ingenuity and kindness furnished me with many hints. Should I be so fortunate, however,

as to succeed in what is here offered to the Public, it is my intention to extend my plan to two additional volumes, which will include a variety of pieces in a less serious style ; to the completion of which neither attention nor expense will be spared.

Had I given way to the temptation of enriching my work with specimens from Older Dramatic Authors, I must infallibly have enlarged my plan for their admission. They afford a field for selection, sufficiently wide of themselves, to form a complete work. I have, therefore, with the exception of two or three instances, totally avoided them.

## INTRODUCTION.

---

WHILE the accumulated materials of successive ages seem to have been requisite for the completion of other arts, many of which, indeed, still remain imperfect and progressive, Poesy, with a certain preternatural eccentricity, has distinguished herself by arriving at a degree of comparative perfection, with less gradual and adventitious assistance.

“ . . . . . nec longum tempus et ingens,  
Exiit ad cœlum ramis felicibus arbos.”

Though ages have elapsed since the birth of Homer, we still gaze at him with undiminished curiosity, till our eyes grow dim with admiration: yet this Bard, who has stood the scrutiny of Greece and of Rome, and the trying test of three thousand years, had no pre-existing models of consequence to look up to; the literary prospects of his day were barren, uncultivated, and disheartening. Criticism, as it was a subsequent production to his works, and in great measure originally derived from them, had no share in advancing him to immortality, by forming his taste, correcting his fancy, or improving his judgment. Shakspeare, whose name will suffer little in being mentioned after him, at a time when to read and write was an accomplishment, untutored by learning (for those scanty sparks of it that faintly glimmered on his eye through the medium of translation, are hardly to be considered as such), destitute of the advantages of birth, without rules, and without examples, carried Dra-

matic Poetry to a height that has hitherto baffled imitation, and seems likely to descend to future times without a rival. The original rectitude of some men's minds, of the

" . . . . . Pauci, quos æquus amavit  
Jupiter . . . . ."

is such, as to serve them in place both of rules and examples; and though Genius, thus unassisted, seldom in any department of Science produces a perfect model, yet it is always its pride, and not unfrequently its lot, to rise in proportion to the deficiency of its resources, and bear up without them in such a manner as to give an appearance of their being unnecessary. If we seriously and impartially examine the cluster of poetical names that shone, and were concentrated in the space of ninety-one years, from the accession of Elizabeth inclusively, to the restoration of Charles the Second, and compare them with those who have respectively flourished from that time to this, a period of an hundred and thirty-eight years \*, we shall find the phalanx of older classics but little affected by a comparison with the more modern muster-roll. The following scale will tend at one view to illustrate how large and valuable a portion of literature is comprehended in a very narrow period. Many names are omitted of no particular import, individually or collectively considered.

ELIZABETH began to reign in 1558.

Epic Poets.	Philosophical and Metaphysical	Dramatic.	Historical.
Spenser	Sir J. Davies	Gascoigne	Niccols
Milton	Phin. Fletcher	Shakspeare	Sackville
Davenant.	Giles Fletcher	Massinger	Daniel
	More.	Jonson	Drayton
		Beaumont and	May
		Fletcher	Sir J. Beaumont.
		Shirley.	

\* Referring to the date of the former edition of this work, 1788.



Satirical.	Pastoral.	Amatory and Miscellaneous.	Translators.
Hall	Warner	Raleigh	Fairfax
Marston	Drayton	Drummond	Sandys
Rowlands	Browne	Marlow	Crashaw.
Donne.	Fairfax.	Cowley	
		Carew	
		Corbet	
		King	
		Habington	
		Cartwright	
		Randolph	
		Suckling.	

In thus bringing forward the most meritorious and prominent luminaries of a past age, a natural question seems to arise; how happens it that the great parts of poetry, should so soon be filled up, and manifest a degree of excellence in some respects unequalled, and in others unexceeded, by our later writers? In the following remarks I have endeavoured to assign a true reason. I cannot but think, that there exists a very close analogy, between the intellectual and the bodily powers, and that the strength of the one, in its operations, is in a similar manner affected with that of the other. The secondary endeavours of bodily exertion are seldom proportioned to the ardour of the first; the labours of the husbandman are generally found to be most efficacious in the morning, the sultry noon induces lassitude and weakness, and “*the night cometh on in which no man worketh.*” If we turn our eyes to the mind’s works in individuals, instances are sufficiently numerous where its primary effusions remain unequalled by every succeeding one; like the nature of some soils, whose fertility is exhausted by a single harvest, and whose after-crops do but teem with the rankest weeds or the most sickly flowers. The star of science no sooner appeared in the British hemisphere, than, struck with the

luxury of its beams, the minds of men were suddenly aroused and awakened to the most animated exertions, and the most daring flights; silent were the legendary oracles of the Bard and the Minstrel, the dark and long-impending clouds of barbarism were dispelled, and instantly gave way to a clear and a healthy horizon. Add to this, we constantly find a period in the annals of every country, at which its people begin to be sensible of the shame and the ignominy of ignorance: this no sooner becomes perceived than it is deeply felt: the mind, stimulated by a forcible impulse, catches the alarm, and hastens at once to renounce its slavery; in the struggle and collision that ensues, the genius of the people frequently takes astonishing strides towards perfection. Not satisfied with a tardy, gradual, and deliberate reform, the cause of learning and improvement is carried far beyond those limits that experience and cooler reason might have fixed for its advances. Peter the Great had no sooner returned from the inspection of foreign courts, and the influence of the transplanted arts had begun to soften the grossness and severity of the Russian manners; than his court, disgusted at the meanness of their appearance, would not content themselves with a mere reform, nor proceed in the common course, from squalor to decency, and from thence to elegance; but resolved to do something; and not knowing where to stop, they hastily passed over the happy medium, and assumed at once an air of tawdry splendor, of awkward and irregular magnificence, not to be paralleled by any nation on the face of the globe. We may yet further observe, that the military spirit of the day, in Eliza's reign, being put upon the stretch far beyond its usual tone by the perilous and alarming situation of the kingdom, served to excite and to diffuse a general inclination for action, that invigorated attempts of every kind, whether literary or political. The temper of the times was happily and

singularly disposed for the reception and cultivation of the classics, which then more immediately began to operate with salutary effects. The manly spirit of expiring chivalry lent a romantic grace to the prevailing taste, which, associating with the fantastic incongruities of Italian imagery, required nothing but the chastity and good sense of ancient learning to add a weight and a value to composition which were hitherto unknown.

In order to enter more closely into the nature of that species of poetry which it is the purpose of these volumes to recommend, it will be necessary to consider it under the following heads: Language, Versification, Style, Sentiment, and Imagery.

As to language, it has been very justly remarked by Johnson, that "from the authors which rose in the time of Elizabeth a speech might be formed adequate to all the purposes of use and elegance\*." This acknowledgment of the Doctor's is confirmed by Dryden: in his Essay on Dramatic Poesie, speaking of Beaumont and Fletcher, he says, "I am apt to believe the English language in them arrived to its highest perfection; what words have since been taken in, are rather superfluous than ornamental." It would have been a matter of national advantage, had Johnson, after an attentive perusal of the poets of this age, distinguished in his Dictionary those particular obsolete words which, from their sound and significance, merit use and adoption; the sanction of his authority might have gone far towards restoring them to that rank, both in writing and conversation, which they have too long undeservedly forfeited: but, by the contracted lists of authors his quotations are drawn from, it is evident he neglected dirtying himself in the dust of the Black-Letter, a task which, however uninviting, was indispensably requisite

\* Fugitive Pieces, Vol. II. p. 74. .

to the completion of his plan, and without which, no man can clearly survey the obscure foundations of our language. It is observed by Sir W. Davenant\* of Spenser, "that our language did receive from his hand new grafts of old withered words." Every reader's experience must witness the truth of the remark; by a too indiscriminate use of antiquated words, coarse and obsolete idioms, Spenser† has no doubt blemished his poem; as a painter may overcharge a landscape with a profuse introduction of ruins. Yet, on the whole, Spenser's works are an inexhaustible mine of the richest materials, forming in fact the very bullion of our language; and it is to be lamented they are so rarely explored for present use. Milton was fully conscious of their value; and many of the most admired and popular passages in his works, to every intelligent reader,

..... Whisper whence they stole  
Those balmy spoils.....

*Par. Lost.*

When Bishop Burnet‡ objected against him, that he "made many new and rough words," he certainly betrayed the narrowness of his reading; what he concluded the production of Milton, was but the sterling and current coin of the preceding century; and, at a time when it had fallen into disrepute, was again circulated by our divine bard, in opposition to the fastidiousness and false refinement of the wits and the coxcombs of his age. Pope, Atterbury, and Swift, who headed one party, Addison, Congreve, and Steele, who led the other, in Queen Anne's reign, with their respective minor

\* Preface to *Gondibert*, p. 3, folio edition.

† Spenser has incurred the censure of Edmund Bolton, the first sensible old English critic, for the affected antiquity of his language.

‡ Burnet's *History of his own Time*, Vol. I. p. 163.

adherents, in the general tenour of their writings, addressed the judgment rather than the fancy, and, with a Parnassian sneer peculiar to themselves, either neglected or hunted down their poetical predecessors; some of them, who deserved better treatment, were even wantonly pounded in the Dunciad. Let them take their share of praise, and rest-contented. Satire and morality they carried to perfection; but the higher regions of poesy received neither extension nor embellishment from their hands. In new modeling the language of verse, they have given it an artificial gloss, a seductive and meretricious lustre, of which its primary purity had no need. Compound epithets, which are the life of a language, and in which our own is far from being deficient, they almost totally discarded. It is rather remarkable, that Pope, who has expressed his relish for them in *Homer*, should be inattentive to them in his own writings. He justly observes, in his preface to the *Iliad*, that, “as a metaphor is a short simile, one of these epithets is a short description.” Aristotle has said of *Homer*, that he was the only one who had discovered *living words*, an appellation highly characteristic of the epithets I am mentioning, which are from the recommendation and example of a few men of taste making their way into our poetry a second time, after a long discontinuance. Many valuable hints on this subject are suggested in the correspondence of Mr. Gray with his friend Mr. West. The latter had disapproved of some expressions in Gray’s *Agrippina*, who well replies, that “the language of the age is never the language of poetry;” and what is still more to the purpose, “Shakspeare’s language is one of his principal beauties\*”; and he has no less advantages over our Addisons and Rowes in this, than in those other great

\* See Mason’s *Life of Gray*, Vol. III. the third, fourth, and fifth Letters.

excellencies you mention ; *every word in him is a picture*\*."

Let us now proceed to Versification, on which subject our superiority over our predecessors is, perhaps, too implicitly insisted on, and too generally allowed. He who is not biassed by the cant of what is generally called authority, nor shackled in the trammels of bigotry and system, will often take occasion to observe, that many are the instances where art is rather a troublesome innovator than a real benefactor, and that, as she introduces improvement, it is not unfrequently attended with frivolity and impertinence. The prevailing opinion of the age is seldom a standard of taste safe enough to be trusted. The dominion over poetical numbers which Pope possessed, was most astonishing and unexampled, to any one who has cast an attentive eye on the state in which he found them. Under his hand they appear to have attained a degree of polish far beyond what they might have been supposed to have been capable of, and indeed beyond every thing that could have been expected or foreseen. Yet did he not stretch his prerogative too far, by reducing them to perfect mechanism ? of rhyme has he not made a rattle, and of verse a plaything ? Amid such attention to sound, must not sense have been a loser somewhere or other ? "*Pars minima est ipsa puella sui.*" The substance itself is lost in the profusion of appendages. An old satirist has well expressed himself on this head :

..... Alas, poor idle sound :  
 Since I first Phœbus knew, I never found  
 Thy interest in sacred poesie.  
 Thou to invention add'st but surquedry,

\* Mr. Hume seems to have exposed his want of taste in the following opinion relative to Shakspeare : " Nervous and picturesque expressions, as well as descriptions, abound in him ; but it is in vain we look either for purity or simplicity of diction." *Hist. of England*, Vol. VI. p. 162.

A gaudy ornature : but hast no part  
In that soul-pleasing high infused art.

*Marston. Scourg. Vill. B. ii. Edit. 1599.*

His translation of Homer, timed as it was, operated like an inundation in the English Republic of Letters, and has left to this day indelible marks on more than the surface of our poetry. Co-operating with the popular stream of his other works, it has formed a sort of modern Helicon, on whose banks infant poets are allured to wander and to dream ; from whose streams they are content to drink inspiration, without searching for remoter sources. Whether its waters are equally pure, salutary, and deep, with the more *ancient wells of English undefiled*, admits of a doubt : so forcibly affected by them, however, have been the minds of the public since his day, and so strangely enchanted with the studied and uniform flow of his harmony, that they have not only grown indifferent, but in a great measure insensible, to the mellifluous, yet artless, numbers of Spenser, Shakspeare, and Fletcher, where the pauses are not from their clockwork construction anticipated by the ear, where there is a union of ease and energy, of dignity and of grace ; and, to use the words of Dryden \*, “ the rude sweetness of a Scotch tune, which is natural and pleasing, though not perfect.” But the consequences that have ensued to the cause of Poetry, from the sway of Pope, are not the happiest : in proportion as his works were read, and the dazzle of his diction admired, proselytes, who would not originally have been scribblers of verse, were gained, and the art of tagging smooth couplets, without any reference to the character of a poet, is become an almost indispensable requisite in a fashionable education. Founded upon this prevailing habit, hence has arisen, and been gra-

\* Preface to his Fables.

dually making its way, a spurious taste, which, as it reproaches and sets at defiance our older masters, bears no real relation to the maker or inventor. Here, perhaps, it may not be amiss to remark, how soon Poesy began to mimic the movements of a sister art\*, by accommodating sound to sense, and (if I may be allowed the terms)

To dress and trouble the tongue, and roll the eye,

to assume affected abruptness of transition, and rapidity of apostrophe. In the neglected, yet highly finished translation of Tasso by Fairfax, some of the tricks of versification, that have been since cultivated to so faulty an excess, began first to appear, as the position in the following cursory instances seems to indicate.

Pope has a most complete piece of mimicry of this sort :

..... the string let fly  
Twang'd short and sharp, like the shrill swallow's cry.  
*Odys. xxi. 449.*

*Twanged the string, out flew the quarrel long,*  
*And through the subtil air did singing pass.*  
*B. vii. st. 103.*

*Vanish'd her garments rich, and vestures strange,*  
*B. xviii. st. 35.*

*Lightn'd the heav'n above, the earth below*  
*Roar'd aloud.*  
*B. xviii. st. 37.*

*On his right hand at last laid on the ground,*  
*He lean'd his head weak like a shaking reed,*  
*Dazzled his eyes, the world on wheels ran round.*  
*B. xix. st. 28.*

*Vanish'd the shade, the sun appear'd in sight.*  
*B. xvi. st. 68.*

These are the dawnings of those mechanical beauties, which refinement introduces as auxiliaries, and frequently re-

\* Music.



tain in her service to the neglect of higher excellencies; in the infancy of an art they seldom appear: the older poets disdained stooping to the character of syllable-mongers; as their conceptions were vigorous, they trusted to the simple provision of nature for their equipment; and though often introduced into the world ragged, they were always healthy. To cull words, vary pauses, adjust accents, diversify cadence, and by, as it were, balancing the line, make the first part of it betray the second; was an employment reserved for the leisure and coolness of after-times, whose poetical establishment was about to consist of a suite of traditional imagery, hereditary similies, readiness of rhyme, and volubility of syllables.

We are now come to Style, Sentiment, and Imagery, including the very soul of composition. From the paucity of models in the beginning of the art, every writer, as he was unable to indulge his idleness by paraphrasing, and replenish his stores at the expense of another, became compelled to think immediately for himself: to the august therefore and endless volume of nature he turned his eye, and transcribed more or less, according to his necessities, from her eventful and important page: his descriptions, of course, were the reflected images of what he was a witness to; when the passions were to be exhibited, as they had not yet appeared either sophistically tricked out, or truly delineated through the medium of books, to his own heart only or actual observation he had recourse for intelligence. This produced abstracted instead of general terms, and, in short, energy, character, and truth; and gave the contents of his pages an air of a proof-impression. Succeeding artists, happy to find their labour facilitated, and a mass of materials ready formed to their hands, thought it convenient to adopt much, and add a little; and, as literature always grows confident like other things, in proportion to its age and advances, their

posterity ran still greater hazards in acquiescing with, and taking upon trust, what they found thus regularly handed down to them. Ideas thus circulated must lose much of their primary complexion, as the distance from their original source is more or less; some must be distorted, others frittered away, and many totally new-vampt, in opposition to their former signification; as the volatile spirit of an exquisite essence insensibly evaporates in the course of being transferred from one phial to another. To a process not very dissimilar to this, I am inclined to attribute the frequent lifelessness of modern poetry, which too often resembles an artificial nosegay, the colours of which, though splendid, are yet tawdry, and heightened far beyond the modesty of nature, without any pretensions to fragrance; while that of a century and an half back, appears as a garland fresh from the gardens of nature, and still moist and glittering with the dews of the morning. We have few better opportunities of forming a comparative estimate of ancient and modern poetry, than by recurring to those subjects which later writers have undertaken to modernize, as in the Fables of Dryden, and the Nut-brown Maid of Prior; the original of which latter performance I cannot help preferring to Matt's elegant versification-piece, in which decision I cannot think myself misled by a blind predilection for antiquity. It should be remembered, that simplicity, though frequently naked, is not consequently poor, her nakedness may be that of a Grace and not of a beggar. Numerous are the instances which must occur on an attentive perusal of both the poems, where the effect of minute beauties in the original is lost from expansion in the paraphrase. Prior has filled up the outline too implicitly; he has left the mind of itself, under every change of emotion, nothing to conceive or to supply, every thing is ready expressed and done for the reader, and we may justly allege, in the language of Cicero,

“*Ea sunt omnia non a naturâ sed a Magistro.\**” As an instance in point, the following stanza includes the finest circumstance in the whole, which is imagined with surprising delicacy. The hand of Shakspeare could not possibly have gone higher, or have touched a situation with greater nicety. The Nut-brown Maid, on resolving to accompany her banished lover, adheres to her determination with unalterable firmness; in the course of the whole dialogue, no dastardly symptom of irresolution escapes her, no selfish fear of the impending dangers she was to encounter, and no regret at the comforts she had renounced. After acknowledging her intention, she says,

I shall as now do more for you  
Than longeth to womanhede;  
To short my hair, a bow to bear,  
To shoot in time of need.

But on a sudden the consequences that might ensue to probably an aged and affectionate mother, who must deeply feel her absence, and the rashness of her conduct, come across her; it is the exquisite pang of a moment, and will not bear dwelling upon. Hear her exclamation, which is continued from the above quoted lines:

*O, my sweet mother, before all other,  
For you I have most dread.*

Her courage and resolution return. She goes on:

But now adieu! I must ensue,  
Where fortune doth me lead.

This is that ardent and artless language of nature that baffles simulation, and fixes an indelible impression on the heart, and on the memory. Prior has passed over all this in silence.

\* *Oratio pro Murena.*

I will indulge myself still further in quoting an incident from another ballad, of certainly not inferior merit to the last. A mother, who is forsaken by the object of her affections, pondering the infelicity of her lot, thus exclaims over her sleeping infant :

.....  
 .....  
 Lie still, my darling, sleep awhile,  
 And when thou wakest sweetly smile ;  
*But smile nae as thy father did*  
*To cozen maids, nay God forbid !*

*Lady Bothwell's Lament.*  
*Select Scot. Ball. Vol. I.*

He who has a single nook in his heart for sensibility must prefer such passages as this to pages of declamatory sorrow, tricked out in all her most studied formalities : how would these lines bear translating into what is called elegant modern versification ; stuffed out with general epithets, and distorted with tragic apostrophe ? In the theatric department, if we turn our attention to the list of performances that for the last year only have been exhibited at the theatres of our capital, and compare the later pieces in that list, with the very few ancient plays that still, to the credit of our fastidious taste, keep their ground amongst them, we shall clearly see to what little effect Criticism, with her regular code of laws, has operated ; in spite of the edicts of Aristotle, the boasted improvements of style and of language, and the strictest adherence to the unities, the tears that fall at modern stories are easily numbered, and scarce to be traced to the heart ; that key, which is most beautifully feigned by the poet\* to have been given by nature to Shakspeare, and which was likewise in the hands of some few of his contemporaries, “ that oped the sacred source of sym-

\* Gray's Progress of Poetry.

pathetic tears," seems now, and has done for a century past, irrecoverably lost. One of the most material requisites in our older poets is economy, which is to composition precisely what conduct is to life; we are frequently palled by an opulence of description, an exuberance of imagery, and a maze of allegory, without any relief whatever, unless by imbecilities, prolix, uninteresting, and vulgar in the extreme. This inequality of parts pervades antiquity; a judicious regard to the distribution of ornament, the art of blending the brilliant with the chaste, of softening strength of colours with mild and corrective shades, together with the niceties of method, connection, and arrangement, are the tardy and perhaps most valuable produce of later times. Though the poetry of Addison assumed little or no tincture from his taste for our obscurer writers (for a taste on this head he undoubtedly possessed, much superior to any of his contemporaries), he still merits the thanks of every poetical reader, for his elegant efforts to revive the beauties of the *Paradise Lost*, his critique on Chevy Chase, and various scattered notices of a congenial nature in his periodical papers. A. Johnston, who republished the Earl of Sterline's Works in 1720, has a passage in his preface much in point: he there says, "That he had the honour of transmitting the author's Works to the great Mr. Addison for the perusal of them, and he was pleased to signify his approbation in these candid terms: That he had read them with the greatest satisfaction; and was pleased to give it as his judgment, *that the beauties of our ancient English poets are too slightly passed over by the modern writers, who, out of a peculiar singularity, had rather take pains to find fault than endeavour to excel.*" Of Tickell, the friend and the editor of Mr. Addison (and who as such may with propriety be mentioned after him), it has been said by Goldsmith, that through all his works there is a strain of

*ballad-thinking* to be found: the remark is just, and to that strain he is indebted for the reception he has met with. Whether he had it from reading or from nature we have still to learn, as no memoirs of his life, hitherto published, are satisfactory enough to inform us of his particular studies. The well-known lines which Dr. Percy has taken for a motto to his *Reliques*, speak the opinion of Rowe on such subjects clearly; the intention likewise which he is known to have had of publishing the Plays of Massinger, to whom he owes many obligations, and from whom, indeed, he borrowed the plan of his *Fair Penitent*\*, proves his relish for old literature. Not to mention his edition of Shakspeare. From these sources he gathered a style of dialogue which has been much approved, a style, which, though not so pure as the models that suggested it, yet soft, easy, and captivating, is greatly preferable to, and of a very different texture from the inflated and declamatory vein, which for some time past has taken entire possession of our stage. It has been often alleged against Pope, that he was not averse to pilfering, snug, from obscure poetry: an attentive perusal of his works soon confirms the justice of the charge; yet he appears rather to have satisfied himself with what accident threw in his way, than to have deviated into a systematic or serious examination of such sort of reading. The sketch† he has left for “A discourse on the Rise and Progress of English Poetry,” imperfect as it is, may fairly be supposed to contain names of more authors that he had heard of than he had read. Young, a poet of infinite originality both as to style and matter, has no marks of obscure reading whatever; the fertility of his own resources was more than equal to his wants; this might preclude him from all recourse to such assistance. If we may judge of his poetry by internal evi-

\* See *Fatal Dowry*, M. Mason's edition.

† See *Ruffhead*.

dence, he should seem to have composed with great rapidity, and little after-correction. The prose of Young has more imagery than the poetry of Pope. Had Akenside been a worse scholar, he had been a better poet; to an imagination like his, that understood selection, the Gothic system would have been far more productive than the heathen mythology. In Thomson it is difficult to discover any material traces of imitation, or even to conjecture who were his favourites among the poets of his country. His Seasons differ as widely in their style, which has in it a peculiar swell, as in their contents, from every other poet. When such inconsiderable advances towards rescuing from oblivion the several writers, from whom the contents of these volumes are drawn, were made by those, who from their situation and abilities were best suited to the task; when brother bards were not only remiss in restoring them to popularity, but by their neglect and silence seemed to insinuate they were undeserving of it; we must not be surprised that their merits remained so long unobserved, and that little solicitude was expressed at their fate by the body of the people.

I cannot conclude without noticing the late very incomplete and careless edition of the English Poets, commonly called Johnson's Edition, in which so few of our older classics appear. It is well known, that the Doctor was ever glad to escape the censure which the work had fallen under, by alleging that he had nothing to do with the selection; he had engaged himself only to furnish a set of Lives to such a list as the booksellers, who were the responsible publishers of the work, should think proper. The excuse is probably true, but surely most unsatisfactory. Johnson was at the time no hungry hireling of a bookseller; he most deservedly revelled in the praise of the public, and a competency was secured to him for life by a pension. Was it

not, therefore, incumbent on him, in a work which bore so close a relation to the honour of his country, which, from its elegance and magnitude, afforded the happiest opportunity of uniting our poets, both ancient and modern, in one comprehensive view, and of combining their respective excellencies in one common interest? ancient poetry, in thus being exhibited to the public eye, would soon have made good her claims to notice, and of herself recovered the long-lost verdure of her bays; whilst the justice of that latitude which is commonly assigned to later improvements, from a fair opportunity of a comparative examination, might have been more strictly ascertained. Dr. Johnson gave up his life to the literature of his country; a portion of it would not have been thrown away, had it been dedicated to the completion of such an undertaking. Not that I consider the turn of his mind as peculiarly qualifying him for a critic of such subjects\*, which require more imagination than judgment (by no means the Doctor's case); but that what he had to say even on things which he did not properly understand, is always worth hearing, and that the lustre of his great mind seldom beamed on any thing without lighting us to some new truth, latent trait of character, or peculiarity hitherto unobserved; and let his strictures have been ever so injurious, an elegant edition of the text was at all events secured. In the esteem of the booksellers he stood very high, perhaps higher than any man of his age; and there cannot be a doubt, but that the management of the work, on the least desire intimated by him, would have been vested in his hands with the utmost gratitude and confidence.

\* The acrimony of Dr. Johnson's poetical censures has been universally reprobated; but the unaccountable infelicity with which he has dealt out his costive praise to particular quotations in the course of his *Lives* is still more extraordinary.



The imperfections of the work are still further to be regretted, when we recollect, that such works are seldom hazarded above once in fifty years; the public cannot digest a repetition of them. As the matter stands, however, a most unworthy rabble have gained a passport to the Temple of Fame, much after the following ridiculous predicament, so well described on a very different occasion by Mr. Burke, whose words we may literally apply. “ He put together a piece of joinery so closely indented, and whimsically dove-tailed; a cabinet so variously inlaid; such a piece of diversified mosaic, such a tessellated pavement, without cement, here a bit of black stone, and there a bit of white, \* \* \* \* \* that it was indeed a very curious show, but utterly unsafe to touch, and unsure to stand on; the colleagues whom he had assorted at the same board, stared at each other, and were obliged to ask, Sir, your name!” To have shed *their twinkling radiance the miscellanies o’er*, was the highest honour many of those, who are here adopted as legitimate and established poets, could affect; to a more conspicuous and dignified hemisphere they had not the slightest pretensions. The many dogmatical and injurious censures contained in the lives themselves, for which we have scarce the shadow of a reason assigned, but are generally silenced with the old apophthegm of Homer, Διόσδ’ ἐτελείετο βέλη, have additionally contributed to the unpopularity of the work; though, as fine pieces of nervous writing, pregnant with valuable detached opinions, happy illustrations, nice discussions, and a variety of curious incidental information, they will ever attract notice: but as judicious and impartial critiques on the merits of the respective writers, as just and discriminative representations of the subjects in question, they will never be considered by the generality of readers. Such, however, is the fate of the work, that we seldom see it entire, but meet

with its contents wandering separately and disjointed in every catalogue. Like discordant atoms, which, when driven together by a superior force, meet but for a moment to show their dissimilarity, and, from a natural opposition, refuse to coalesce; but on the cessation of the cause which brought them originally together, hastily fly back again to their pristine conditions.

## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

---

*The abstract accounts here given, from the narrow limits of my plan, must be superficial, and calculated rather to excite curiosity than to gratify it; they do not affect to convey any fresh information, or to abound in anecdotes hitherto unnoticed: it is hoped, however, that they will be deemed necessary by common readers, and no unacceptable relative appendage to the several extracts.*

---

### SIR JOHN BEAUMONT,

THE best of whose works is his *Bosworth Field*, which merits re-publication for the easy flow of its numbers, and the spirit with which it is written. In the early part of his life he dedicated many of his hours to various translations, which, together with other pieces, were all collected and published after his death by his son. He was descended from an ancient family at *Grace-Dieu*, in *Leicestershire*, and was admitted, at fourteen years of age, a gentleman commoner of *Broadgate Hall*, *Oxon*. In 1596 he removed from hence to one of the inns of court, but soon quitted the study of the law, and, retiring to his native place, married one of the *Fortescue* family. He was knighted in 1626 by King *Charles*, and died in 1628. His poems were ushered into the world by complimentary verses from *Tho. Nevill*, *Th. Hawkins*, *Ben. Jonson*, *M. Drayton*, and *Ph. King*.

---

### WILLIAM BROWNE.

THE basest metals are frequently, in the ore, the most beautiful, and catch the eye the soonest. The Italian writers were his models; and he was either too young or too injudicious to resist the contagion of forced allusions and conceits, and the rest of that trash which an incorrect age not only endured but

practised and approved. His descriptions are sometimes puerile, and at other times over-wrought; one while lost in a profusion of colours, and at another bald and spiritless: yet he seems to have been a great admirer, and no inattentive observer, of the charms of nature, as his works abound in minute rural imagery, though indiscriminately selected. From the verses prefixed to his book he should seem to have written very early in life. Had it been otherwise, and chaste and wholesome models been thrown in his way, much might have been expected from his natural powers. The praise he has received from Selden, Davies, Jonson, and Drayton, and the notice he obtained from Milton, are real honours that almost counterbalance oblivion; at least, they prove that he did not deserve it. The memoirs of his life are imperfect; he appears to have been born at Taystock, in Devonshire; to have spent some time both at Exeter College, Oxon, and the Middle Temple; he afterwards became a retainer to the house of Pembroke. The passage that Winstanley quotes as a specimen of his manner is injurious to his merits, and by no means characteristic of Browne; it even blemishes the unsatisfactory narratives of that miserable biographer. The following testimony Drayton has left of him:

Then the two Beaumonts and my *Browne* arose,  
My dear companions, whom I freely chose  
My bosom friends; and, in their several ways,  
Rightly born poets——.

*Of Poets and Poesy.*

The verses prefixed to Massinger's *Duke of Milan*, signed W. B. I cannot agree with Mr. Reed in supposing to mean William Browne. I will conclude this article with a poetical picture which Browne has left us of himself: it is in his usual fantastic manner:

Among the rest, a shepherd (though but young,  
Yet hartned to his pipe) with all the skill  
His few years could, began to fit his quill.  
By Tavy's speedy stream he fed his flock,  
Where when he sat to sport him on a rock,  
The water-nymphs would often come unto him,  
And for a dance with many gay gifts woo him,  
Now posies of this flow'r, and then of that,  
Now with fine shells, then with a rushy hat,

With coral or red stones brought from the deep  
 To make him bracelets or to mark his sheep.  
 Willy he hight, who by the ocean's queen  
 More cheer'd to sing than such young lads had been,  
 Took his best-framed pipe, and thus gan move  
 His voice of Walla, Tavy's fairest love.

Book ii. Song 3.

---

### WILLIAM CARTWRIGHT.

A POET worthy of notice, though unequal to that profusion of praise with which his contemporaries have loaded him. The wits of his day seem to have vied with each other in saying fine things of him, as may be seen from the prefatory verses to his works in 1651. But, setting aside panegyric, his proficiency in polite letters deservedly places him in the first rank among the wits of his age; and, from what we may now judge from what he has left, we may trust the testimonies of his biographers as to his being both an orator and a philosopher. Good-sense and solidity are the most prominent features of his poetry; in elegance, or even neatness of style, he is deficient. The place of his birth is uncertain. Lloyd, in his memoirs, attributes it to Burford in Oxfordshire; Wood, to Northway in Gloucestershire: the former places his birth in 1615, and the latter in 1611. He was, however, elected from Westminster a student of Christ-church, Oxford, in 1628; and, dying during his proctorship, Nov. 29, 1643, was buried, according to Wood, "towards the upper end of the south isle joyning to the choir of the cathedral of Christ-church." Towards Government he appears to have been particularly well-affected, and to have suffered but few public occasions to pass without exhibiting a specimen of his loyalty. Whether his Latin compositions have ever been collected, I know not; the following pieces are all that I am able to point out; the list, I have no doubt, might be considerably enlarged. In the "*Musarum Oxoniensium Charisteria*," &c. 1638, he has a copy of long and short verses. In the "*Britanniæ Natalis*," Oxon. 1630, a copy of Iambics. In the "*Britannici Perigæum*," Oxon. 1638, another copy of Iambics. In the "*Protelia Anglo-Batava*," Oxon. 1641, a copy of Alcaics; in the "*Mus. Oxoniensium Επιγραμια*," &c. 1643, another copy of Alcaics; these were

written during his proctorship. In the same collection are a copy of long and short verses, signed Thio. Cartwright, ex æde Ch. perhaps a relation of our author's. In "Death Repeal'd, by a thankful memorial sent from Christ-church in Oxford, celebrating the noble Deserts of the Right Hon. Paule late Lord Viscount Bayning," a copy of long verses and Iambics. In the "Mus. Oxon. pro Rege suo Soteria," 1633, a copy of Iambics. In the "Vitis Carolinæ Gemma altera," &c. 1633, a short copy of Alcaics. In the edition, 1651, of Cartwright's Poems and Plays, there are some verses wanting in the copy on the death of Sir B. Grevill, p. 303; the deficiency may be supplied from a copy, published with many others on the same occasion at Oxford, printed in 1644; they are there signed W. C. the initials of Cartwright's name. There is likewise, in the same pamphlet, another copy with the same signature, but whether by him or no is uncertain.

---

### RICHARD CORBET,

GENEROUS, witty, and eloquent. James the First, who was struck with him, made him Dean of Christ-church; he was afterwards successively Bishop of Oxford and Norwich. He appears, from Wood, to have been of that poetical party who, by inviting B. Jonson to come to Oxford, rescued him from the arms of a sister university, who has long treated the Muses with indignity, and turned a hostile and disheartening eye on those who have added most celebrity to her name\*. We do

\* Spenser, whose college disappointments forced him from the university. Milton is reported to have even received corporal punishment there. Dryden has left a testimony, in a prologue spoken at Oxford, much against his own university. The incivility, not to give it a harsher appellation, which Mr. Gray met with, is well known. That Alma Mater has not remitted her wonted illiberality is to be fairly presumed from a passage in her present most poetic son, Mr. Mason:

..... Science there  
Sat musing: and to those that lov'd the lore  
Pointed, with mystic wand, to truths involv'd  
In geometric symbols, scorning those  
Perchance too much who woo'd the thriftless muse.

*English Garden.*

not find that Ben expressed any regret at the change of his situation: companions, whose minds and pursuits were similar to his own, are not always to be found in the gross atmosphere of the muddy Cam, though easily met with on the more genial banks of the Isis.

Largior hic campos æther . . . .

VIRG.

Corbet's verses have considerable humour, feeling, and neatness. His *Poetica Stromata*, 1647, 8, were written when very young, and not designed for publication. His *Iter Boreale* seems a sort of imitation of Horace's *Brandusian Journey*. Davenant has "A Journey into Worcestershire," p. 215, fol. edit. in a similar vein. Corbet's name appears amongst the list of wags who prefixed mock commendatory verses to Coryate's *Crudities*. He was, in 1582, born at Ewel in Surrey, educated at Westminster, and thence elected a student of Christ-church, Oxford, and died in 1635. The following anecdotes are extracted from Aubrey's MSS. in the Ashmolean Museum, *verbatim*. They form a clue to Corbet's character, and as such deserve preservation. "After he was D. of Divinity, he sang ballads at the Crosse at Abingdon; on a market-day he and some of his comrades were at the tavern by the Crosse (which, by the way, was then the finest of England, I remember it when I was a freshman, it was admirable curious Gothicque architecture, and fine figures in the niches, 'twas one of those built by King——\* for his queen). The ballad-singer complained he had no custome, he could not put off his ballads. The jolly Dr. puts off his gowne, and puts on the ballad-singer's leathern jacket, and being a handsome man, and a rare full voice, he presently vended a great many, and had a great audience.—After the death of Dr. Goodwin, he was made Deane of Christ-church. He had a good interest with great men, as you may finde in his poems; and that with the then great favourite the Duke of Bucks, his excellent wit ever 'twas of recommendation to him. I have forgot the story, but at the same time Dr. Fell thought to have carried it, Dr. Corbet put a pretty trick on him to let him take a journey to Lon-

\* Camden says it was erected (as was reported) in the reign of Henry VI. by the fraternity of St. Cross, which he instituted. See Camden, by Gibson, p. 138.

don for it, when he had already the grant of it.—His conversation was extreme pleasant. Dr. Stubbins was one of his cronies; he was a jolly, fat Doctor, and a very good house-keeper: as Dr. Corbet and he were riding in Lob-lane in wet weather ('tis an extraordinarie deepe dirty lane) the coach fell, and Dr. Corbet said, that Dr. S. was up to the elbows in mud, and he was up to the elbows in Stubbins.—A. D. 1628, he was made Bishop of Oxford, and I have heard that he had an admirable grave and venerable aspect. One time as he was confirming, the country people pressing in to see the ceremonie, said he, 'Beare off there, or ile confirm ye with my staffe.'—Another time, being to lay his hand on the head of a man very bald, he turns to his chaplaine, and said, 'Some dust, Lushington,' to keepe his hand from slipping. There was a man with a great venerable beard; said the Bishop, 'You behind the beard.' His chaplaine, Dr. Lushington, was a very learned and ingeniose man, and they loved one another. The Bishop would sometimes take the key of the wine-cellar, and he and his chaplaine would go and lock themselves in and be merry; then first he layes down his episcopal hood, 'There layes the Doctor;' then he puts off his gowne, 'There layes the Bishop;' then 'twas, 'Here's to thee, Corbet;'—'Here's to thee, Lushington'."

---

### THOMAS CAREW.

THE consummate elegance of this gentleman entitles him to very considerable attention. Sprightly, polished, and perspicuous, every part of his works displays the man of sense, gallantry, and breeding; indeed, many of his productions have a certain happy finish, and betray a dexterity both of thought and expression much superior to any thing of his contemporaries, and, on similar subjects, rarely surpassed by his successors. Carew has the ease without the pedantry of Waller, and perhaps less conceit. He reminds us of the best manner of Lord Lyttelton. Waller is too exclusively considered as the first man who brought versification to any thing like its present standard. Carew's pretensions to the same merit are seldom sufficiently either considered or allowed. Though Love had long before softened us into civility, yet it was of a formal,



ostentatious, and romantic cast ; and, with a very few exceptions, its effects upon composition were similar to those on manners. Something more light, unaffected, and alluring, was still wanting ; in every thing but sincerity of intention it was deficient. Panegyric, declamatory and nauseous, was rated by those to whom addressed, on the principle of Rubens's taste for beauty, by its quantity, not its elegance. Satire, dealing in rancour rather than reproof, was more inclined to lash than to laugh us out of our vices ; and nearly counteracted her intentions by her want of good manners. Carew and Waller jointly began to remedy these defects. In them, gallantry, for the first time, was accompanied by the Graces, the fulsomeness of panegyric forgot in its gentility, and the edge of satire rendered keener in proportion to its smoothness. Suckling says of our author, in his *Sessions of the Poets*, that

..... the issue of his brain  
Was seldom brought forth but with trouble and pain.

In Lloyd's *Worthies*\*, Carew is likewise called "elaborate and accurate." However the fact might be, the internal evidence of his poems says no such thing. Hume has properly remarked, that Waller's pieces "aspire not to the sublime, still less to the pathetic." Carew, in his beautiful *Masque*, has given instances of the former ; and in his *Epitaph on Lady Mary Villiers*, eminently of the latter. It appears, that in the former part of his life he had been intimate with the Earl of Clarendon, as his character is drawn in his *Life and Continuation*†. The most material circumstances are the following : "He was very much esteemed by the most eminent persons of the court, and well looked upon by the King himself, some years before he could obtain to be sewer to the King ; and when the King conferred that place upon him, it was not without the regret of the whole Scotch nation, which united themselves in recommending another gentleman. Clarendon adds, what it would be injuring the cause of virtue to conceal, "But his glory was, that, after fifty years of his life, spent with less severity or exactness than it ought to have been, he died with the greatest remorse for that licence, and with the

\* P. 159, fol. edit.

† Vol. I. p. 36. Sir W. Davenant has a copy of verses to Carew, p. 252, folio edit.

greatest manifestation of Christianity that his best friends could desire." This proves, likewise, that he did not die young, as has been commonly represented. Phillips says of Carew, that "he was reckoned among the chiefest of his time for delicacy of wit and poetic fancy; by the strength of which his extant poems still maintain their fame amidst the curious of the present age." *Theat. Poet.* p. 174, edit. 1660. The *Biographia Britannica* and Dr. Percy place his death in 1639. The *Biographia* adds, that he was a member of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, though he took no degree.

---

### RICHARD CRASHAW,

A POET who deserves preservation for better reasons than his having accidentally attracted the notice of Pope. He has originality in many parts, and as a translator is entitled to the highest applause. Of this, Milton was sensible, as every reader of his *Sospito d'Herode* will instantly perceive. With a peculiar devotional cast, he possessed one of those ineffable minds which border on enthusiasm, and, when fortunately directed, occasionally produce great things\*. But he had too much religion to devote his whole strength to poetry; he trifled for amusement, and never wrote for fame. To his attainments, which were numerous and elegant, all his biographers have borne witness. He was educated at the Charter House, after previously sharing the beneficence of Sir H. Yelverton and Sir Randolph Crew†, and afterwards became scholar of Pembroke, and from thence fellow of Peter House, Cambridge. For reasons best known to himself, which it would at all times have been impertinent, and is now fruitless to inquire after, he renounced the religion of the Church of England, and died, in the year 1650, canon of Loretto, to use the words of Cowley, both a "poet and a saint‡."

\* Henry More, the platonic philosopher, one of the first men of this or any other country, is an instance in point. His poetry is very moderate; but his prose works highly deserve republication for their acuteness, imagination, and style.

† Lloyd's *Memoirs*, p. 618.

‡ See his *Verses on the Death of Crashaw*.

## SIR JOHN DAVIES,

A MAN of low extraction, who, by dint of natural abilities, made his way to great worldly, as well as literary eminence. The extent of his honours was, to be appointed Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench; but he died suddenly before he was sworn in. Wood says, "He was held in great esteem by the noted scholars of his time; among whom were, William Camden, Sir Jo. Harrington, the poet, Ben Jonson, Jo. Selden, Facete Hoskyns, R. Corbet of Christ Church, and others, who esteemed him to be a person of a bold spirit, of a sharp and ready wit, and completely learned, but in truth more a scholar than a lawyer." He has preserved a list of his publications, which, exclusive of his poetry, are very numerous. His *Nosce Teipsum* is the earliest philosophical poem this country has produced; the language is pure, demonstrative, and neat to a degree. The authoress of the Muses' Library has well remarked, "There is a peculiar happiness in his similies, being introduced to illustrate more than adorn, which renders them as useful as entertaining, and distinguishes his from those of every other author\*." The following instance, which is most happy, will sufficiently prove the truth of Mrs. Cowper's remark:

"But as Noah's pigeon, which return'd no more,  
Did show the footing ground for all the flood;  
So when good souls departed through death's door  
Come not again, it shows their dwelling's good."

This poem was republished in 1714, by Tate, and addressed to the Earl of Dorset, who was very fond of Davies. There was another edition in 1773. He was born at Chisgrove, in Wiltshire, 1570; was a commoner of Queen's College, Oxford. He studied the law at the Middle Temple, and died in 1626.

\* This remark is taken by Cibber, in the *Lives of the Poets*, without any acknowledgment.

## SAMUEL DANIEL.

THE dialogue between Ulysses and the Syren, from one of this gentleman's plays, which Dr. Percy has given us, will give the reader no very exalted opinion of the author's abilities; the same specimen is quoted in the Muses' Library, though not singly: it is neat and unaffected. But Daniel has a right to the merit of still higher excellence. Though very rarely sublime, he has skill in the pathetic, and his pages are disgraced with neither pedantry nor conceit. We find, both in his poetry and prose, such a legitimate and rational flow of language as approaches nearer the style of the 18th than the 16th century, and of which we may safely assert, that it will never become obsolete. He certainly was the Atticus of his day. It seems to have been his error to have entertained too great a diffidence of his own abilities. Constantly contented with the sedate propriety of good sense, which he no sooner attains than he seems to rest satisfied, though his resources, had he but made the effort, would have carried him much further. In thus escaping censure, he is not always entitled to praise. From not endeavouring to be great, he sometimes misses of being respectable. The constitution of his mind seems often to have failed him in the sultry and exhausting regions of the Muses; for, though generally neat, easy, and perspicuous, he too frequently grows slack, languid, and enervated. In perusing his long historical poem we grow sleepy at the dead ebb of his narrative, notwithstanding being occasionally relieved with some touches of the pathetic. Unfortunate in the choice of his subject, he seems fearful of supplying its defects by digressional embellishment; instead of fixing upon one of a more fanciful cast, which the natural coolness of his judgment would necessarily have corrected, he has cooped himself up within the limited and narrow pale of dry events; instead of casting his eye on the general history of human nature, and giving his genius a range over her immeasurable fields, he has confined himself to an abstract diary of fortune; instead of presenting us with pictures of truth from the effects of the passions, he has versified the truth of action only; he has sufficiently, therefore, shown the historian, but by no means the poet. For, to use a sentiment of Sir Wm. Davenant's, "Truth narrative and past is the idol of historians (who worship a dead thing),

and truth operative, and by its effects continually alive, is the mistress of poets, who hath not her existence in matter but in reason\*." Daniel has often the softness of Rowe without his effeminacy. In his Complaint of Cleopatra he has caught Ovid's manner very happily, as he has no obscurities either of style or language, neither pedantry nor affectation, all of which have concurred in banishing from use the works of his contemporaries. The oblivion he has met with is peculiarly undeserved; he has shared their fate, though innocent of their faults. Daniel enjoyed the friendship and the praises of the most eminent men of his age. Drayton thus speaks of him:

Amongst these, Samuel Daniel, whom if I  
May speak of, but to censure do deny,  
Only have heard some wise-men him rehearse,  
To be too much historian in verse.  
His rhymes were smooth, his metres well did close,  
But yet his manner better fitted prose.

*Of Poets and Poesy.*

Edmund Bolton and Gabriel Harvey, the former a professed critic, and the latter the friend of Spenser, and a promoter of the literature of his country, both mention Daniel with respect, as a polisher and purifier of the English language. W. Browne calls him "well-languag'd Daniel." B. II. Song 2.—Spenser has left Daniel's character. See Colin Clout's come Home again, Vol. IV. p. 276, Hugh. edit.—Ben Jonson, in his conversation with Drummond, has observed, that through the Civil Wars there is not a single battle. The remark is shrewd, but not true. He likewise adds, which is still more exceptionable, that Daniel is no poet. There seems some envy in this. Daniel has himself hinted, ~~that~~ he outlived his reputation:

..... but years hath done this wrong,  
To make me write too much, and live too long.

*Dedicat. of Philotas.*

He was born at Taunton in Somersetshire, was a commoner of Magdalen-hall, Oxon; became gentleman extraordinary, and afterwards groom of the privy-chamber to the Queen Anne, James the First's consort. He succeeded Spenser (who died about 1598) as Poet Laureat. He died at Beckington in

\* Preface to Gondibert, p. 5, fol. edit.

Somersetshire in 1619, and was honoured with a monument in that church at the sole expense of the justly celebrated Anne Countess of Pembroke, to whom he had been tutor, and to whose poetry and patronage he pays many flattering and grateful compliments in the dedication to the tragedy of Cleopatra. We are told by Dr. Percy, that the same lady, in a full-length of herself at Appleby Castle in Cumberland, had a small portrait of Daniel inserted. I cannot conclude this sketch without submitting to my reader the following lines from his dedication to the tragedy of Philotas, as they seem to contain no inconsiderable portion of prophetic truth:

And know, sweet prince, when you shall come to know,  
That 'tis not in the power of kings to raise  
A spirit for verse, that is not born thereto,  
Nor are they born in every prince's days :  
*For late Eliza's reign gave birth to more  
Than all the kings of England did before.  
And it may be, the genius of that time  
Would leave to her the glory in that kind,  
And that the utmost powers of English rhyme  
Should be within her peaceful reign confin'd ;*  
For since that time, our songs could never thrive,  
But lain as if forlorn ; though in the prime  
Of this new raising season, we did strive  
To bring the best we could unto the time.

*To the Prince.*

---

## WILLIAM DRUMMOND,

THE son of Sir John Drummond, of Hawthornden, Gentleman-usher to James VI. I should think myself highly unpardonable were I to suffer any of those illiberal and envious prejudices that canker many minds, and are too often indulged against a great sister-kingdom, to prevent me from enriching my collection with some flowers from the other side the Tweed. This gentleman, as a Scotchman, may not perhaps, strictly speaking, belong to my plan. To the scholar and the wit he added every elegant attainment: after forming his taste at the university of Edinburgh, he enlarged his views by travelling, and a cultivation of the modern languages. At first he appears to have studied the law, but soon relinquished it for more

congenial pursuits. To a heart thus eminently the seat of the graces, love soon found its way; we find him accordingly smitten with a lady named Cunningham, of an old and honourable family: but death put a stop to his happiness; she was hastily snatched from him immediately after consenting to give him her hand. This circumstance, to a mind like his, previously exposed by nature to the anguish of the finer feelings, and by a habit of retirement to reflections of a serious and abstracted cast, must have had no small share in tincturing his compositions with that interesting and tender melancholy that takes every feeling reader with an irresistible charm. From the particular commendation Phillips has noticed him with, it is not improbable that he retailed the opinions of his uncle Milton, as many of Drummond's combinations, and some of his phraseology, is to be traced in Milton. Phillips adds, that he was "utterly disregarded and laid aside in his time\*." Ben. Jonson so much admired him, that he undertook a journey from London on foot into Scotland, and spent some time with him. Some of their conversation is preserved. Drayton thus mentions him:

And my dear Drummond, to whom much I owe  
For his much love, and proud was I to know,  
His poesy, for which two worthy men,  
I Menstry† still shall love, and Hawthornden.

*Of Poets and Poesy.*

Without ostentatious praise (which is always to be suspected), it is but truth to observe, that many of his sonnets, those more especially which are divested of Italian conceits, resemble the best Greek epigrams in their best taste, in that exquisite delicacy of sentiment, and simplicity of expression, for which our language has no single term, but which is known to all classical readers by the word *αφελεια*. It is in vain we lament the fate of many of our poets, who have undeservedly fallen victims to a premature oblivion, when the finished productions of this man are little known, and still less read. May we not exclaim, in the words of Antipater,

\* Theat. Poet. p. 195.

† The residence of Sir W. Alexander, a poet whom he had just mentioned, who was afterwards Earl of Stirling.

Ὡλλιο γὰρ σὲ δὲ πολλὰ κατωδύξαντο Δύγατρες

Μναμοσύνας, μάτηρ δ' ἔξοχα Καλλιόπα.

Τί φθιμένοις σανάχουμεν ἰψ' ὑιάσιν, ἀνίχ' ἀλαλκίῳ

Τῶν παίδων αἰδῆν ἔδδ' Θεαῖς δύναμις\*.

*Antholog.*

According to the ingenious and able Mr. Pinkerton, he was born in 1585, and died, aged 64, in 1649. *Anc. Scot. Poems*, Vol. I. p. 123.

### SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT,

THE son of an Oxford vintner, who lived at the Crown Inn, a house which the immortal Shakspeare frequented in his journeys from London to Warwickshire. His mother, according to the MSS. of Aubrey, was exceedingly beautiful, and very elegant, both in her conversation and address. Davenant, in his social moments, would often insinuate that Shakspeare might have had his reasons for his visits there. This idea, which was hazarded over a bottle (probably without the least reference to his real sentiments), has been since circulated as not destitute of foundation. At first setting out in life he became a page to Sir F. Greville Lord Brooke, a writer himself, and a friend to the Muses†. He first recommended himself, by his writings, to Mr. Endymion Porter, and Mr. Henry Jermyn, afterwards Earl of St. Albans, to whom he dedicated his *Madagascar*. Amidst the various avocations that a life of incident subjected him to, his mind must have been singularly fertile, and his wit peculiarly ready, or we should not have had so bulky a collection as his works afford us. He appears to have been engaged in a variety of contradictory characters. He was by turns a soldier, a projector, a manager, an envoy ‡, and a wit.

\* *Periisti enim : te autem multum deflevertnt filiaë*

*Mnemosynes, mater vero præ aliis Calliope.*

*Quid defunctis ingemimus natis, cum defendere*

*Liberis Orcum ne Diis quidem potestas ?*

† Davenant said of him, he “ was a good wit, and had been a good poet in his youth. He wrote a poem in folio, which he printed not till he was old, and then with too much judgement and refining spoyled it, which was at first a delicate thing.” *Aubrey's MSS.*

‡ He was sent, by advice from the Queen, to persuade Charles to give up the Church. Davenant was impertinently forward on the occasion, and was dismissed the presence with unusual reprehension. See *Clarendon's Hist. of the Reb.* Vol. III. p. 1.



On the decline of the royalists, whose cause he had espoused, he sought refuge in France, where he wrote part of his *Gondibert* at Paris; and, after finishing little more than the first book, printed it with his *Epistle to Mr. Hobbes*, together with the answer. It was attacked in a satirical pamphlet by Sir J. Denham, J. Donne, Sir Allen Brodrick, and others, under the following title: "Certain Verses, written by several of the Author's Friends, to be reprinted with the second Edition of *Gondibert*." London, 1653. An answer was returned by Davenant, with some temper, in a similar vein, intituled, "The incomparable Poem of *Gondibert* vindicated from the Wit-Combats of Four Esquires, Clinias, Dametas, Sancho, and Jack Pudding." London, 1655 \*. During his residence abroad, at the instigation of the Queen, he collected a body of unemployed artificers, by permission of the French King, and set sail for the new colony in Virginia†. He was, however, intercepted by a ship belonging to the Parliament, and sent a prisoner to Cowes Castle. Here, with great manliness of mind, he alleviated the tediousness of confinement by continuing his *Heroic Poem*. From hence he was removed to the Tower, and would most probably have suffered, had not an accident prevented it, which, as it displays humanity on the one side, and great gratitude on the other, deserves recording. Davenant, in his military capacity under the Duke of Newcastle, had taken two Aldermen of York, to whom he not only extended every indulgence, but, on their being either unable or unwilling to pay their ransom, he studiously gave them an opportunity of escaping, which they embraced‡. These very men, on hearing that his life was in extreme danger, hastened to town, and interceded for him so successfully as to procure him a pardon. Bishop Newton, in his *Life of Milton*, attributes Sir William's acquittal to the interference of Milton, who, on the Restoration, received a similar piece of service from

\* There is a copy of verses, that probably allude to this circumstance, in *Poems by J. Howell, Esq.* 1664, p. 105, intituled, "Of some, who blending their Brains together, plotted how to bespatter one of the Muses choicest Sons and Servants, Sir W. Davenant, Kt. and Poet."

† Cowley, in his *Verses on the two first books of Gondibert*, has an allusion to this excursion.

‡ This story is mentioned in Aubrey's MSS.

Davenant. Wood mentions Milton and the two Aldermen before mentioned, as being jointly concerned in it \*. On obtaining his liberty, he set about restoring to notice the insulted altars of the Muses; an effort which, when we take into the account the severity and gloominess of the times, required no inconsiderable share both of fortitude and address. Plays were absolutely prohibited. At last, however, he partially accomplished his ends, by opening a theatre at Rutland-house, under the auspices of a few men of sense, and exhibited a species of dramatic interludes hastily got up for the occasion, and formed partly from the Italian and partly the French style. They were given out under the appellation of *entertainments*.

“ Ex illo fluere ac retro sublapsa referri,” &c.

From an innovation thus accidental and imperfect were our theatrical exhibitions corrupted; and from these paltry puppet-shows, which were sufficiently well-intended as substitutes for better things, the national taste received a deep and a vital tincture. When the time arrived at which they became no longer necessary, instead of recurring to the wholesome productions of Shakspeare, Massinger, and Fletcher, which had so often awakened their passions and amended their hearts but a short time before, the public countenanced the continuance of these pieces, or of such at least as were very little better, which did but make way for and announce the inundation of rhyming tragedies and other French trash which accompanied Charles and the Restoration, and which seemed but prophetic of that receipt in full for every folly which this nation was soon to be made acquainted with in that abominable, outlandish, and unnatural monster, the Italian Opera.—*Dii meliora Piis!*

Thus easily corrupted are the sources of public taste, and thus dangerous is the slightest foreign infusion unwarranted by judgment; the quack who cannot remove a tooth-ach may poison millions. Some good consequences, however, resulted to the stage from the hand of Davenant; he was the first who, after the Restoration, introduced painted scenery †, and filled

\* For an account of this subject, see Dean Swift's "Essay on the Life, Character, &c. of Dr. Jonathan Swift." App. p. 33.

† In Cibber's *Lives*, art. Davenant, the following anecdote occurs, which deserves more attention than it seems to have gained :

the property-room with that apparatus which before had been so much wanting, and which adds brilliancy and respect to a theatre. His residence abroad had probably supplied him with the hint. Through his means, the celebrated Betterton was brought more immediately forward to the eye of the public. We are indebted to him for the great addition which the stage has received in the adoption of women, as all female characters were, before his time, sustained by young men. At present, none of Davenant's plays keep the stage. It is to his *Gondibert* that he has to trust for his fame, and it particularly merits a republication. From its total rejection of supernatural agency, it has afforded the critics an ample subject of contention. After all, it seems but candid to examine every work by those rules only which the author prescribed himself in the composing of it; every contrary step is but trying a man of one country by the laws of another. What right have we, therefore, to be offended at not finding the critical acts passed by Aristotle originally, and re-echoed by Bossu and the French critics, rigidly observed, when it was the author's professed intention to write without them? We may, nearly with the same propriety, accuse Shakspeare for not adhering to the unities. It was Davenant's intention to make an experiment, and let him be heard in his own words: "If I be accused of innovation, or to have transgressed against the method of the ancients, I shall think myself secure in believing that a poet, who hath wrought with his own instruments at a new design, is no more answerable for disobedience to predecessors, than law-makers are liable to those old laws which themselves have repealed \*."

"In Shakspeare's time so undecorated were the theatres, that a blanket supplied the place of a curtain: and it was a good observation of the ingenious Mr. Chitty, a gentleman of acknowledged taste in dramatic excellence, that the circumstance of the blanket suggested to Shakspeare that noble image in *Macbeth*, where the murderer invokes night:

..... Come, thick night,  
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,  
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes;  
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,  
To cry, 'Hold! hold!'

The lines are imperfectly quoted in Cibber, probably from memory. See Dr. Johnson's *Rambler* on this passage.

\* Pref. p. 8.

In Bishop Hurd our author has found a formidable accuser. I transcribe the following very sensible passage from his *Essays on Chivalry and Romance*: "Pagan gods and Gothic fairies were equally out of credit when Milton wrote; he did well, therefore, to supply their room with angels and devils. If these too should wear out of the popular creed (and they seem in a hopeful way, from the liberty some late critics have taken with them), I know not what other expedients the Epic poet might have recourse to; but this I know, the pomp of verse, the energy of description, and even the finest moral paintings, would stand him in no stead: without admiration (which cannot be effected but by the marvellous of celestial intervention, I mean the agency of superior natures really existing, or by the illusion of the fancy taken to be so), no Epic poem can be long lived"—it is to be wished (though we have no demand upon him for such a condescension) that the ingenious Bishop had given us his idea of a substitute, for what he here represents as already exploded, as well as for what he imagines as soon likely to be so. Poetry, no doubt, in being thus deprived of these her magical supports, will lose much of her attraction. Yet, in the case of Davenant (supposing him amenable to a court of criticism), many palliations may be urged in his defence. There can scarce subsist a doubt but that, in denying himself the opportunity of indulging his fancy in the appendages of divine assistance, the dignity of the poem has been considerably diminished; yet, if we recollect the situation he stood in as to time, it will appear that his conduct did not result from a perverse and affected determination of deviating from rules long established, and long approved, but from a serious and sensible conviction that such machinery as those rules supplied him with was no longer practicable. The spirit of common-sense, which in his day began to show itself, would certainly have revolted against heathen mythology; the Gothic system, which the Italian school presented him with, was already hacknied and worn out, and no longer fostered and kept alive by the relish for chivalry, which prevailed even when Spenser wrote; the religion of his country afforded no instance that might serve to keep him in countenance, or justify an application of such hallowed materials to so light, and perhaps so unworthy, a purpose. These united objections made (if I may be allowed the expression) a sort of poetical

atheist of Davenant, and reduced him to the necessity of pursuing a plan of his own, and of relying on the natural powers of his genius. With his pen in his hand, he seems boldly to have exclaimed, in the language of Mezentius,

*Dextra mihi Deus et telum quod missile libro.*

On the whole (with the exception that Gondibert would have received both dignity and embellishment from divine agency, could the adoption of any such system have been practicable), I agree with the very liberal opinions of Dr. Aikin\*, in whom our poet has deservedly found a warm admirer, and a most intelligent critic, and one who has been the first to contribute to the revival of his memory.

Butler, who was a friend of Davenant's, has, with his usual pleasantry, laughed at Gondibert, Hudibras, Part I. cant. ii. p. 395, &c. Dr. Johnson, speaking of the Rehearsal, observes, "that this farce was originally intended against Davenant, who, in the first draught, was characterised by the name of Bilboa. There is one passage in the Rehearsal, still remaining, which seems to have related originally to Davenant. Bayes hurts his nose, and comes in with brown paper applied to the bruise: how this affected Dryden does not appear. Davenant's nose had suffered such diminution, that a patch upon that part evidently denoted him." Life of Dryden. In the Art of Poetry, cant. i. printed in Dryden's works, some lines are admitted to our author's prejudice. The piece was not written by Dryden, but merely corrected by him: it is strange that he suffered the lines in question to stand. Dry-

\* See his Miscellaneous Pieces. Hayley, in his Epistles on Epic Poetry, has been scandalously negligent of his countrymen; but six lines are given to Spenser, and four to Davenant, of whom he observes in his notes, "Davenant and Voltaire have sufficient defects to account for any neglect which may be their lot." Notes to Epist. V. It may not be improper to remark, that Lord Kaimes is for totally excluding machinery. See chap. xxii. Elem. of Crit. On such a subject, the opinion of Mr. Pope is entitled to weight. In his intended poem of Brutus, a plan of which is preserved in Ruffhead, p. 410, we find the agency both of a guardian genius and an evil spirit: Brutus is likewise represented as addressing the Supreme Being, who is there called God; but does not this seem an anachronism?

den, however, as he wrote in conjunction with our author, had the best opportunity imaginable of watching the quickness of his mind; he has accordingly paid a just compliment to his abilities in his preface to the *Tempest*. In Carew's *Poems* there are three copies of verses addressed to Davenant; and, in the *Olor Iscanus*, Lond. 1651, by H. Vaughan, there are verses on his *Gondibert*.

Davenant was born in 1605, was a member of Lincoln College, Oxon, and held the laurel for a considerable number of years. He died in 1668.

---

### MICHAEL DRAYTON,

THE modern testimonies to whose merits are few when compared with his deserts. The case is, most readers, discouraged at his voluminousness, content themselves with superficially skimming him over, without going deep enough to be real judges of his excellence. He possessed a very considerable fertility of mind, which enabled him to distinguish himself in almost every species of poetry, from a trifling sonnet to a long topographical poem. If he any where sinks below himself, it is in his attempts at satire. The goodness of his heart seems to have produced in him that confused kind of honest indignation which deprived him of the powers of discrimination: he therefore lost the opportunities of seizing on those nice allusions, situations, circumstances, and traits of character, by which vice and folly are rendered odious and contemptible. His *Poly-Olbion* is one of the most singular works this country has produced, and seems to me eminently original. The information contained in it is in general so acute, that he is quoted as an authority both by Hearne and Wood. His perpetual allusions to obsolete traditions, remote events, remarkable facts and personages, together with his curious genealogies of rivers, and his taste for natural history, have contributed to render his work very valuable to the antiquary. To many just objections it is most certainly liable: his continual personifications of woods, mountains, and rivers, are tedious; and, on the whole, we must be satisfied to read rather for information than pleasure. Ben. Jonson, in his *Conversation with Drummond* of Hawthornden, says, that "had he performed what he pro-

mised to write (the deeds of all the worthies), it had been excellent."—The writer of our author's life, prefixed to the folio edition of his works, speaking of the Poly-Olbion, observes, that he has hitherto had no imitator. This is not strictly true; as there appeared, in 1621, the Palæ-Albion, by Will. Slaytyer, a sort of chronicle in Latin and English verse, in which he has an address to Drayton that contains the following acknowledgment:

Thy Poly-Olbion did invite  
My Palæ-Albion thus to write;  
Thine, ancient Albion's moderne glories,  
Mine, modern Olbion's ancient stories.

The first eighteen songs of the Poly-Olbion appeared in 1612, folio. A poem confined to a single point of national history of sufficient importance to excite curiosity, taken at the same time so far back from the recesses of antiquity, as to have lost that intractability which the poet invariably finds in the management of recent occurrences, if well executed, bids fair for success. In the Legends, and Heroical Epistles, both the time and the events are properly limited; the attention is gratified, but not satiated. In the Barons Wars too extensive a subject is opened, and the province of the historian too far transgressed upon: in order to be introduced to good incident and reflection, we must toil through dry facts, listen with patience to the developement of uncertain primary causes, and at last, perhaps, are obliged to have recourse to a prose explanation in the notes. Our author, who wants neither fire nor imagination, possessed great command of his abilities. He has written no masques; his personifications of the passions are few; and that allegorical vein, which the popularity of Spenser's works may fairly be supposed to have rendered fashionable, and which over-runs our earlier poetry, but seldom occurs in him. While his contemporary, Jonson, studied away his fancy, and, unable to digest the mass of his reading, peopled his pages with the heathen mythology, and gave our language new idioms by the introduction of Latinisms\*; Drayton

\* A strong and original vein of humour was Ben's peculiar forte; take away that, and he is undeserving of the fame he has obtained. The best parts of him are written (to reverse what Dryden says of

adopted a style that, with a few exceptions, the present age may peruse without difficulty, and not unfrequently mistake for its own offspring. In a most pedantic æra he was unaffected, and seldom exhibits his learning at the expense of his judgment. He was born at Atherston, in Warwickshire, as it is conjectured, about 1563. Aubrey's MSS. call him the son of a butcher; his biographers, whether from ignorance, or disbelief of the fact, or from a ridiculous delicacy, take no notice of this circumstance. He attended Sir Walter Aston as one of his esquires on his being created Knight of the Bath at the coronation of James the First\*. Drayton had indulged himself in forming expectations on James's coming to the throne, but was disappointed: this gave him a dislike to the times, and we find, in his *Epistles to Brown and Sandys*, a testy sort of dissatisfaction that does him no credit; so true it is, that a man seldom begins moralizing till he is either old, ill, or ill-treated. The MSS. abovementioned tell us, that his monument in the Abbey was given by the Countess of Dorset; and that the epitaph was written by F. Quarles, and not by Ben Jonson, to whom it is attributed. He died in 1631. The late Lord Lansdown had an original picture of him, which he highly valued; it was supposed to have been done by Peter Oliver. Graing. *Biog.* Vol. II. p. 11.

---

### JOHN DANCER,

OF whom I can gain no information. Langbaine mentions some dramatic pieces as his. See an Account of the English

Shakspeare), not luckily, but laboriously; he is frequently cumbrous without strength, but seldom or never strong without being cumbrous; he always betrays a drudging patience, but seldom a warm activity of mind; he often grovels, and but rarely soars; from a constant habit of walking on the crutches of authority and imitation, he soon lost the proper use of his legs. Not to mention his frequent crabbedness and obscurity: what are we to think of a writer of English, to the understanding of whom a tolerable share of Greek and Latin will not qualify us? Let every ancient claim his property, and Jonson will scarce have a rag left to cover his nakedness.

\* In the list of English Poets, by Stow, in his *Annals*, he is called, if I recollect aright, "M. Drayton, Esq. of the Bath."



Dramatic Poets, p. 99. He appears to have lived in the reign of Charles II. What I have extracted from him has some merit ; sufficient to justify us in a wish for further knowledge of him.

---

### PHINEAS FLETCHER.

WERE the celebrated Mr. Pott compelled to read a lecture upon the anatomy of the human frame at large, in a regular set of stanzas, it is much to be questioned whether he could make himself understood, by the most apprehensive auditor, without the advantage of professional knowledge. Fletcher seems to have undertaken a nearly similar task, as the five first cantos of *The Purple Island* are almost entirely taken up with an explanation of the title ; in the course of which the reader forgets the poet, and is sickened with the anatomist. Such minute attention to this part of the subject was a material error in judgment ; for which, however, ample amends is made in what follows. Nor is Fletcher wholly undeserving of praise for the intelligibility with which he has struggled through his difficulties, for his uncommon command of words, and facility of metre. After describing the body, he proceeds to personify the passions and intellectual faculties. Here fatigued attention is not merely relieved, but fascinated and enraptured ; and, notwithstanding his figures, in many instances, are too arbitrary and fantastic in their habiliments, often disproportioned and overdone, sometimes lost in a superfluity of glaring colours, and the several characters, in general, by no means sufficiently kept apart ; yet, amid such a profusion of images, many are distinguished by a boldness of outline, a majesty of manner, a brilliancy of colouring, a distinctness and propriety of attribute, and an air of life, that we look for in vain in modern productions, and that rival, if not surpass, what we meet with of the kind even in Spenser, from whom our author caught his inspiration. After exerting his creative powers on this department of his subject, the virtues and better qualities of the heart, under their leader Eclecta, or Intellect, are attacked by the vices : a battle ensues, and the latter are vanquished, after a vigorous opposition, through the interference of an angel, who appears at the prayers of Eclecta. The poet

here abruptly takes an opportunity of paying a fulsome and unpardonable compliment to James the First (canto xii. stanza 55); on that account, perhaps, the most unpalatable passage in the book. From Fletcher's dedication of this his poem, with his Piscatory Eclogues and Miscellanies, to his friend Edmund Benlowes, it seems, that they were written very early, as he calls them "raw essays of my very unripe years, and almost childhood." It is to his honour that Milton read and imitated him, as every attentive reader of both poets must soon discover. He is eminently intitled to a very high rank among our old English classics. Our author's father was Dr. Giles Fletcher, who was born in Kent, bred at Eton, elected scholar at King's College, Cambridge, in 1565, where he became a man of learning, and "an excellent poet\*." He was ambassador to Russia, and published the History of that commonwealth in 1591, which was suppressed, lest it should give offence, but afterwards reprinted in 1643. He died in 1610, leaving two sons, Giles and Phineas, the latter our author, who was of King's College, Cambridge, and beneficed at Hilgay, in Norfolk, on the presentation of Sir Henry Willoughby, Bart. in 1621. He seems to have held this twenty-nine years. See Blomfield's Norfolk.—Quarles, in his Verses prefixed to *The Purple Island*, hints, that he had a poem on a similar subject in agitation, but was prevented from pursuing it by finding it had got into other hands. In a map to one of his Emblems are these names of places: London, Finchfield, Roxwell, and *Hilgay*; edit. 1669.

---

### GILES FLETCHER,

THE brother of Phineas, and author of *Christ's Victory*, a poem rich and picturesque, and on a much happier subject than that of his brother, yet unenlivened by personification. He took the degree of bachelor of divinity, and died at Alderton in Suffolk, in 1623, to use the emphatic expression of Wood, "equally beloved of the Muses and Graces." These two elegant brothers belonged to a family poetical in many of its branches; and Benlowes well observes, in his *Verses* to

\* Wood, *Ath.*

Phineas, "Thy very name's a poet." John Fletcher, the dramatic writer was their cousin, the son of Dr. R. Fletcher, successively Bishop of Bristol, Worcester, and London, whose memory will be execrated as long as the manly and pathetic pages of Dr. Stuart shall endure. This officious priest had the irreverence to imbitter the last minutes of the beautiful Mary Queen of Scots. The following are the words of Wood, one not much given to the melting mood: "At which time he, being the person appointed to pray with and for her, did persuade her to renounce her religion, contrary to all Christianity (as it was by many then present so taken), to her great disturbance. Wood, Ath. Ox. Vol. I. p. 734.—It appears, from Giles Fletcher's dedication of his poem to Dr. Nevyle, the master of Trinity College, that he was under great obligations to him. Speaking of the College, he says, "In which, being placed by your favour *only*, most freely, without either any means from other, or any desert in myself, being not able to do more, I could do no less, than acknowledge that debt which I shall never be able to pay."

---

### JAMES GRAHAM, MARQUIS OF MONTROSE.

THOSE who are acquainted with the lives of heroes, or the history of their country, will deem every notice that I can give relative to this nobleman impertinent: it will be sufficient to observe, therefore, that in a Miscellany printed at Edinburgh are some Verses attributed to him, though his claim to them is perhaps doubtful. Mr. Pinkerton, in his Select Scottish Ballads, has printed some of them. To the Verses on Charles the First he has an unquestionable right; and they are conceived with the vigour and dignity of a soldier. See Lloyd's Mem. p. 638, fol. edit.

---

### GEORGE GASCOIGNE,

A WRITER whose mind, though it exhibits few marks of strength, is not destitute of delicacy; he is smooth, sentimental, and harmonious. The best of his pieces have been already made public. He served with honour in the Low Country

wars; and on his return turned his attention to the study of letters. Lord Gray of Wilton was his patron; from whom he acknowledges to have received particular favours. He was born in Essex; educated, according to Wood, at both Universities, but more particularly at Cambridge; studied at Gray's Inn; and died, a middle-aged man, at Walthamstow in the Forest, which seems to have been the residence of his family, in 1578.

---

### WILLIAM HABINGTON,

SOME of whose pieces deserve being revived. I am able to give no further account of him than what is furnished me by Langbaine, from whose Account of the Dramatic Poets the following is taken. "A gentleman that lived in the time of the late civil wars; and, slighting Bellona, gave himself up entirely to the Muses. He was equally famous for history and poetry; of which his *Edward the Fourth* and *Castara* are sufficient testimonies. Mr. Kirkman (who was very knowing in plays) has ascribed a dramatic piece to him, which gives us occasion to speak of him: it is called, *Queen of Arragon*, a Tragi-comedy, acted at Court, and the Blackfriars, and printed at London, in folio, 1640. In the Complete History of England, 1706, the two first volumes of which were compiled by Mr. Hughes the poet, Habington's Life of Edward is inserted among other adopted lives." See note, Vol. I. Hughes's Letters, by Duncombe.

---

### GEORGE HERBERT,

A WRITER of the same class, though infinitely inferior to both Quarles and Crashaw. His poetry is a compound of enthusiasm without sublimity, and conceit without either ingenuity or imagination. The piece I have selected is perhaps the best in his book. When a name is once reduced to the impartial test of time, when partiality, friendship, fashion, and party, have withdrawn their influence, our surprise is frequently excited by past subjects of admiration that now cease to strike. He who takes up the poems of Herbert would little suspect that

he had been public orator of an University, and a favourite of his sovereign ; that he had received flattery and praise from Donne and from Bacon ; and that the biographers of the day had enrolled his name amongst the first names of his country. He was born at Montgomery Castle, in Wales, April 5, 1593 ; elected from Westminster to Trinity College, Cambridge ; and afterwards Prebendary of Lincoln, according to some verses called a Memorial, prefixed to his Temple. He died about 1635. The additional poems, intituled *The Synagogue*, are attributed by Granger to Crashaw ; but they are unworthy of him. The title of Crashaw's poems might have been borrowed from Herbert.—Herbert's Life has been written, with his usual trifling minuteness, by honest Isaac Walton.

---

### HENRY HOWARD, EARL OF SURREY,

THE first refiner of our language, and the unrivalled ornament of his age and country : in him, genius and gallantry seem singularly to have set off each other. His writings merit attention equally as compositions of real and intrinsic merit, and as objects of curiosity. Charged with allegations the most frivolous, he fell a victim, in the prime of his life, to the envy and suspicion of an unworthy and barbarous King, and was executed Jan. 19, 1546-7. His life and writings have been previously set forth with such elegance and minuteness, by the happy pencils of Mr. Walpole and Mr. Warton, as to render the after-strokes of a bungling dauber unnecessary. See *Royal Authors*, Vol. I. p. 96, second edit. ; *History of English Poetry*, Vol. III. sect. 19. Surrey was buried in the church of All Hallows Barking, Tower-street, but afterwards removed to Framlingham, Suffolk, where an honourable monument was erected to his memory, by his second son, Henry, Earl of Northampton. *Collins's Peerage*, Vol. I.

---

### HENRY KING,

BISHOP of Chichester, an eminent and respectable divine, the greater part of whose poetry (which was either written at an early age, or as a relaxation from severer studies) is neat,

and uncommonly elegant. He turned the Psalms into verse, 1651; and published Poems, Elegies, Paradoxes, and Sonnets, Lond. 1657, which, according to Wood, were attributed, on their first appearance, to Dr. Philip King, his brother, and inserted as such in the Bodleian Catalogue. Dr. King was born in 1591 at Wornal, in Bucks, and educated at Thame and Westminster: he was student of Christ-church, Oxford; and died in 1669. He likewise wrote various Latin and Greek pieces, scattered in various books, which are now not easily to be collected.

---

### RICHARD LOVELACE,

ELEGANT, brave, and unfortunate, the pride of the softer sex, and the envy of his own. The affecting particulars of his active life are preserved to us in Wood. Many of his verses were written during confinement in the Gatehouse, Westminster, to which he was committed for carrying a petition from the county of Kent to the House of Commons, for the laudable purpose of restoring the king to his rights, and settling the government. Andrew Marvel alludes to this circumstance in his excellent verses prefixed to *Lucasta*. I quote the lines at large, as they will serve to show the untoward temper of the times:

The air's already tainted with the swarms  
Of insects which against you rise in arms,  
Word-peckers, paper-rats, book-scorpions,  
Of wit corrupted, the unfashion'd sons.  
The barbed censurers begin to look  
Like the grim consistory on thy book;  
And on each line cast a reforming eye,  
Severer than the young Presbytery.  
Till when in vain they have thee all perus'd,  
You shall for being faultless be accus'd.  
Some, reading your *Lucasta*, will allege  
You wrong'd in her the House's privilege.  
Some that you under sequestration are,  
Because you write when going to the war.  
*And one the book prohibits, because Kent*  
*Their first petition by the author sent.*

His pieces, which are light and easy, had been models in their way, were their simplicity but equal to their spirit: they

were the offspring of gallantry and amusement, and, as such, are not to be reduced to the test of serious criticism. This we may infer from the verses signed F. Lenton, prefixed to his book :

Thus if thy *careless* draughts are call'd the best,  
What would thy lines have been, hadst thou *profess'd*  
That faculty (infus'd) of poetry ?

Under the name of Lucasta, which is the title to his poems, he compliments a Miss Lucy Sacheverel, a lady, according to Wood, of great beauty and fortune, whom he was accustomed, during his intimacy, to call "Lux casta." On a strong report of Lovelace's having died of a wound received at Dunkirk, she married. Our author was the son of Sir W. Lovelace, Knt. of Woolwich, in Kent; was admitted Gentleman-commoner of Gloucester Hall, Oxon, in 1634; and, after two years standing, on the King's coming to Oxford, was, with other men of quality, created Master of Arts. He died in the most extreme want and obscurity in a mean lodging in Gunpowder-alley, near Shoe-lane, and was buried in St. Bride's church, London, aged 40. Winstanley has, not without some degree of propriety, compared him to Sir Philip Sidney.

---

### THOMAS MAY.

BARE history has ever been found a very unproductive province, I believe, for a poet; and more particularly so, where the subject, from its notoriety, becomes liable to the scrutiny of every eye: as the Muse, when confined to a given series of events, dare not dispense with the severity of truth to reward that virtue which she finds unprotected, or, with a laudable enthusiasm, disannul those decrees of fortune which had been favourable to vice; the mind naturally abhors every violation of well-established historical fact, and sometimes will not even bear with a sufficient admission of fiction for the mere purposes of poesy only; it is ever inclined to exclaim, "*quodcumque mihi ostendas sic incredulus odi* \*." Hor.

\* Mr. Mason, in his *Elfrida*, has wantonly misrepresented historical fact; for which no man should be forgiven, and for which no beauties in his poetry can compensate.

Under these disadvantageous circumstances, the writer before us will be found entitled to much praise for the manner in which he has conducted such subjects as the reigns of Henry the Second and Edward the Third. Daniel has been denominated, by Speed, the Lucan of his country: he may have some pretensions to that distinction from the title of his subject\*, but none from his execution of it. May has certainly a better claim to the appellation; for, without degenerating into the languor of Daniel, he has caught no small portion of the energy and declamatory spirit which characterizes the Roman poet, whom, as he translated, he insensibly made his model. His battle-pieces highly merit being brought forward to notice; they possess the requisites in a considerable degree for interesting the feelings of an Englishman: while in accuracy they vie with a gazette, they are managed with such dexterity, as to busy the mind with unceasing agitation, with scenes highly diversified and impassioned by striking character, minute incident, and alarming situation. As dialogue is better qualified for conveying sentiments, occasional speeches are introduced, which give a very dramatic air, and add life and variety to his subject; nor is his narrative, which is better adapted (as Lord Kaimes observes) to facts, by any means deficient either in grandeur of manner, or elevation of language. According to Wood, he was born at Mayfield, in Sussex; it is conjectured about 1594. He was a Fellow-commoner of Sidney College, Cambridge, and was countenanced by Charles the First, both a judge and a patron of poetry, at whose express command he undertook his reign of Edward the Third; but, whether from disgust at not being preferred, or from principle, he took an active part in favour of Cromwell, to whose parliament he was created historian. The disappointment that might have more immediately affected him, and served to alienate him from his sovereign, was Davenant's having been promoted to the office of Queen's poet, for which May had applied. Wood has made him answerable for many enormities, as the following extract testifies: he "was graciously countenanced by King Charles I. and his royal consort; but he, finding not that preferment from either which he expected, grew discontented, sided with the Presbyterians; upon the turn of the times, became a debauchee *ad omnia*, entertained

\* History of the Civil War.



ill principles as to religion, spoke often very slightly of the Holy Trinity, kept beastly and atheistical company, of whom Thomas Chaloner\* the regicide was one; and endeavoured to his power to asperse and invalidate the king and his cause.' Ath. Oxon. It is no unpleasant reflection to be able to find so many elegant writers of Latin among our English Poets, in the first rank of which our author stands very high.—Ben Jonson, Cowley, May, Milton, Marvel, Crashaw, Addison, Gray, Smart, Mr. T. Warton, Sir William Jones, Jortin, and George Markham, are such writers of Latin verse as any country might with justice be proud of.

---

### RICHARD NICCOLS,

A POET of great elegance and imagination, one of the ornaments of the reign of Elizabeth. The most material of his works are his additions to "The Mirror for Magistrates," a book most popular in its time, suggested originally by Bocace, "*De Casibus Principum*," containing a series of pieces by Sackville, Baldwyne, Ferrers, Churchyard, Phayer, Higgins, Drayton. It was ultimately completed, and its contents new-arranged, by Niccols, whose Supplement to the edition of 1610 has the following title: "A Winter Night's Vision: being an Addition of such Princes, especially famous, who were exempted in the former Historie. By Richard Niccols, Oxon. Mag. Hall, &c. &c." To this likewise is improperly subjoined "England's Eliza: or, The victorious and triumphant Reigne of that Virgin Empresse, of sacred Memorie, Elizabeth, Queene of England, France, and Ireland, &c. &c." His other writings are, *The Cuckow, a Poem*, Lond. 1607, dedicated to Mr. afterwards Sir Thomas, Wroth;—"Monodia: or, Waltham's Complaint upon the Death of the most virtuous and noble Lady, late deceased, the Lady Honor Hay." Lond. 1615.—Our author was born of a good family in Lon-

\* Aubrey's MSS. in Ashmolean, say, "May was a great acquaintance of Thomas Chaloner; his translation of Lucan's excellent poem made him in love with the republique." The same MSS. add, he was "a handsome man, debauched, lodged in the little square by Cannon-row, as you go through the alley."

don; and at eighteen years of age, anno 1602, was entered at Magdalen College, Oxford. Here he stayed but a short time: retiring to Magdalen Hall, he took a bachelor's degree in 1606. After remaining here some years, and being esteemed amongst the most ingenious men of his day, according to Wood, he quitted Oxford, and lived in London, where he *obtained an employment suitable to his faculty*. What this employment was, we are left to conjecture.

---

### FRANCIS QUARLES.

It is the fate of many to receive from posterity that commendation which, though deserved, they missed of during their lives; others, on the contrary, take their full compliment of praise from their contemporaries, and gain nothing from their successors; a double payment is rarely the lot of any one. In every nation few indeed are they who, allied, as it were, to immortality, can boast of a reputation sufficiently bulky and well founded to catch, and to detain, the eye of each succeeding generation as it rises. The revolutions of opinion, gradual improvements, and new discoveries, will shake, if not demolish, the fairest fabrics of the human intellect. Fame, like virtue, is seldom stationary; if it ceases to advance, it inevitably goes backward; and speedy are the steps of its receding, when compared with those of its advances.

Non possunt primi esse omnes omni in tempore;  
 Summum ad gradum cum claritatis veneris,  
 Consistis ægrè, et quùm discendas decides:  
 Cecidi ego: cadet qui sequitur. Laus est publica.

*Dec. Laberius.*

Writers who do not belong to the first class, yet are of distinguished merit, should rest contented with the scanty praise of the few for the present, and trust with confidence to posterity. He who writes well leaves a *κτῆμα ἐς αἰετὶς*\* behind him: the partial and veering gales of favour, though silent perhaps for one century, are sure to rise in gusts in the next. Truth, however tardy, is infallibly progressive; and with her walks justice. Let this console deserted genius; those honours which, through

\* Thucydides.

envy or accident, are withheld in one age, are sure to be repaid, with interest, by taste and gratitude in another. These reflections were more immediately suggested by the memory of Quarles, which has been branded with more than common abuse, and who seems often to have been censured merely from the want of being read. If his poetry failed to gain him friends and readers, his piety should at least have secured him peace and good-will. He too often, no doubt, mistook the enthusiasm of devotion for the inspiration of fancy; to mix the waters of Jordan and Helicon in the same cup was reserved for the hand of Milton; and for him, and him only, to find the bays of Mount Olivet equally verdant with those of Parnassus. Yet, as the effusions of a real poetical mind, however thwarted by untowardness of subject, will be seldom rendered totally abortive, we find in Quarles original imagery, striking sentiment, fertility of expression, and happy combinations; together with a compression of style that merits the observation of the writers of verse. Gross deficiencies of judgment, and the infelicity of his subjects, concurred in ruining him. Perhaps no circumstance whatever can give a more complete idea of Quarles's degradation than a late edition of his Emblems; the following passage is extracted from the Preface: "Mr. Francis Quarles, the author of the Emblems that go under his name, was a man of the most exemplary piety, and had a deep insight into the mysteries of our holy religion. But, for all that, the book itself is written in so old a language, that many parts of it are scarce intelligible in the present age; many of his phrases are so affected, that no person, who has any taste for reading, can peruse them with the least degree of pleasure; many of his expressions are harsh, and sometimes whole lines are included in a parenthesis, by which the mind of the reader is diverted from the principal object. His Latin mottoes under each cut can be of no service to an ordinary reader, because he cannot understand them. In order, therefore, to accommodate the public with an edition of Quarles's Emblems, properly modernised, this work was undertaken." Such an exhibition of Quarles is chaining Columbus to an oar, or making John Duke of Marlborough a train-band corporal. His *Enchiridion*, Lond. 1658, consisting of select brief observations, moral and political, deserves republication, together with the best parts of his other works. Had this little piece

been written at Athens, or at Rome, its author would have been classed with the wise men of his country. The most striking remarks in it are, 31, 39, 57. Cento 1; 9, 16. Cento 2; 2, 14, Cento 3; 28, 84, Cento 4.—Our author was cupbearer to the Queen of Bohemia, secretary to the Primate of Ireland, and chronologer to the City of London; in the mention of which latter office, his widow, in her Life of him, says, “ which place he held to his death, and would have given that city (and the world) a testimony that he was their faithful servant therein, if it had pleased God to blesse him with life to perfect what he had began.”—His sufferings, both in mind and estate, during the civil wars, were considerable. Winstanley tells us, he was plundered of his books and some rare manuscripts, which he intended for the press. Mr. Walpole and Mr. Granger have asserted, that he had a pension from Charles the First, though they produce no authority: it is not improbable, as the king had taste to discover merit, and generosity to reward it. Wood, in mentioning a publication of Dr. Burges, which was abused by an anonymous author, in a pamphlet called *A Whip*, and answered by Quarles, styles our author “ an old puritanical poet, the sometimes darling of our plebeian judgments.”—Philips says of his works, that “ they have been ever, and still are, in wonderful veneration among the vulgar.” *Theat. Poet.* p. 45, edit. 1660.—He was born at Stewards, in the parish of Rumford in Essex, in 1592; and died, the father of eighteen children, in September 1644. He was buried in St. Leonard’s, Foster-lane. His death was lamented, in a copy of *Alcaics*, by J. Duport, Greek professor to the University of Cambridge, and one of the first writers of that tongue this country has produced. See *A Relation of the Life and Death of Mr. Francis Quarles*, by Ursula Quarles, his Widow; to which these verses are subjoined. See *Lloyd’s Mem.* p. 621; *Fuller’s Worthies*, p. 335. In an obscure *Book of Epigrams*, by Thomas Bancroft, there is one addressed to Quarles, in which he intimates that he had been pre-occupied in a subject by our poet. *Ep.* 233. B. I. 1639.

## SIR WALTER RALEIGH,

A VOTARY of whom the Muses cannot but be proud. The poetry he has left is sufficient to discover that, had he made it a serious pursuit, he would have equally excelled in that, as he has done in other departments of learning. The complexion of Raleigh's mind was diversified by a variety of elevated, and almost contradictory features: as an historian, a navigator, a soldier, and a politician, he ranks with the first characters of his age and country; and his life furnishes the most unequivocal proof that, amid the distraction of an active and adventurous life, leisure may always be found for the cultivation of letters. It is highly to his credit that he was the friend and the patron of Spenser, who seems to have had a great opinion of his poetical abilities, and, in a sonnet sent to him with his *Fairy Queen*, styles him, with great beauty, "the summer's nightingale." He alludes to, and compliments him again, *Book III. cant. i. stanz. 4 and 5*; and, not improbably, under the name of Colin, *Daphnaida, Vol. V. p. 157, Hag. edit. Sp\**. On the other hand, the following lines, which are said of Spenser, will serve to convince us how highly he stood in Raleigh's estimation:

Of me no lines are lov'd, nor letters are of price,  
Of all which speak our English tongue, but those of thy device.  
*To Spenser.*

Raleigh was born at East Budleigh, in Devonshire; entered a Commoner of Oriel College, Oxon; and studied at the Middle Temple, once a necessary part of an elegant education. He fell a sacrifice to a mean prince, and a packed jury, anno 1618, and mounted the scaffold with the same unconcern with which others would have ascended a throne. It may be safely asserted of him, that his fame has not exceeded his virtue.

\* In his *Colin Clout* he likewise says of him, speaking of poetry,  
"Himself as skilful in that art as any."

## THOMAS SACKVILLE, LORD BUCKHURST,

CREATED Earl of Dorset in the reign of James the First, and one of the earliest and brightest ornaments to the letters of his country, and the first who produced a regular drama. Wood mentions him as “having been, in his younger days, poetically inclined; did write, while he continued in Oxon, several Latin and English poems, which, though published either by themselves, or mixed among other men’s poems; yet I presume they are lost or forgotten, as having no name to them, or that the copies are worn out.” *Ath. Oxon.* Vol. I. p. 297. It should appear, from this account, that he had written smaller compositions, as well as the tragedy of *Gorboduc*, and his induction to the *Mirroure for Magistrates*; and I cannot but think that the expression of *Sackvyles Sonnets*, in the metrical preface to J. Heywood’s *Thyestes*, alludes to some slighter pieces of this author either lost or undistinguished, contrary to Mr. Warton’s note, *Eng. Poet.* Vol. III. p. 273. He was Lord Treasurer to Elizabeth, Chancellor of the University of Oxford; born at Withyam, in Sussex; educated at Hart Hall; had a Master’s degree conferred on him by the University of Cambridge; studied at the Inner Temple; and travelled. He died, April 19, 1608. See more on this head, Walpole’s *Roy. Auth.* Vol. I. p. 162, 2d edit. Spenser has a sonnet with his Fairy Queen addressed to this nobleman, from whom, it may not be amiss to remark, that Charles Sackville, Earl of Dorset, the well-known patron of polite literature, was lineally descended.—Mr. Upton conjectures, that the verses signed R. S. prefixed to the Fairy Queen, were written by Robert Sackville, Esq. eldest son of our author.

---

 ROBERT SOUTHWELL.

THE three little pieces by R. Southwell, which I have printed, were first brought forward to the notice of general readers of poetry, by the editor of Ben Jonson’s *Sad Shepherd*, in his notes, from whence I have taken the liberty of extracting them. Obligations of this kind are but too commonly, to the

disgrace of literature, very industriously and ungratefully suppressed.

There is a moral charm that will prejudice most readers of feeling in favour of their author; should these volumes meet with success, the publisher of them will make it his business to collect and republish the better part of Southwell's poetry, which is now entirely forgotten, and very scarce. Bolton, in his *Hypercritica*, makes mention of him. "Never must be forgotten St. Peter's Complaint, and those other serious poems said to be father Southwell's: the English whereof, as it is most proper, so the sharpness and light of wit is very rare in them."

---

### WILLIAM WARNER.

By far the most valuable parts of this writer have been restored to the notice which they so much deserve by Dr. Percy, Mr. Ritson, and the authoress of the *Muses' Library*; many parts of great merit are still left, which I have availed myself of. There is in Warner occasionally a pathetic simplicity that never fails of engaging the heart. His tales, though often tedious, and not unfrequently indelicate, abound with all the unaffected incident and artless ease of the best old ballads, without their cant and puerility. The pastoral pieces that occur are superior to all the eclogues in our language, those of Collins only excepted. Drayton, his contemporary, speaks in the following terms of him:

Then Warner, though his lines were not so trimm'd,  
Nor yet his poem so exactly limn'd,  
And neatly jointed, but the critic may  
Easily reprove him, yet thus let me say  
*For my old friend*, some passages there be  
In him, which I protest have taken me  
With almost wonder, so fine, so clear, and new,  
As yet they have been equalled by few.

*Of Poets and Poesy.*

He appears to have been patronised by Henry Carey, Lord Hunsdon, whom he thus addresses in his preface. "Having

dedicated a former booke \* to him that from your Honor deriveth his birth, now also present the like to your Lordship, with so much the lesse doubt, and so much the more dutie, by how much the more I esteeme this my latter labour of more vawew, and I owe, and your Lordship expecteth especiall dutie at the hands of your servant." *Epist. Dedicat. Albion's Eng. Lond. 1602.* He is said to have been born in Warwickshire, and educated at Magdalen Hall, Oxon; and is considered by Meres, in his *Wit's Treasury*, edit. 1598, as an improver of the English language. Phillips calls him, "a good honest writer of moral rules and precepts in that old-fashioned kind of seven-footed verse which yet sometimes is in use, though in different manner, that is to say, divided into two. He may be reckoned with several other writers of the same time (i. e. Elizabeth's reign), who, though inferior to Sidney, Spenser, Drayton, and Daniel, yet have been thought by some not unworthy to be remembered and quoted, namely, G. Gascoign, &c." *Theat. Poet.* p. 195.

---

### SIR HENRY WOOTON,

BORN in 1568, at Boughton Place, in Kent, the seat of his ancestors, and educated at Winchester, and New College, Oxford, where he continued till two-and-twenty years of age, and took his Master's degree. From hence he visited most parts of Europe; and, after continuing abroad about eight years, and conciliating the friendship of many foreigners of the first rank and consequence, he returned into England, and was received into favour by the Earl of Essex, the celebrated favourite of Queen Elizabeth, and made one of his secretaries; but Essex's popularity declining, Wooton found it expedient not merely to relinquish his service, but to quit the kingdom; which he had no sooner left than he heard the news of Essex's execution, together with that of many of his adherents. In foreseeing and eluding this storm much policy is discovered. An accident

\* *Syrinx*, or a seavenfold Historie, handled with Varietie of pleasant and profitable, both commicall and tragicall, Argument. Lond. 1597.



made him King James's ambassador to Venice, to which he was thrice sent, besides being employed in other offices of trust. In return for his services, he was made Provost of Eton, where he at last took orders, and died, aged 72. As a courtier and a politician he probably possessed talents, which the experience he had must have rendered useful. His residence abroad has distorted his language, and given it no small tincture of affectation. He appears to have been a man of considerable thinking and reflection; and his poetical compositions, when considered in their proper light, namely, as the effusions of one who merely scribbled for his amusement, will be found deserving of praise.

---

### SIR THOMAS WYAT,

OF Allington Castle in Kent; a man popular in his day, and the temporary favourite of Henry the Eighth; he deserves equally of posterity with Surrey for the diligence with which he cultivated polite letters. In his verses he seems to have wanted the judgment of his friend Surrey, who, in imitating Petrarch, resisted the contagion of his conceits. I will transcribe a passage from *The Muses' Library*, in which there seems great good sense: "In his poetical capacity he does not appear to have much imagination; neither are his verses so musical or well polished as Lord Surrey's. Those of gallantry, in particular, seem to me too artificial for a lover, and too negligent for a poet." p. 70.—Wyat's chief merit is in the satiric vein of his epistles, which have much of the familiar elegance of Horace. This style of writing, however easy it may appear to superficial observers, requires the most extensive knowledge of mankind, and the greatest address, to manage dexterously, and which no one seems to have caught with greater success than Mr. Cowper, in his *Table Talk*, *Progress of Error*, *Truth*, &c. &c. See Vol. I. of his *Poems*. We have to lament that these pieces are written in rhyme.—Wyat died suddenly in 1541. His character has received every possible illustration from Mr. Warton. *Hist. Eng. Poet.* Vol. III. sect. 20. After whose discriminating pencil, every touch from my hand must serve rather to injure than improve the likeness. See likewise *Miscell. Antiq.* N° II. by Mr. Walpole.

Drayton, in his Verses to Master George Sandys, Treasurer for the English Colony in Virginia, mentions the name of a Wyat, who probably might be a descendant of our poet's. Sandys was related to the Wyat family.

“ Of noble Wyat's health, and let me hear.”

## DESCRIPTIVE PIECES.

---

### THE DEN OF THE VICES.

---

THERE in her den lay pompous Luxury,  
Stretch'd out at length ; no vice could boast such high  
And general victories as she had won,  
Of which proud trophies there at large were shown.  
Besides small states and kingdoms ruined,  
Those mighty monarchies, that had o'erspread  
The spacious earth, and stretch'd their conquering arms  
From pole to pole, by her ensnaring charms  
Were quite consum'd ; there lay imperial Rome,  
That vanquish'd all the world, by her o'ercome.  
Fetter'd was th' old Assyrian lion there,  
The Grecian leopard, and the Persian bear,  
With others numberless lamenting by,  
Examples of the power of luxury.

Next with erected looks Ambition stood,  
Whose trophies all were pourtray'd forth in blood.  
Under his feet Law and Religion  
He trampled down ; sack'd cities there were shown,  
Rivers and fields with slaughter overspread,  
And stain'd with blood which his wild sons had shed.

There Ninus' image stood, who first of all  
By lawless arms and slaughter did enthral  
The quiet nations that liv'd free till then,  
And first took pride to triumph over men.  
There was Sesostres figured ; there the son  
Of Philip lay, whose dire ambition  
Not all the spacious earth could satisfy.  
Swift as the lightning did his conquests fly  
From Greece to furthest eastern lands, and like  
Some dire contagion through the world did strike  
Death and destruction ; purple were the floods  
Of every region with their native bloods.  
Next him that Roman lay, who first of all  
Captiv'd his country ; there were figur'd all  
His wars and mischiefs, and whatever woes  
Through all the world by dire ambition rose.

Next to that fiend lay pale Revenge ; with gore  
His ghastly visage was all sprinkled o'er.  
The hate he bore to others had quite 'reft  
Him of all love unto himself, and left  
No place for nature ; o'er his den were shown  
Such tragedies and sad destruction,  
As would dissolve true human hearts to hear,  
And from the Furies selves inforce a tear.  
Those bloody slaughters there to view were brought,  
Which Jacob's cruel sons in Shechem wrought,  
When all the males but newly circumcis'd  
To their revengeful rage were sacrific'd.  
There the slain youth of Alexandria lie  
By Caracalla's vengeful butchery ;  
The captiv'd fate of Spain was there display'd,  
Which wrathful Julian in revenge betray'd  
To pagan Moors, and ruin'd so his own  
Sad house, his country and religion.

Not all these sacred bonds with him prevail,  
 When he beholds his ravish'd daughter wail,  
 Wring her white hands, and that fair bosom strike  
 That too much pleas'd the lustful Roderic\*.

The next Sedition lay, not like the rest  
 Was he attir'd, nor in his looks exprest  
 Hatred to heaven and virtue's laws; but he  
 Pretends religion, law, or liberty,  
 Seeming t'adore what he did most o'erthrow,  
 And would persuade virtue to be a foe  
 To peace and lawful power; above his den  
 For boasting trophies hung such robes, as when  
 Old Sparta stood, her Ephori did wear,  
 And Rome's bold tribunes. Stories carved there  
 Of his achievements numberless were seen,  
 Such as the Gracchi's factious stirs had been  
 In ancient Rome, and such as were the crimes  
 That oft wreck'd Greece in her most potent times;  
 Such as learn'd Athens and bold Sparta knew,  
 And from their ablest soldiers oft did rue.

Next to that vice lay foul Impiety  
 At large display'd, the cursed enemy  
 Of nature's best and holiest laws; through all  
 Her loathsome den unthankful vipers crawl.  
 Above those stories were display'd, which show  
 How much the monarchy of hell did owe  
 For people's wreck to that abhorred vice.  
 There were Mycenæ's baleful tragedies,

\* *Wring her white hands, &c.*] Thus Johnson:

Yet Vane could tell what ills from beauty spring;  
 And Sedley curs'd the form that pleas'd a King.

*Vanity of Human Wishes.*

See likewise in this volume the Death of Rosamond, who has the same reflection.

And all the woes that fatal Thebes had wrought.  
 There false Medea, when away she brought  
 Her own betrayed country's spoils, before  
 Her weeping father Octa piecemeal tore  
 Her brother's limbs, and strew'd them o'er the field.  
 There with the same impiety she kill'd  
 Her own two sons, and through the air apace,  
 By dragons drawn, she fled from Jason's face.  
 There strong Alcathe, king Nisus' town,  
 By Scylla's impious treason was o'erthrown,  
 And sack'd with fire and sword; the wretched maid  
 Had from her lofty sounding tower survey'd  
 King Minos' ~~hest~~, and doating on her fair  
 Foe's face, cut off her father's purple hair.

*Reigne of Henry II.* by T. May,  
 B. I. v. 466.

---

### ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE\*.

---

THUS Orpheus, when his lost Eurydice,  
 Whom some deaf snake, that could no music hear,  
 Or some blind newt, that could no beauty see,  
 Thinking to kiss, kill'd with his forked spear:

\* These lines of Fletcher are a paraphrase, or rather translation, from Boethius. The whole description is forcible: some of the circumstances perhaps are heightened too much; but it is the fault of this writer to indulge himself in every aggravation that poetry allows, and to stretch his prerogative of "quidlibet audendi" to the utmost. This subject, versified in a very inferior style, occurs in his Poetical Miscellanies, p. 79, subjoined to the Purple Island. For the effects of music on the Infernal Regions it may be almost impertinent to refer the reader to the story of Orpheus, Virg. Georg. iv.; and the very

He, when his complaints on earth were vainly spent,  
Down to Avernus' river boldly went,  
And charm'd the meagre ghosts with mournful blandishment.

There what his mother, fair Calliope,  
From Phœbus' harp and Muse's spring had brought him,  
What sharpest grief for his Eurydice,  
And love redoubling grief had newly taught him,  
    He lavish'd out, and with his potent spell  
    Bent all the rigorous powers of stubborn hell :  
He first brought pity down with rigid ghosts to dwell.

Th' amazed shades came flocking round about,  
Nor car'd they now to pass the Stygian ford :  
All hell came running there (an hideous rout),  
And dropt a silent tear for every word :  
    The aged ferryman shov'd out his boat ;  
    But that without his help did thither float ;  
And having ta'en him in, came dancing on the moat.

The hungry Tantal might have fill'd him now,  
And with large draughts swill'd in the standing pool :  
The fruit hung list'ning on the wond'ring bough,  
Forgetting hell's command ; but he (ah fool !)  
    Forgot his starved taste, his ears to fill.  
    Ixion's turning wheel unmov'd stood still ;  
But he was rapt as much with powerful music's skill.

Tir'd Sisyphus sat on his resting stone,  
And hop'd at length his labour done for ever :

masterly introduction of it by Pope in his *Ode on St. Cecilia's Day*. The same effect is represented by Horace as produced by the harps of Sappho and Alcæus, *Lib. II. Od. xiii. l. 33*. See also his *Ode to Mercury*, *Lib. III. Od. xi. l. 15, &c.* See likewise Milton's *Paradise Lost*, *ii. 546, 555*.

The vulture feeding on his pleasing moan,  
Glutted with music, scorn'd grown Tityus liver :  
    The Furies flung their snaky whips away,  
    And *molt* in tears at his enchanting lay,  
No *shrieches* now were heard ; all hell kept holyday.

That treble dog, whose voice, ne'er quiet, fears  
All that in endless night's sad kingdom dwell,  
Stood pricking up his thrice two listening ears,  
With greedy joy drinking the sacred spell ;  
    And softly whining, pity'd much his wrongs ;  
    And now first silent at those dainty songs,  
Oft wish'd himself more ears, and fewer mouths and tongues.

At length return'd with his Eurydice,  
But with this law, not to return his eyes,  
Till he was past the laws of Tartary ;  
(Alas ! who gives love laws in miseries ?  
    Love is love's law ; love but to love is ty'd)  
    Now when the dawns of neighbour day he spy'd,  
Ah wretch ! Eurydice he saw, and lost, and dy'd.

*Purple Island*, by P. Fletcher,  
    Cant. v. st. 61—67, edit. 1633.



THE  
BOWER OF BLISS\*.

---

At the return of Spring, the Nightingale and Cuckoo, disputing for the precedence in singing, agree to refer the matter to the decision of the Nymphs who inhabit the Bower of Bliss; they accordingly set out, and on their arrival we meet with the following description of the place.

---

WITH Philomel he took the ready way,  
Which to the Bower of Bliss directly lay;  
Where in the way they both amazed stood  
To see the pleasance of that pleasant wood.  
There many blissful bowers they did behold;  
Whose dwellers, neither vex'd with heat nor cold,  
Did there enjoy all things that might delight  
The curious eye of any living wight:  
For plenty there so lavish in her gift  
Furnish'd each place in scorn of niggard thrift;  
There many nymphs of more than heavenly hue  
Had their abode: although, alas! but few  
Amongst them all did come of heavenly kind,  
So hard it is to gain the gifts of mind:

\* This description was immediately taken from Spenser's Bower of Bliss, *Faerie Queene*, B. ii. cant. 12. Upon ideal paradises of the kind, the best poets in almost all ages and nations have lavished their descriptive powers. Homer has his gardens of Alcinous, and Virgil his Elysium; Ariosto his Island of Alcina, and Tasso his Garden of Armida; Camoens his Garden of Venus, Marino his Gardens of Adonis, and, lastly, Du Bartas and Milton their Gardens of Eden. Those who wish for minute and discriminative information on this subject are referred to Mickle's *Dissertation*, *Lusiad*, p. 424, 4to. edit.

Yet stately portance unto them was given\*,  
 And in proportion like the states of heaven  
 They bare themselves: yet want both will and power  
 From love's assault to shield fair beauty's bower.  
 And more to beautify the goodly frames  
 Which God and nature gave these goodly dames,  
 Gentry their cradles at their birth did rock,  
 And drew their lineage from an ancient stock:  
 But what, alas! avails the fading flower  
 Of beauty's bud in those, that have no power  
 To guide the least part of the weaker sense,  
 And learn the lesson of pure continence?  
 Or what is birth to those, that, so they win  
 The seeming sweetness of alluring sin,  
 Bastard their birth, and all their stock deprave,  
 To gain the thing which appetite doth crave:  
 Beauty in such, though much, is but disgrace,  
 And high-born birth, though kingly, is but base.  
 For fair is foul, where virtue is unknown,  
 And birth is base, where gifts of grace are none.  
 From hence Dan Cuckoo with fair Philomel  
 (Acquainted with each passage very well)  
 Forward proceeded in this pleasant wood,  
 Until they came unto that place where stood  
 The Bower of Bliss itself so fairly deckt,  
 That never eye beheld so fair aspect:  
 In th' outer porch sat many a sleek-hair'd squire  
 Of pleasing semblance, full of loose desire,

\* *Yet stately portance, &c.*] Thus Milton, of Eve;

..... She Delia's self

In gait surpass'd, and goddess-like *deport*.

*Par. Lost*, ix. 389.

Their *port* was more than human, as they stood.

*Comus*, 297.

Of feature fit to feast a lady's eye;  
 But manly exercise unfit to try:  
 Their cunning did consist in sleights of love,  
 With which from loyalty they oft did move  
 Ladies' frail hearts: for unto many a one  
 They vow'd themselves, though faithful unto none.  
 Unto the secrets of the unchaste sheet  
 They sworn were, an oath for such unmeet:  
 For which their service oftentimes they fed  
 On ransack'd sweetness of the nuptial bed.  
 Mongst these there was a squire of greatest place,  
 And chiefest held in that great lady's grace,  
 Which dwelt in this same bower: for many a night  
 With her he stole a snatch of love's delight.  
 Yet he was false, disloyal to his dame:  
 For in his common talk, devoid of shame,  
 He of his lady's favour was too frank,  
 For which I can that lover little thank:  
 He was the usher to this dainty dame,  
 And Vanity men gave him unto name.  
 The inner porch seem'd entrance to entice\*,  
 It fashion'd was with such quaint rare device;  
 The top with canopy of green was spread  
 Thicken'd with leaves of th' ivy's wanton head,  
 About the which the eglantine did twine  
 His prickling arms the branches to combine,  
 Bearing sweet flowers of more than fragrant odour,  
 Which stellified the roof with painted colour†;

\* *The inner porch seem'd entrance to entice.*] Spenser, B. II. cant. xii. st. 53, 54.

† *Which stellified the roof with painted colour.*] A word in use amongst the Poets of that day. Drayton has it in his *Legend of Matilda*:

By him who strives to *stellify* her name.

Again, in Drummond:

With roses here she *stellified* the ground.

Son. 41.

On either side the vine did broad dilate  
 His swollen veins with wreatlings intricate,  
 Whose bunches to the ground did seem t' incline,  
 As freely off'ring of their luscious wine :  
 Through this same porch went many a worthy wight  
 Unto the Bower of Bliss, both day and night,  
 Who at their entrance fresh and flush as May  
 Did bear themselves adorn'd in rich array :  
 But few return'd without the common curse  
 Of strange disease, of emptiness of purse,  
 Who discontented with their sad mishap  
 Walk'd to and fro, forlorn in deep disdain  
 With willow branch, for prize of all their pain.  
 From this same porch a walk directly lay,  
 Which to the Bower itself did lead the way,  
 With fruit-trees thick beset on either side,  
 Whose goodly fruit themselves did seem to hide  
 Beneath the leaves, as lurking from the eyes  
 Of strangers' greedy view, fearing surprise,  
 Whose arched boughs and leafy twigs together  
 With true love-knots entangled each in other,  
 Seem'd painted walls, on which when Zephyr blew  
 They spread themselves, disclosing unto view  
 The blossoms, buds, the birds, and painted flies,  
 That in their leaves lay hid from strangers' eyes :  
 This walk of people never empty was ;  
 For to the Bower of Bliss one could not pass,  
 But that the way did swarm with jetting jacks \*,  
 Who bare upon their French-diseased backs

\* *Jetting Jacks.*] The word *jetting* seldom occurs applied to a person; it seems here to imply that restless and unsettled state peculiar to idleness. It is used by Quarles, describing the haggard : he says, that she

*Jets oft from perch to perch.* B. iii. Emb. 1.

Sylvester, in his translation of Du Bartas, has borrowed many of Niccols' lines from this description, which he has printed with very

Whole manors, castles, towns, and lordships sold,  
 Cut out in clippings and in shreds of gold :  
 Their chambering fortitude they did descry  
 By their soft maiden voice and flickering eye \*,  
 Their woman's manhood by their clothes perfum'd,  
 Coy looks, curl'd locks, and thin beards half consum'd,  
 Whose nice, effeminate, and base behaviour  
 Was counted comely, neat, and cleanly gesture.  
 Passing forth, one lo there they did behold  
 High lifted up with lofty roof of gold.  
 The Bower of Bliss, in which there did abide  
 The lady's self, that should their cause decide,  
 On which the heavens still in a stedfast state  
 Look'd alway blithe, diverting froward fate,  
 Not suffering icy frost or scorching sun  
 To vex th' inhabitants, that there did won :  
 For there eternal spring doth ever dwell,  
 Ne they of other season ought can tell ;  
 They labour not with hands of industry  
 To furrow up the earth's fertility ;  
 Bubbles of sweat decline not from their brow,  
 Ne stooping labour makes their backs to bow :  
 Yet plenty of all fruits upon their ground  
 Seedless and artless every where is found.

slight alterations, and amongst other expressions he applies this to vice. It will be sufficient to refer to the passage, p. 101, edit. 1641. *Jacks* is a common expression, denoting contempt, with our older writers. Thus, in the *Mirror for Magistrates*, we meet with

No golden churl, no elbow-vaunting *jack*. P. 565.

We still say contemptuously, "a *Jack* in office."

\* ..... flickering eye.] A very expressive epithet; it is used by Dyer in his truly classical poem, the *Fleece*, to denote the tremulous and fluctuating motion of the waves:

Till, rising o'er the *flickering* wave, the Cape  
 Of Finisterre, &c.

B. iv.

Unto this bower Dan Cuckoo and his mate  
 Approaching nigh, lo standing at the gate,  
 Which framed was of purest ivory,  
 All painted o'er with many a history,  
 So sweetly wrought, that art in them did seem  
 To mock at nature as of no esteem ;  
*Eftsoons* they heard a pleasing harmony\*,  
 Of music's most melodious minstrelsy,  
 Where sweet-voic'd birds, soft winds, and water's fall,  
 With voice and viol made agreement all ;  
 The birds unto the voice did sweetly sing,  
 The voice did speak unto the viol's string,  
 That to the wind did sound now high, now low,  
 The wind to water's fall did gently blow.

*The Cuckoo*, by R. Niccols, p. 6—11,  
 1607, 4to.

\* The concluding circumstances of this piece are literally taken from Spenser, whose exquisite lines will not, it is hoped, be considered as unnecessary here :

Eftsoons they heard a most melodious sound  
 Of all that mote delight a dainty ear,  
 Such as at once might not on living ground,  
 Save in this paradise, be heard elsewhere ;  
 Right hard it was for wight which did it hear,  
 To read what manner music that mote be ;  
 For all that pleasing is to living ear,  
 Was there consorted in one harmony,  
 Birds, voices, instruments, winds, waters, all agree.  
 The joyous birds, shrouded in cheerful shade,  
 Their notes unto the voice attemper'd sweet ;  
 Th' angelical soft-trembling voices made  
 To th' instruments divine response meet :  
 The silver-sounding instruments did meet  
 With the base murmur of the water's fall :  
 The water's fall with difference discreet,  
 Now soft, now loud, unto the wind did call :  
 The gentle-warbling wind low answered to all.

*F. Queene*, B. II. C. xii. st. 70, 71.

THE  
CAVE OF DESPAIR.

---

ERE long they came near to a baleful bower,  
Much like the mouth of that infernal cave,  
That gaping stood all comers to devour,  
Dark, doleful, dreary, like a greedy grave,  
That still for carrion carcases doth crave.

The ground no herbs but venomous did bear,  
Nor ragged trees did leave, but every where  
Dead bones and skulls were cast, and bodies hanged were.

Upon the roof the bird of sorrow sat  
Elonging joyful day\* with her sad note,

\* Elonging *joyful day*.] G. Fletcher has a similar term in the same poem, cant. i. stan. 41 :

As when the cheerful sun *elamping* wide.

It is in vain to search for either of these expressions in the modern edition, as they are there thus altered :

As when the cheerful sun, *light spreading* wide.

Cant. i. st. 37, edit. 1783.

*Keeping back* joyful day.

Drummond, in his prose works, uses *evanishing*: "Riches being momentary and *evanishing*." P. 222, Edinb. 1711.

The most material features of this description are taken from Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, B. I. cant. ix. st. 33, 36. This is a curious instance of plagiarism, and serves to show us what little ceremony the poets of that day laboured under in pilfering from each other. The reader will be amply repaid for his trouble in turning to the passage in Spenser, who seems to have put forth all his strength to render the picture complete, and it is in delineations of such a hue that he peculiarly excels. The limits of my book will not permit me to quote the passage at length. See also *Britannia's Pastorals* by Browne, Vol. I. p. 162, Thompson's edit.

And through the shady air the fluttering bat  
Did wave her leather sails, and blindly float,  
While with her wings the fatal screech-owl smote  
    Th' unblessed house; there, on a craggy stone,  
    Celeno hung, and made his direful moan,  
And all about the murder'd ghosts did shriek and groan.

Like cloudy moonshine in some shadowy grove,  
Such was the light in which Despair did dwell,  
But he himself with night for darkness strove,  
His black uncombed locks dishevell'd fell  
About his face, through which, as brands of hell,  
    Sunken in his skull his staring eyes did glow,  
    That made him deadly look; their glimpse did show  
Like cockatrices' eyes, that sparks of poison throw.

His clothes were ragged clouts, with thorns pinn'd fast,  
And as he musing lay to stonie fright  
A thousand wild chimeras would him cast:  
As when a fearful dream, in midst of night,  
Skips to the brain, and fancies to the sight  
    Some winged fury, straight the hasty foot,  
    Eager to fly, cannot pluck up his root,  
The voice dies in the tongue, and mouth gapes without boot.

Now he would dream that he from heaven fell,  
And then would snatch the air, afraid to fall;  
And now he thought he sinking was to hell,  
And then would grasp the earth, and now his stall  
Him seemed hell, and then he out would crawl;  
    And ever as he crept would squint aside,  
    Lest him, perhaps, some fury had espy'd,  
And then, alas! he should in chains for ever bide.



Therefore he softly shrunk, and stole away,  
 Ne ever durst to draw his breath for fear,  
 Till to the door he came, and there he lay  
 Panting for breath, as though he dying were,  
 And still he thought he felt their grapples tear  
     Him by the heels back to his ugly den ;  
     Out fain he would have leap'd abroad, but then  
 The heavens as hell he fear'd, that punish'd guilty men.

*Christ's Victorie*, by G. Fletcher,  
 Cant. II. st. 23—28, Camb. 1610\*.

\* In the edition of *Christ's Victory*, together with the *Purple Island*, in 1783, many unwarrantable liberties are taken with the text ; nor is the least apology for the proceeding offered, or even the circumstance itself mentioned. In almost every page injuries are done to the sense, where improvements were intended. The republication seems to have originated from a letter of Hervey's, Vol. II. Let. li., and to have been executed upon the ridiculous plan he there proposes. Now it is the indispensable duty of every editor of an ancient poet to exhibit the spelling of his author in the exact state in which he found it (unless indeed in such words as are evidently mistakes of the press), in order that the reader may trace the progress of orthography, together with that of poetry. Where this practice is not observed, a republication is not merely imperfect, but dangerous, as it leads to an infinity of mistakes, and can answer no possible end but that of multiplying the number of our books without adding to the sources of our information †. Whoever, therefore, takes up the edition alluded to, for the purposes of enjoying the poetry, making an extract, or a reference, can never be safe as to the authenticity of a single stanza. A neat republication of all Giles and Phineas Fletcher's poetry, from the old editions, faithfully reprinted, is much wanted.

† This passage of Mr. Headley's is, by the present editor, faithfully preserved, but cannot be passed over without remark.

That the *text* of an ancient English Classic should be scrupulously adhered to, and transmitted to posterity unmutated, and that the *alterations* in the edition of *Christ's Victory*, 1783, are reprehensible in the highest degree, are unquestionable ; but that " it is the indispensable duty of every editor of an ancient poet to exhibit the *spelling* of his author in the exact state in which he found it," may reasonably be doubted. If we admit of such a decree in the laws of criticism, what is to become of the editorial labours of Steevens, of Malone, and of Ellis? particularly of the last-mentioned gentleman, who, by reversing the method adopted by Mr. Headley, has given to our elder poetry a popularity, of which a considerable portion at least must have been anticipated by Mr. Headley, but for this unfortunate error in his critical creed. This argument might be extended to a length more suited to a dissertation than to a note upon note ; but we shall only add, that even Ritson, the most laborious plodder in literary antiquities since the days of Tom Hearne, became a convert to the present more enlightened system.

## DEGENERACY OF THE TIMES.

WHERE Plym and Thamar with embraces meet,  
Thetis weighs anchor now, and all her fleet;  
Leaving that spacious sound\*, within whose arms  
I have those vessels seen, whose hot alarms  
Have made Iberia tremble, and her towers  
Prostrate themselves before our iron showers.  
While their proud builders' hearts have been inclin'd  
To shake (as our brave ensigns) with the wind.  
For as an *Eyerie* from their sedges wou'd,  
Led o'er the plains and taught to get their food  
By seeing how their breeder takes his prey,  
Now from an orchard do they scare the Jay,  
Then o'er the corn-fields as they swiftly fly,  
Where many thousand hurtful sparrows lie  
Beating the ripe grain from the bearded ear,  
At their approach, all overgone with fear  
Seek for their safety; some into the dike,  
Some in the hedges drop, and others like  
The thick-grown corn; as for their hiding best,  
And under turfs or grass most of the rest,  
That of a flight which cover'd all the grain,  
Not one appears, but all or hid or slain:  
So by Heröes were we led of yore,  
And by our drums, that thunder'd on each shore,  
Struck with amazement countries far and near;  
Whilst their inhabitants, like herds of deer

\* Plymouth.

By kingly lions chas'd, fled from our arms.  
 If any did oppose, instructed swarms  
 Of men immail'd; Fate drew them on to be  
 A greater fame to our got victory.  
 But now our leaders want, those vessels lie  
 Rotting, like houses through ill husbandry,  
 And on their masts, where oft the ship-boy stood,  
 Or silver trumpets charm'd the brackish flood,  
 Some wearied crow is set\*; and daily seen  
 Their sides, instead of pitch, caulk'd o'er with green:  
 Ill hap, alas! have you that once were known  
 By reaping what was by Ibcia sown,  
 By bringing yellow sheaves from out their plain,  
 Making our barns the storehouse for their grain:  
 When now as if we wanted land to till,  
 Wherewith we might our useless soldiers fill:  
 Upon the hatches where half-pikes were borne  
 In every chink rise stems of bearded corn:  
 Mocking our idle times that so have wrought us,  
 Or putting us in mind what once they brought us.  
 Bear with me, shepherds, if I do digress,  
 And speak of what ourselves do not profess:  
 Can I behold a man that in the field,  
 Or at a breach bath taken on his shield  
 More darts than ever Romau †; that hath spent  
 Many a cold December, in no tent  
 But such as earth and heaven make; that hath been  
 Except in iron plates not long time seen;

\* *And on their masts, where oft the ship-boy stood,*

.....  
*Some wearied crow is set.]* This image reminds us of a very spirited passage in Churchill:

Let cormorants in churches make their nest,  
 And on the sails of commerce bitterns rest.

*Gotham.*

† Mutius Scevola.

Upon whose body may be plainly told  
 More wounds than his lank purse doth alms-deeds hold;  
 O can I see this man, advent'ring all,  
 Be only graced with some poor hospital,  
 Or may be worse, entreating at his door \*  
 For some relief whom he secur'd before,  
 And yet not show my grief? first may I learn  
 To see, and yet forget how to discern;  
 My hands neglectful be at any need  
 Or to defend my body or to feed,  
 Ere I respect those times that rather give him  
 Hundreds to punish, than one to relieve him.

*Britannia's Pastorals*, by W. Browne,  
 B. II. Song 4, edit. 1772, 3 vols.

---

## THE POET

CONDUCTED BY SORROW TO THE INFERNAL REGIONS.

---

BUT lo, while thus amid the desert dark,  
 We passed on with steps and pace unmeet,  
 A rumbling roar confus'd with howl and bark  
 Of dogs, shook all the ground under our feet,  
 And struck the din within our ears so deep,  
     As half *distraught* unto the ground I fell,  
     Besought return, and not to visit hell.

\* .....*entreating at his door*

*For some relief whom he secur'd before.*] A striking circumstance, perfectly similar to a well-known passage of Young :

Some for hard masters, broken under arms,  
 In battle lopt away, with half their limbs,  
 Beg bitter bread through realms their valour sav'd.

*Night I.*

But she forthwith uplifting me apace  
 Remov'd my dread, and with a stedfast mind  
 Bad me come on, for here was now the place,  
 The place where we our travel's end should find.  
 Wherewith I rose, and to the place assign'd  
*Astoynde* I stalk'd, when straight we approached near  
 The dreadful place, that you will dread to hear.

An hideous hole all vast, *withouten* shape,  
 Of endless depth, o'erwhelm'd with ragged stone,  
 With ugly mouth, and griesly jaws doth gape,  
 And to our sight confounds itself in one.  
 Here enter'd we, and *yeding* forth, anon  
 A dreadful loathly lake we might discern  
 As black as pitch, that cleped is *Averne*.

A deadly gulf where nought but rubbish grows,  
 With foul black swelth in thicken'd lumps that lies,  
 Which up in th' air such stinking vapours throws  
 That over there may fly no fowl but dies,  
 Chok'd with the noisome savours that arise.  
 Hither we come, whenceforth we still did pace,  
 In dreadful fear amid the dreadful place.

And first within the porch and jaws of hell  
 Sat deep Remorse-of-Conscience, all *besprent*  
 With tears: and to herself oft would she tell  
 Her wretchedness, and cursing never *stent*  
 To sob and sigh; but ever thus lament,  
 With thoughtful care, as she that all in vain  
 Would wear and waste continually in pain.

Her eyes unstedfast rolling here and there,  
 Whirl'd on each place, as place that vengeance brought,

So was her mind continually in fear,  
 Tossed and tormented with tedious thought  
 Of those detested crimes which she had wrought :  
     With dreadful cheer, and looks thrown to the sky,  
     Wishing for death, and yet she could not die\*.

Next saw we Dread, all trembling how he shook,  
 With foot uncertain proffer'd here and there,  
 Benumb'd of speech, and with a ghastly look  
 Search'd every place all pale and dead for fear,  
 His cap borne up with starting of his hair †  
     Stoyn'd and amaz'd at his own shade for deed,  
     And fearing greater dangers than was need.

And next within the entry of this lake  
 Sat fell Revenge gnashing her teeth for ire,  
 Devising means how she may vengeance take,  
 Never to rest till she have her desire :  
 But frets within so far forth with the fire  
     Of wreaking flames, that now determines she  
     To die by death, or veng'd by death to be.

When fell Revenge with bloody foul pretence  
 Had show'd herself as next in order set,  
 With trembling limbs we softly parted thence,

\* *Wishing for death, and yet she could not die.*] So in the Purple Island :

Prayers are idle, death is woo'd in vain ;

In midst of death poor wretches long to die. Cant. vi. st. 37.

No poet has exceeded Milton on this subject, whose lines are far too well known to be here quoted.

† *His cap borne up with starting of his hair.*] A very original incident. Mr. Hogarth, in his figure of Richard the Third, in the tent scene, has represented the ring of the tyrant as having started beyond the joint of his finger with the violent agitation of his frame. The incident is such as a man of genius only could have conceived, though many look at the picture without attending to the sublimity of it.

'Till in our eyes another sight we met :  
When from my heart a sigh forthwith I *fet*,  
Rueing, alas ! upon the woeful plight  
Of Misery, that next appear'd in sight.

His face was lean, and some deal pin'd away,  
And eke his hands consumed to the bone,  
But what his body was I cannot say,  
For on his carcase raiment had he none,  
Save clouts and patches pieced one by one,  
With staff in hand, and scrip on shoulder cast,  
His chief defence against the winter's blast.

His food for most, was wild fruits of the tree,  
Unless sometime some crumbs fell to his share,  
Which in his wallet long God *wot* kept he,  
As on the which full daintly would he fare ;  
His drink the running stream ; his cup the bare  
Of his palm clos'd ; his bed the hard cold ground :  
To this poor life was Misery *ybound*.

Whose wretched state when we had well beheld,  
With tender *ruth* on him and on his feeres,  
In thoughtful cares, forth then our pace we held :  
And by and by, another shape appears  
Of greedy Care, still brushing up the *breers*,  
His knuckles *knob'd*, his flesh deep dented in,  
With *tawed* hands, and hard *ytanned* skin.

The morrow gray no sooner hath begun  
To spread his light even peeping in our eyes,  
When he is up and to his work *yrun*.  
But let the night's black misty mantles rise,  
And with foul dark never so much disguise

The fair bright day, yet ceaseth he no while,  
But hath his candles to prolong his toil.

By him lay heavy Sleep, cousin of Death,  
Flat on the ground, and still as any stone,  
A very corpse, save yielding forth a breath.  
Small keep took he whom Fortune frowned on,  
Or whom she lifted up into the throne  
Of high renown, but as a living death,  
So dead alive, of life he drew the breath.

The body's rest, the quiet of the heart,  
The *travailes* ease, the still night's feere was he\*.  
And of our life in earth the better part,  
Ruin of sight, and yet in whom we see  
Things oft that tide, and oft that never be.  
Without respect esteeming equally  
King Cræsus' pomp, and Irus' poverty.

And next in order sad Old Age we found,  
His beard all hoar, his eyes hollow and blind,  
With drooping cheer still poring on the ground,  
As on the place where nature him assign'd  
To rest, when that the Sisters had untwin'd  
His vital thread, and ended with their knife  
The fleeting course of fast declining life.

\* . . . . *the still night's feere was he.*] i. e. companion. Shakspeare's eulogium on sleep deserves a place here, as well for its beauty as its resemblance in some degree to Sackville's:

..... the innocent sleep,  
Sleep, that knits up the ravel'd sleeve of care,  
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,  
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,  
Chief nourisher in life's feast. *Macbeth.*



There heard we him with broke and hollow plaint  
Rue with himself his end approaching fast,  
And all for nought his wretched mind torment,  
With sweet remembrance of his pleasures past,  
And fresh delights of lusty youth forewast.  
    Recounting which, how would he sob and shriek !  
    And to be young again of Jove beseech.

But, and the cruel Fates so fixed be,  
That time forepast cannot return again,  
This one request of Jove yet prayed he:  
That in such withred plight, and wretched pain,  
As Eld (accompanied with his loathsome train)  
    Had brought on him, all were it woe and grief,  
    He might awhile yet linger forth his life,

And not so soon descend into the pit,  
Where Death, when he the mortal corpse hath slain,  
With retchless hand in grave doth cover it,  
Thereafter never to enjoy again  
The gladsome light, but in the ground *ylain*,  
    In depth of darkness waste and wear to nought,  
    As he had ne'er into the world been brought.

But who had seen him, sobbing how he stood  
Unto himself, and how he would bemoan  
His youth forepast, as though it wrought him good  
To talk of youth, all were his youth foregone,  
He would have mus'd and marvell'd much whereon  
    This wretched Age should life desire so fain,  
    And knows full well life doth but length his pain\*.

\* The infirmities of age are no where more emphatically enumerated than in Juvenal, Sat. x. l. 190, &c. Churchill, who has an exclusive right to the title of the British Juvenal, has some good lines on this subject. *Gotham*, B. I.

Crookback'd he was, toothshaken, and blear-ey'd,  
Went on three feet, and sometime crept on four,  
With old lame bones, that rattled by his side,  
His scalp all pil'd, and he with eld forlore :  
His withred fist still knocking at Death's door,  
Fumbling and driveling as he draws his breath,  
For brief, the shape and messenger of Death.

And fast by him pale Malady was plac'd,  
Sore sick in bed, her colour all foregone,  
Bereft of stomach, savour, and of taste,  
*Ne* could she brook no meat but broths alone.  
Her breath corrupt, her keepers every one  
Abhorring her, her sickness past recure,  
Detesting physic, and all physic's cure.

But, oh, the doleful sight that then we see.  
We turn'd our look, and on the other side  
A grisly shape of Famine *mought* we see,  
With greedy looks, and gaping mouth that cried,  
And roar'd for meat as she should there have died,  
Her body thin, and bare as any bone,  
Whereto was left nought but the case alone.

And that, alas! was gnawn on every where,  
All full of holes, that I *ne mought* refrain  
From tears, to see how she her arms could tear,  
And with her teeth gnash on the bones in vain :  
When all for nought she fain would so sustain  
Her starved corpse, that rather seem'd a shade,  
Than any substance of a creature made.

Great was her force whom stone wall could not stay,  
Her tearing nails snatching at all she saw :

With gaping jaws, that by no means *y*may  
Be satisfied from hunger of her maw,  
But eats herself as she that hath no law :  
    Gnawing, alas ! her carcase all in vain,  
    Where you may count each sinew, bone, and vein.

On her while we thus firmly fix'd our eyes,  
That bled for *ruth* of such a dreary sight,  
Lo suddenly she shriek'd in so huge wise,  
As made hell-gates to shiver with the might,  
Wherewith a dart we saw how it did light  
    Right on her breast, and therewithal pale Death  
    Enthrilling it to reave her of her breath.

And by and by a dumb dead corpse we saw,  
Heavy and cold, the shape of Death aright,  
That daunts all earthly creatures to his law,  
Against whose force in vain it is to fight.  
Ne peers, *ne* princes, nor no mortal wight,  
    *Ne* towns, *ne* realms, cities, *ne* strongest tower,  
    But all perforce must yield unto his power.

His dart anon out of the corpse he took,  
And in his hand (a dreadful sight to see)  
With great triumph *eftsoons* the same he shook,  
That most of all my fears *affrayed* me.  
His body dight with nought but bones *perdie*,  
    The naked shape of man there saw I plain,  
    All save the flesh, the sinew, and the vein.

Lastly stood War, in glittering arms *yclad*,  
With visage grim, stern looks, and blackly hued,  
In his right hand a naked sword he had,  
That to the hilts was all with blood embrued :  
And in his left (that kings and kingdoms rued)

Famine and fire he held, and therewithal  
He razed towns, and threw down towers and all.

Cities he sack'd, and realms that *whilome* flower'd  
In honour, glory, and rule above the best,  
He overwhelm'd, and all their fame devour'd,  
Consum'd, destroy'd, wasted, and never ceas'd,  
Till he their wealth, their name, and all oppress'd.  
His face forehew'd with wounds, and by his side,  
There hung his targe, with gashes deep and wide.

In midst of which, depainted there we found  
Deadly Debate, all full of snaky hair,  
That with a bloody fillet was *ybound*,  
Out breathing nought but discord every where.  
And round about were pourtray'd here and there  
The hugy hosts, Darius and his power,  
His kings, princes, his peers, and all his flower ;

Whom great Macedo vanquish'd there in fight,  
With deep slaughter despoiling all his pride,  
Pierc'd through his realms, and daunted all his might.  
Duke Hannibal beheld I there beside,  
In Canna's field, victor how he did ride,  
And woeful Romans that in vain withstood,  
And Consul Paulus covered all in blood.

Yet saw I more, the fight at Trasimene,  
And Treberie field, and eke when Hannibal  
And worthy Scipio last in arms were seen  
Before Carthago gate, to try for all  
The world's empire, to whom it should befall.  
There saw I Pompey, and Cæsar clad in arms,  
Their hosts allied, and all their civil harms.

With conquerors' hands forbath'd in their own blood,  
And Cæsar weeping over Pompey's head.  
Yet saw I Scylla and Marius where they stood,  
Their great cruelty, and the deep bloodshed  
Of friends: Cyrus I saw and his host dead,  
And how the Queen with great despite hath flung  
His head in blood of them she overcome.

Xerxes the Persian King yet saw I there,  
With his huge host that drank the rivers dry,  
Dismounted hills, and made the vales uprear,  
His host and all yet saw I slain *perdie*.  
Thebes I saw all raz'd how it did lie  
In heaps of stones, and Tyrus put to spoil,  
With walls and towers flat even'd with the soil.

But Troy, alas! (methought) above them all,  
It made mine eyes in very tears consume:  
When I beheld the woeful word befall,  
That by the wrathful will of God was come:  
And Jove's unmoved sentence and foredoom  
On Priam King, and on his town so bent,  
I could not *lin*, but I must there lament.

And that the more, *sith* dest'ny was so stern  
As force perforce, there might no force avail,  
But she must fall: and by her fall we learn,  
That cities, towers, wealth, world, and all shall quail.  
No manhood, might, nor nothing *mought* prevail,  
All were there press'd, full many a prince and peer,  
And many a knight that sold his death full dear.

Not worthy Hector, worthiest of them all,  
Her hope, her joy, his force is now for nought  
O Troy, Troy, there is no *boote* but *bale*,

The *hugie* horse within thy walls is brought:  
 Thy turrets fall, thy knights that *whilome* fought  
     In arms amid the field, are slain in bed,  
 Thy gods defil'd, and all thy honour dead.

The flames upspring, and cruelly they creep  
 From wall to roof, till all to cinders waste,  
 Some fire the houses where the wretches sleep,  
 Some rush in here, some run in there as fast.  
 In every where, or sword or fire they taste.

    The walls are torn, the towers whirl'd to the ground,  
     There is no mischief but may there be found.

Cassandra yet there saw I how they hailed  
 From Pallas' house, with *sparkled tresse* undone,  
 Her wrists fast bound, and with Greeks rout empaled:  
 And Priam eke in vain\* how he did run

\* *And Priam eke in vain, &c.*] The death of Polites, Virg. *Æn.* II. 526, 557, which affords an excellent subject for a picture; but the poet in his general account of the sacking of Troy, preceding this particular description, has a circumstance relative to the death of old Priam not sufficiently attended to as a beauty, yet eminently fine, and which is one of those few strokes that at once evince the superiority of poetry over painting:

Vidi Hecubam, centumque nurus Priamumque per aras  
 Sanguine fœdantem, quos ipse sacraverat ignes.      L. 501.

A skilful painter might have judiciously selected a few of the most interesting and most melancholy spectacles of the night; he might, by a proper disposition of them, have successfully conveyed to our minds the distress of Hecuba and her female attendants, at the sight of Pyrrhus and the two sons of Atreus; all our finer feelings might have been fully excited by the dead body of Priam himself, at the foot of the altar: but to have told us, that this very altar to which he had vainly fled for protection, and near which he now lay dead, had formerly, in the hour of peace and prosperity, been consecrated by his own hand, would have baffled the powers of his pencil, and have forced from him a confession to this effect; “*Nobis non licet esse tam disertis!*” Dr. Blair in his *Lectures on Rhetoric*, in his remarks on

To arms, whom Pyrrhus with despite hath done  
 To cruel death, and bath'd him in the *baine*  
 Of his son's blood before the altar slain.

But how can I describe the doleful sight,  
 That in the shield so lively fair did shine?  
*Sith* in this world I think was never wight  
 Could have set forth the half, not half so fine.  
 I can no more but tell how there is seen  
 Fair Ilium fall in burning red *gledes* down,  
 And from the soil great Troy Neptunus town.

Herefrom, when scarce I could mine eyes withdraw,  
 That fill'd with tears as doth the springing well,  
 We passed on so far forth till we saw  
 Rude Acheron, a loathsome lake to tell,  
 That boils and bubs up *swelth* as black as hell,  
 Where griesly Charon at their fixed tide  
 Still ferries ghosts unto the further side.

The aged god no sooner Sorrow spied,  
 But hasting straight unto the bank apace,  
 With hollow call unto the rout he cried,  
 To *swarve* apart, and give the goddess place.  
 Straight it was done, when to the shore we pace,  
 Where hand in hand as we then linked fast,  
 Within the boat we are together plac'd.

And forth we launch full *fraughted* to the brink,  
 When with th' unwonted weight, the rusty keel  
 Began to crack as if the same should sink.

Virgil's talents for poetical description, expressly selects this passage, and observes, that "The death of Priam, especially, may be singled out as a masterpiece of description." Vol. III. p. 169. But this the most material circumstance seems to have escaped him.

We hoise up mast and sail, that in a while  
We *fet* the shore, where scarcely we had while  
For to arrive, but that we heard anon  
A three sound bark confounded all in one.

We had not long forth past, but that we saw  
Black Cerberus, the hideous hound of hell,  
With bristles rear'd, and with a three-mouth'd jaw,  
*Foredinning* th' air with his horrible yell.  
Out of the deep dark cave where he did dwell,  
The goddess straight he knew, and by and by  
He *peast* and couched, while that we passed by.

Thence come we to the horror and the hell,  
The large great kingdoms, and the dreadful reign  
Of Pluto in his throne where he did dwell,  
The wide waste places, and the *hugie* plain:  
The wailings, shrieks, and sundry sorts of pain:  
The sighs, the sobs, the deep and deadly groan,  
Earth, air, and all, resounding plaint and moan.

Thence did we pass the three-fold empery  
To th' utmost bounds, where Radamanthus reigns,  
Where proud folk wail their woeful misery,  
Where dreadful din of thousand dragging chains,  
And baleful shrieks of ghosts in deadly pains  
Tortur'd eternally are heard most brim,  
Through silent shades of night so dark and dim.

From hence upon our way we forward pass,  
And through the groves and uncouth paths we go,  
Which lead unto the Cyclops' walls of brass:  
And where that main-broad flood for aye doth flow,  
Which parts the gladsome fields from place of woe,



Whence none shall ever pass t' Elysium plain,  
Or from Elysium ever turn again.

With Sorrow for my guide, as there I stood,  
A troop of men the most in arms bedight,  
In tumult cluster'd 'bout both sides the flood:  
'Mongst whom, who were ordain'd t' eternal night,  
Or who to blissful peace and sweet delight,  
I wot not well, it seem'd that they were all  
Such as by death's untimely stroke did fall.

Some headless were, some body, face, and hands,  
With shameful wounds despoil'd in every part:  
Some strangled, some that died in captive bands,  
Some smother'd, drown'd, some stricken through the heart  
With fatal steel, all drown'd in deadly smart:  
Of hast'ned death, with shrieks, sobs, sighs, and tears,  
Did tell the woes of their forepassed years.

We stay'd us straight, and with a rueful fear  
Beheld this heavy sight, while from mine eyes  
The vapoured tears down stilled here and there,  
And Sorrow eke in far more woeful wise,  
Took on with plaint, upheaving to the skies  
Her wretched hands, that with her cry the rout  
'Gan all in heaps to swarm us round about.

*Induction to the Mirour for Magistrates,*  
by Sackville, Lord Buckhurst, p. 260—  
270, 1610, 4to.

## BATTLE OF CRESSY.

**K**ING Philip, follow'd by the bravest host  
 That e'er before the realm of France could boast,  
 In confidence of conquest to succeed,  
 And to revenge the late disgrace, with speed  
 (Although advis'd at Abbeville to stay  
 And rest his army) marches thence away.  
 Thou sweetest Muse of all th' Aonian Spring,  
 Fair-hair'd Calliope, that best canst sing  
 Of kings' high deeds, and godlike heroes' fames,  
 Declare King Philip's power, recite the names  
 Of all (beside the native chivalry  
 Of France, and flower of her nobility)  
 The foreign lands, that shar'd in that great day,  
 And royal princes that did there display  
 Their dreadful colours in the aid of France,  
 And forward thence to Cressy field advance.  
 Within the van, with Charles of Alençon,  
 The royal banner of Bohemia shone,  
 With which did Lodowick, her old martial king,  
 His furious horse and well-try'd lauces bring.  
 His glittering plume, that many an honour'd field  
 Had known, and many a dreadful fight beheld,  
 Wav'd there unhappily, ordained to be  
 A lasting fame to Edward's victory\*.

\* ..... ordain'd to be

*A lasting fame to Edward's victory.*] His crest was three ostrich  
 feathers; and his motto these German words, *Ich dien, I serve*; which  
 the Prince of Wales and his successors adopted in memorial of this  
 great victory. *Hume.*

Along with him march'd Charles, his princely son;  
For whom the Fates a fairer thread had spun,  
Sav'd, to preserve the name and ancient stem,  
And after wear th' imperial diadem.  
'Thither from far Majorca's monarch brings  
His light-arm'd soldiers, from whose fatal slings,  
As from strong bows, death's carried; nor of yore  
Were Cretan shafts or Parthian feared more.  
With fifteen thousand mortal crossbows there  
The stout Grimaldi and Antonio\* were,  
Two noble chiefs from stately Genoa,  
Whose gallies had in many a naval fray  
Against proud Venice wrestled long to gain  
The rule of all the Midland Ocean.  
Stout John of Heinnault to King Philip's side  
His forces brings, although so near allied  
To England's King (as uncle to the Queen),  
And had by Edward highly honour'd been.  
He now had chang'd his faith, and for the gold  
Of France his mercenary valour sold.  
There march those warlike Flemings, that attend  
Their Earl of Flanders, Lewis, a constant friend  
To France: but no strong number could he get,  
Nor o'er his subjects was his power so great.  
They honour'd Edward's worth, and to his side  
Had been, without their Earl's consent, ally'd.  
There Charles of Blois leads on his martial train  
In glittering armour: Bourbon, and Lorrain.  
To whom, whilst all the army march'd away,  
Brings Savoy's Duke a thousand men of arms,  
Whom from the lofty Alps the loud alarms

\* Antonio Dorta. *Speed.*

Of this great war had drawn with dismal fate,  
Too soon, alas! arriv'd, though seeming late.  
How many men does fortune bring from far  
Their parts to suffer in this tragic war?  
How many lands their several shares of woe  
Must contribute to Philip's overthrow?  
Perchance 'cause Edward will his force advance  
No further than the continent of France,  
She fear'd his fame would be no further known,  
But circumscribed where the deed was done:  
Nor therefore suffers France to bleed alone.  
The sad Bohemian wives, that live upon  
Great Albi's banks, and drink fair Molda's stream,  
Must make this battle their lamented theme.  
Those that beyond the clouded Alps do dwell,  
And Netherlanders, shall be forc'd to tell  
Great Edward's honour, while their own dear wounds  
They count, received on Cressy's fatal grounds.

While thus the French march on in rich array,  
In Cressy park encamped Edward lay:  
His firm battalia on well-chosen ground  
Was clos'd behind, and barricado'd round  
With strongest fences made by plashing trees,  
And placing there the weightiest carriages.  
Thither were all the leaders' horses brought  
To cut off hope of flight, and leave no thought  
In English breasts but death or victory.  
Their resolutions, that before were high,  
By this strict means were more ascertain'd\* there,  
Their minds were cheerful, fresh their bodies were,

\* In the time of May, a variety of words were unsettled as to their accent, and were used either short or long, according to the will or necessity of the poet. For instance:

And fit t' encounter their approaching foes.  
 In three battalias does the king dispose \*  
 His strength, which all in ready order stand,  
 And to each other's rescue near at hand.  
 The first in rank, that early blooming flower  
 Of fame, Prince Edward leads, a warrior  
 Before a man; no down had cloth'd his chin,  
 Nor seventeen springs had this young soldier seen.  
 Within his battle famous leaders are,  
 Brave Warwick, Stafford, Harcourt, Delawar,  
 There Beauchamp, Bouchier, Clifford, Chandois wield  
 Their active arms, whom many an honour'd field  
 Had fam'd before: the second squadron by  
 Northampton's Earl was led: there Willoughby,  
 There Arundel, Lord Ross, and Basset stand,  
 Men that could well obey, and well command.  
 Within the third King Edward means to fight:  
 The great French army now approach'd their sight.

By this strict means were more ascertain'd there.

Must contribute to Philip's overthrow. P. 26.

Thus, in Browne's Pastorals:

Not that by mind's commerce, and joint estate.

B. I. Song 2.

\* *In three battalias, &c.*] Holinshead's account of the disposition of the English army is as follows: "Then he ordained three battels: in the first was the Prince of Wales, and with him the Earl of Warwick, the Lord Godfrey of Harecourt, the Lord Stafford, the Lord De la Ware, the Lord Bouchier, the Lord Thomas Clifford, the Lord Reginald Cobham, the Lord Thomas Holland, Sir John Chandos, Sir Bartholomew Browash, Sir Robert Nevill. They were eight hundred men of armes, and two thousand archers, and a thousand of others, with the Welshmen. In the second battel was the Earle of Northampton, the Earle of Arundell, the Lords Ros and Willowbie, Basset, S. Albine, Multon, and others. The third battel the King led himself, having with him seven hundred men of armes, and two thousand archers; and in the other battel even to the number of eight thousand men of armes, and twelve hundred archers. Thus was the English army marshalled according to the report of Froissard." *Chron.* p. 371.

Dark grew the troubled air\* as if it strove  
 Within the soldiers' furious breasts to move  
 A sad presage of what would then ensue,  
 Nor longer could the golden Phœbus shew  
 His cheerful face: the lightning's flashy light  
 And loudest claps of thunder 'gan affright  
 The darken'd welkin; which in tears apace  
 Dissolv'd, to fall upon the tragic place.  
 Another darkness more portentous rose  
 O'er both the amazed camps, whole shoals of crows  
 And croaking ravens, that obscure the sky,  
 From all the neighbouring fields to Cressy fly,  
 (As thick as cranes in winter, that forsake,  
 To drink warm Nile, the frozen Strymon's lake)  
 And muster there themselves, in hopes to prey  
 Upon the slaughter of so great a day.  
 From these *ostents* are deep impressions wrought;  
 The soldiers' fancies, as each breast is fraught  
 With passions various, variously surmise;  
 Presaging murmurs through all parts arise.  
 In some the thirst of fight increas'd, in some  
 Appear'd the paleness of a death to come.  
 Yet none so much on their own danger thought  
 As they divin'd, after this field was fought,  
 About their king's and nation's changed fate:  
 Nor had they time to fear their private state.

'Twixt both the marshals, one on either side,  
 Through every battle did great Edward ride†,

\* *Dark grew the troubled air, &c.*] Both Speed and Holinshed mention this. The following extract is from the latter: "Also at the same instant there fell a great raine, and an eclipse with a terrible thunder; and before the raine there came flieng over both armies a great number of crows, for feare of the tempest coming." P. 372.

\* *'Twixt both the marshals, &c.*] Thus placed to the best advantage, King Edward visiteth the ranckes in person, riding upon a plea-

Whose royal presence with fresh vigour fill'd  
 The soldiers' cheerful bosoms, and exil'd  
 Even from the coldest hearts all thoughts of fear.  
 No long persuasive oratory there  
 Did that short time afford, or Edward need;  
 Few exhortations serv'd, that did proceed  
 From such a prince. He briefly bids them crown,  
 That day, their nation's honour and their own;  
 And sets before the common soldiers' eyes  
 How great, how glorious was their valour's prize,  
 How many princes' wealthy spoils would be  
 The recompense of that day's victory.

But when, approaching, Philip had beheld  
 His English foes embattled in the field,  
 And that the war admitted no delay,  
 He vainly joy'd to see the wish'd-for day,  
 That might redeem the honour France had lost,  
 And straight drew on his rich and numerous host,  
 In which so many several nations fought,  
 By their own sovereigns there in person brought.  
 And now those foreign princes every where  
 With fitting language briefly 'gan to cheer  
 Their armed subjects: ' that in this day's fight  
 As well their country's honour, as the right  
 Of Philip, lay; that all great France would fame  
 And thank their conquering hands; how great a shame  
 It were for them to shrink in such a war,  
 To which for honour they had come so far,

sant hobby (having onely a white rod in his hand, as if he would chastise fortune), betweene the two marshalls of his field: whose very presence, with a few seasonable and unenforced words on behalfe of God and his right, instead of long orations, did inspire the faintest hearts among them with freshest vigour and alacritie.

*Speed, p. 577.*

And left their dearest pledges, whom if they  
Again would see, it in their valours lay.  
But most does Philip his French troops excite,  
As most of all engaged in the fight,  
' By nature's laws, and all the love they bare  
To their dear native soil, whose freedom there  
Or shameful conquest into question came;  
That 'twas a stain already to the name  
Of France, a petty king that claim durst make,  
Or their great kingdom's conquest undertake;  
Which they must wipe off by their valours now,  
And for his pride chastise th' ambitious foe;  
That easy 'twas to do, since Edward's power  
So few in number, not one hand 'gainst four  
Of fighting men, was able there to show:  
And to revenge their fellow soldiers now,  
Who near to Sluce, on Neptune's wat'ry main,  
Had been before by English Edward slain.'  
With such like speeches all their hearts are fir'd,  
And now a signal every where desir'd.  
Which given, on both sides a loud shout arose,  
And Death began to deal his fatal blows.  
Far off at first his winged message flies,  
While the strong-armed English archer plies  
His bloody task; while Genoan crossbows back  
Return their fury, and the air grows black  
With shafts, as erst with winged fowl it did.  
The English vanguard which Prince Edward led,  
Rank'd in the figure of an hearse came on.  
'Gainst which the furious Charles of Alençon,  
King Philip's brother, with Bohemia's King,  
The strength of all the cavalry did bring.  
But ere the horse came on in full career,  
The Genoan crossbows, that stood foremost, were



To pour their storms of fury on the foe.  
But there began the fatal overthrow  
Of that huge army: for the late great fall  
Of rain (although it did no hurt at all  
To th' English bow-strings) spoil'd the Genoans quite,  
And made their crossbows useless in the fight :  
Who, weary'd with their morning's march so far,  
And griev'd with disrespect, had ta'en no care  
How to preserve their strings ; which seeing, ' On,  
On, Chevaliers,' cries hot Count Alençon,  
And o'er yon lazy Genoans' bellies make  
Your way to victory ; let soldiers take  
The van from useless breasts.' With that they ride  
Upon them furiously: by their own side  
The wretched Genoans are trod down and slain.  
But nothing by that act the horsemen gain:  
For o'er their bodies some are tumbled down,  
The rest that stand, in that confusion  
Are gall'd with arrows, that incessant fly  
From th' English fresh and gallant archery,  
Which did almost the whole battalia rout,  
The whiles the dying Genoans round about  
Might see, before their latest gasp of breath,  
Their own revenge wrought in the horsemen's death ;  
And for the wrong, which their own side did do,  
Are quickly righted by the valiant foe.

But loth far off t' endure the archer's force,  
Count Alençon with his approaching horse  
Within Prince Edward's battall strives to bring  
The fight : and thither the old Bohemian King  
With his brave troop does even ranked ride,  
Whose reins are all fast to each other tied,  
As if they meant to mow the enemy  
By squadrons down. So chained bullets fly,

And sweep a field, as those Bohemian horse  
Close link'd together came. And now their force  
Within the archer's foremost rank had got,  
There the encounter grows more closely hot ;  
There battle-axes, swords, and lances stand ;  
There foot to foot, and furious hand to hand,  
The men at arms maintain a constant war.  
And now Prince Edward's battall too too far  
Began to be oppress'd ; to succour whom  
The second battall of the English come,  
In which, with other lords, Northampton stood ;  
And all too little in this scene of blood  
That succour seems to be. Up to the hill  
On which King Edward with his battall, still  
Untouch'd, kept stand, the lords have sent to crave  
Aid for the Prince in this sad storm ; but have  
This answer (past their expectation) made :  
' While he's alive send not to me for aid ;  
'Tis he must wear this honour, nor will I  
Be Edward's rival in the victory ;  
Or fear so much his danger, to step in  
And seize those bays, which he alone will win.'  
From this heroic answer of a king,  
In every bosom did fresh vigour spring.  
That answer might have wrought despairing fear ;  
But that young Edward and the nobles there  
The worth and wisdom of the King did know,  
And he their spirits whom he sent it to.  
Now does the day grow blacker than before ;  
The swords that glister'd late, in purple gore  
Now all distain'd, their former brightness lose :  
Whilst high the tragic heap of slaughter rose.  
Swords meeting swords, and breaking lances sound,  
Clattering of armed breasts that fall to ground,

And dying soldiers' grôans, are only heard,  
 Horror in all her saddest shapes appear'd\*.  
 But long the fury of a storm so strong  
 Could not endure, nor fortune waver long  
 In such a trial; but at last must show  
 Which way her favours were decreed to go.  
 The English swords with slaughter reeking all  
 At last had carved in the Frenchmens' fall  
 Their way to victory; who now apace  
 Are beaten down, and strew the purple place;  
 Where like their own pale fading lilies, lie  
 The flower of all the French nobility.  
 There Alençon, striving to cure in vain  
 The wound of France, is beaten down and slain.  
 There dies Majorca's King, who from his home  
 So far had sail'd to find a foreign tomb,  
 And dearly that alliance (which he thought  
 So safe to him) in this fierce battle bought.  
 Lewis, Earl of Flanders, that to Philip's state  
 Had been so constant a confederate,  
 Whom no conditions to King Edward's side  
 Could ever draw, on Edward's weapons died,  
 Sealing in blood his truth to France, to lie  
 A wailed part of her calamity.  
 There Savoy's Duke, the noble Amy, lay  
 Welt'ring in gore, arriv'd but yesterday

\* *Horror in all her saddest shapes appear'd.*] Sir P. Sidney has a very sublime description of a field of battle: "And now the often changing fortune began also to change the hue of the battels; for, at the first, though it were terrible, yet terror was decked so bravely with rich furniture, gilt swords, shining armours, pleasant pencils, that the eye with delight had scarce leisure to be afraid: but now all universally defiled with dust, broken armour, mangled bodies, took away the mask, and set forth *Horror* in his own horrible manner.

At Philip's hapless camp, as short an aid  
 As Rhæsus prov'd to falling 'Troy, betray'd  
 The first sad night, and by Tydides hand  
 Slain, ere his steeds had graz'd on Trojan land,  
 Or drunk at all of Xanthus' silver stream.  
 But most the warlike monarch of Boheme\*,  
 Old Lewis fam'd, who on that honour'd ground  
 Chain'd to the foremost of his troops was found,  
 And charging at the head of all was slain.  
 His cold dead hand did yet that sword retain†

\* *But most the warlike monarch of Boheme, &c.*] The circumstance of his valiant death, and the flight of his son, is thus mentioned by Holinshed: "The valiant King of Bohem, being almost blind, caused his men to fasten all the reins of the bridels of their horses ech to other, and so he being himself amongst them in the foremost ranke, they ran on their enemies. The Lord Charles of Boheme, sonne to the same king, and late elected emperour, came in good order to the battel; but when he saw how the matter went awrie on their part, he departed and saved himself. His father, by the means aforesaid, went so far forward, that, joining with his enemies, he fought right valiantlie, and so did all his companie: but finallie being entered within the prease of their enemies, they were of them inclosed and slaine, together with the king their master, and the next daie found dead, lieng about him, and their horses all tied ech to other." P. 372.

† The attitude May has represented the brave old King as found in, is a very fine one:

*His cold dead hand did yet that sword retain,  
 Which living erst it did so bravely wield.*

One of the finest of the Marlborough gems, a copy of which collection was some short time since presented by the Duke to the Bodleian Library, is a dying Amazon; she is drawn as just falling from her horse, and supported by an attendant, in all the languor of death, but still grasping her bow in her right hand. In the very elegant explanation that accompanies the plate are these words: *Penthesileam esse creditur: quæ licet spiritum ægrè trahens nondum tamen arcum e manu emisit.* Gem 48. Some of the most remarkable and most striking beauties in poetry, painting, and statuary, are taken immediately from the agonies of death. Virgil has a circumstance in this way full of horrid minuteness, which is by some considered as a blemish, but surely too fastidiously:

Which living erst it did so bravely wield.  
 His hopeful son, young Charles, had left the field  
 When he perceiv'd that fortune quite was gone  
 To Edward's side, his father's blood alone  
 Was too too great a sacrifice to be  
 Bestow'd on France : whose dying valiancy  
 Made all men more desire his son to live,  
 And that the branch of such a tree might thrive.  
 There was the noble Bourbon, there Lorraine,  
 Aumall, Nevers, and valiant Harcourt, slain.

In vain had Philip now (whose princely soul  
 In all those deaths did bleed) strove to control  
 By highest valour what the Fates would do.  
 Wounds not in mind alone, but body too  
 (Unhorsed twice), did th' active King receive.  
 As much asham'd no blood at all to leave  
 In such a field, although enforc'd to part  
 Himself from thence ; at last his struggling heart  
 Is to necessity content to yield,  
 And flies with speed from that unhappy field.  
 With whom the Frenchmen all the fight forsake,  
 And o'er the country flight disorder'd take.

By this had night her sable mantle spread  
 Upon the earth, by whose protection fled

Te decisa suum, Laride, dextera quærit  
 Semianimesque micant digiti *ferrumque retractant.*

*Æn. x. 395.*

The same poet, in describing the arms of Minerva, represents the Medusa on her breastplate as still rolling its eyes after the head is severed from the neck :

..... ipsamque in pectore Divæ  
 Gorgona, *desecto vertentem lumina collo.* *Æn. viii. 437.*

For remarks on similar subjects, see Mr. Spence's most excellent Essay on the Odyssey, p. 44, 45.

The vanquish'd French with more security,  
 A most complete and glorious victory\*  
 The English had obtain'd; yet would not now  
 Disrank themselves to chase the flying foe.  
 But in that field, which they alone possess,  
 Resolve to give their weary'd bodies rest,  
 Till morning's light display those wealthy spoils,  
 That must reward the conquering soldier's toils.

Now great King Edward from the Windmill Hill  
 Came down, where his untouch'd battalia still  
 Had stood, till all the fight below was done,  
 And in his arms embrac'd his armed son,  
 Who now with blood and sweat was all distain'd;  
 Then gratulates his early honour gain'd  
 In such a field of danger, joy'd to see  
 His blooming years thus flush'd in victory.  
 Well did that day presage the future glory  
 And martial fame of this great prince, whose story

\* *A most complete and glorious victory.*] “The slaughter of the Frenchmen was great and lamentable, namelie for the losse of so manie nobleman, as were slaine at the same battell, fought between Cressie and Broy on the Saturdaie next following the feast of Saint Bartholomew, being (as that yeare fell) the 26th of August. Among others which died that daie, these I find registered by name as cheefest: John King of Boheme, Rafe Duke of Lorraine, Charles of Alanso, brother germane to King Philip, Charles Earle of Blois, Lewis Earl of Flanders, also the Earle of Harecourt, brother to the Lord Geofrie of Harcourt; with the Earles of Aussere, Aumerle, and Saint Poule, besides diverse other of the nobilitie.”

*Holinshed's Chron.* p. 372.

The number of the slain (according to Hume) was as follows: “On the day of battle, and on the ensuing, there fell, by a moderate computation, twelve hundred French knights, fourteen hundred gentlemen, four thousand men at arms, besides about thirty thousand of inferior rank.” On the side of the English, he says, “there were killed in it only one esquire and three knights, and a very few of inferior rank.”

With admiration after-times shall hear,  
 Like miracles his conquests shall appear  
 In France achiev'd ; nor shall that kingdom bound  
 His sword's great deeds ; whose fame shall further sound,  
 And royal trophies of Black Edward's praise  
 Beyond the Pyrenæan mountains raise.

*Reigne of Edward III.* by T. May,  
 B. III. Edit. 1635.

THE  
 SHEPHERD'S LIFE\*.

THRICE, oh thrice happy shepherd's life and state,  
 When courts are happiness' unhappy pawns !  
 His cottage low, and safely humble gate  
 Shuts out proud fortune, with her scorns and fawns :  
     No feared treason breaks his quiet sleep ;  
     Singing all day, his flocks he learns to keep ;  
 Himself as innocent as are his simple sheep.

No Serian worms he knows, that with their thread  
 Draw out their silken lives ; nor silken pride :

\* These beautiful lines seem to have suggested the plan of a most exquisite little piece called *The Hamlet*, by Mr. T. Warton, which contains such a selection of beautiful rural images, as perhaps no other poem of equal length in our language presents us with. The latter part of it more closely reminds us of Fletcher. A shepherd's life is to be found in Spenser's *Fairie Queene*, B. VI. Cant. ix. stan. 20. See likewise J. Sylvester's translation of *Du Bartas*. Edit. 1641, p. 29, 30.

His lambs warm fleece well fits his little need,  
Not in that proud Sidonian tincture dy'd:  
    No empty hopes, no courtly fears him fright;  
    Nor begging wants his middle fortune bite:  
But sweet content exiles both misery and spite.

Instead of music and base flattering tongues,  
Which wait to first salute my Lord's uprise;  
The cheerful lark wakes him with early songs,  
And birds sweet whistling notes unlock his eyes:  
    In country plays is all the strife he uses,  
    Or sing, or dance unto the rural Muses;  
And, but in music's sports, all difference refuses.

His certain life, that never can deceive him,  
Is full of thousand sweets and rich content:  
The smooth-leav'd beeches in the field receive him  
With coolest shades, till noon-tide's rage is spent:  
    His life is neither tost in boist'rous seas  
    Of troublous world, nor lost in slothful ease:  
Pleas'd and full bless'd he lives, when he his God can please.

His bed of wool yields safe and quiet sleeps,  
While by his side his faithful spouse hath place:  
His little son into his bosom creeps,  
The lively picture of his father's face:  
    Never his humble house or state torment him;  
    Less he could like, if less his God had sent him;  
And when he dies, green turfs with grassy tomb content him.

*Purple Island*, by P. Fletcher,  
Cant. XII. St. 2—6.



## MORTIMER, EARL OF MARCH,

THE MURDERER OF EDWARD II. AND THE FAVOURITE  
OF HIS QUEEN ISABELLA, IS SURPRISED IN THE  
CASTLE OF NOTTINGHAM, AND TAKEN PRISONER  
BY KING EDWARD III.

WITHOUT the castle, in the earth is found\*  
A cave, resembling sleepy Morpheus' cell,  
In strange meanders winding under ground,  
Where darkness seeks continually to dwell,  
Which with such fear and horror doth abound,  
As though it were an entrance into hell;

\* It may not be amiss to set before the reader a few extracts from our old historians, relative to the castle of Nottingham, and the capture of Mortimer there. "There was in the castle of Nottingham (and at this day is), a certaine secret way or mine cut through a rocke upon which the said castle is built, one issue whereof openeth toward the river Trent, which runnes under it, and the other venteth itselfe farre within upon the surface, and is (at this present) called Mortimer's hole; through this the young King, well armed and strongly seconded, was conducted with drawne swords, by some his trusty and sworne servants (among which was that brave Montacute, whom his virtues under this King raised to the Earldome of Salisbury, &c. &c.) up to the Queene's chamber, whose dore (so fearless is blinded affection) was unshut, and with her was Mortimer ready to goe to bed, whom, with the slaughter of a knight, and one or two that resisted, they laid hold upon. This was not reputed a slender enterprise, in regard that in Mortimer's retinue were not fewer (they say) then one hundredth and fourscore knights, besides esquires and gentlemen."

Speed's *Chron.* Ed. 1627, p. 580.

Leland, in his *Itinerary*, gives a very particular account of the place, but too long for insertion here. What directly relates to Mortimer is this: "The dungeon or kepe of the Castel stondith by South and Est, and is exceeding strong *et natura loci et opere*. Ther is an old fair

By architects to serve the castle made,  
When as the Danes this island did invade.

chapelle, and a welle of a gret depthe; and there is also a chochlea with a turret over it, wher the keepers of the Castella say Edward the thirde band cam up thorough the rok, and toke the Earle Mortymer prisoner. Ther is yet a faire staire to go downe by the rok to the ripe of line." Hearne's edit. p. 3, 1745.

Holinshed's account is the following: "In a parlement holden at Notingham, about Saint Luke's tide, Sir Roger Mortimer, the Earle of March, was apprehended the seventeenth day of October, within the castell of Notingham, where the king with the two queenes, his mother and his wife, and diverse other, were as then lodged; and though the keies of the castell of Notingham were dailie and nightlie in the custodie of the said Earle of March, and that his power was such, as it was doubted how he might be arrested (for he had, as some writers affirme, at that present in retinue nine score knights, besides esquires, gentlemen and yeomen), yet at length by the king's helpe, the Lord William Montacute, the Lord Humfrie de Bohun, and his brother Sir William, the Lord Rafe Stafford, the Lord Robert Clifford, the Lord William Clinton, the Lord John Nevill of Hornbie, and diverse other, which had accused the said Earle of March for the murder of King Edward the Second, found means by intelligence had with Sir William de Claud, constable of the castell of Notingham, to take the said Earle of March, with his sonne the Lord Roger or Geffrey Mortimer, and Simon Bereford, with other.—Sir Hugh Trumpington (or Turrington as some copies have), that was one of his cheefest freends, with certaine other, were slaine as they were about to resist against the Lord Montacute and his company in taking of the said earle. The manner of his taking I passe over, because of the diversitie in report thereof by sundrie writers. From Notingham he was sent up to London with his sonne the Lord Roger or Geoffry de Mortimer, Sir Simon Bereford, and the other prisoners, where they were committed to prison in the Tower. Shortlie after was a parlement called at Westminster, cheefelie (as was thought) for reformation of things disordered through the misgovernance of the Earle of March. But whosoever was glad or sorie for the trouble of the said earle, suerlie the queene mother took it most heavilie above all other, as she that loved him more (as the fame went) than stood with her honour. For, as some write, she was found to be with child by him. They kept, as it were, house together; for the earle, to have his provision the better cheape, laid his penie with hirs, so that hir takers served him as well as they did hir, both of vittels and carriages; of which misusage (all regard to honour and estimation neglected) everie subject spoke shame. For their manner of dealing, tending to such evill purposes

Now on along the cranking path doth keep,  
Then by a rock turns up another way,  
Rising towards day, then falling tow'rs the deep,  
On a smooth level then itself doth lay,  
Directly then, then obliquely doth creep,  
Nor in the course keeps any certain stay;  
Till in the castle, in an odd by-place,  
It casts the foul mask from its dusky face.

By which the king, with a selected crew  
Of such as he with his intent acquainted,  
Which he affected to the action knew,  
And in revenge of Edward had not fainted,  
That to their utmost would the cause pursue,  
And with those treasons that had not been tainted,  
Adventured the labyrinth t' assay,  
To rouse the beast which kept them all at bay.

Long after Phœbus took his lab'ring team  
To his pale sister and resigu'd his place,  
To wash his couples in the ocean stream,  
And cool the fervour of his glowing face;  
And Phœbe, scanted of her brother's beam,  
Into the west went after him apace,  
Leaving black darkness to possess the sky,  
To fit the time of that black tragedy.

What time by torch-light they attempt the cave,  
Which at their entrance seemed in a fright,

as they continuallie thought upon, could not be secret from the eies of the people, and their offense heerein was so much the more heinous, because they were persons of an extraordinarie degree, and were the more narrowlie marked of the multitude or common people." P. 349.

With the reflection that their armour gave,  
As it till then had ne'er seen any light;  
Which, striving there preheminnce to have,  
Darkness therewith so daringly doth fight,  
That each confounding other, both appear,  
As darkness light, and light but darkness were.

The craggy cliffs, which cross them as they go,  
Made as their passage they would have deny'd,  
And threat'ned them their journey to foreslow,  
As angry with the path that was their guide,  
And sadly seem'd their discontent to show  
To the vile hand that did them first divide;  
Whose cumb'rous falls and risings seem'd to say,  
So ill an action could not brook the day.

And by the lights, as they along were led,  
Their shadows then them following at their back,  
Were like to mourners carrying forth their dead,  
And as the deed, so were they, ugly black,  
Or like to fiends that them had followed,  
Pricking them on to bloodshed and to *wrack*;  
Whilst the light look'd as it had been amaz'd  
At their deformed shapes, whereon it gaz'd.

The clatt'ring arms their masters seem'd to chide,  
As they would reason wherefore they should wound,  
And struck the cave in passing on each side,  
As they were warring with the hollow ground,  
That it an act so pitiless should hide;  
Whose stony roof lock'd in their angry sound,  
And hanging in the creeks, drew back again,  
As willing them from murder to refrain.

The night wax'd old (not dreaming of these things),  
 And to her chamber is the queen withdrawn,  
 To whom a choice musician plays and sings,  
 While she sat under an estate of lawn\*,  
 In night-attire more god-like glittering,  
 Than any eye had seen the cheerful dawn,  
     Leaning upon her most lov'd Mortimer,  
     Whose voice, more than the music, pleas'd her ear.

Where her fair breasts at liberty were let,  
 Whose violet veins in branched riverets flow,  
 And Venus' swans and milky doves were set  
 Upon those swelling mounts of driven snow;  
 Whereon whilst Love to sport himself doth get,  
 He lost his way, nor back again could go;  
     But with those banks of beauty set about,  
     He wander'd still, yet never could get out.

Her loose hair look'd like gold (O word, too base!  
 Nay, more than sin, but so to name her hair)  
 Declining, as to kiss her fairer face,  
 No word is fair enough for thing so fair,  
 Nor ever was there epithet could grace  
 That, by much praising which we must impair;  
     And where the pen fails, pencils cannot show it,  
     Only the soul may be suppos'd to know it.

She laid her fingers on his manly cheek,  
 The Gods pure sceptres and the darts of love,  
 That with their touch might make a tiger meek,  
 Or might great Atlas from his seat remove;

\* . . . . . *an estate of lawn.*] That is, a *canopy* of lawn. *State* was the word more commonly used.

His high throne which under *state*  
 Of richest texture.

*P. Lost, x. 441.*

So white, so soft, so delicate, so sleek,  
As she had worn a lilly for a glove;  
    As might beget life where was never none,  
    And put a spirit into the hardest stone.

The fire of precious wood; the light perfume,  
Which left a sweetness on each thing it shone,  
As ev'ry thing did to itself assume  
The scent from them, and make the same their own:  
So that the painted flowers within the room  
Were sweet, as if they naturally had grown;  
    The light gave colours, which upon them fell,  
    And to the colours the perfume gave smell.

When on those sundry pictures they devise,  
And from one piece they to another run,  
Commend that face, that arm, that hand, those eyes,  
Show how that bird, how well that flow'r was done;  
How this part shadow'd, and how that did rise,  
This top was clouded, how that *trail* was spun,  
    The landscape, mixture, and delineatings,  
    And in that art a thousand curious things:

Looking upon proud Phaeton wrapt in fire,  
The gentle Queen did much bewail his fall;  
But Mortimer commended his desire,  
To lose one poor life, or to govern all:  
'What though (quoth he) he madly did aspire,  
And his great mind made him proud Fortune's thrall;  
    Yet in despite, when she her worst had done,  
    He perish'd in the chariot of the sun.'

'Phœbus (she said) was overforc'd by art,  
Nor could she find how that embrace could be;  
But Mortimer then took the painter's part:

‘ Why thus, bright Empress, thus and thus (quoth he):  
That hand doth hold his back, and this his heart;  
Thus their arms twine, and thus their lips, you see:  
Now are you Phœbus, Hyacinthus I;  
It were a life thus every hour to die.’

When by that time, into the castle-hall  
Was rudely enter’d that well armed rout,  
And they within, suspecting nought at all,  
Had then no guard to watch for them without:  
See how mischances suddenly do fall,  
And steal upon us, being farth’st from doubt!  
Our life’s uncertain, and our death is sure,  
And tow’rds most peril man is most secure.

Whilst youthful Nevil and brave Turrington,  
To the bright queen that ever waited near,  
Two with great March much credit that had won,  
That in the lobby with the ladies were,  
Staying delight, whilst time away did run  
With such discourse as women love to hear;  
Charg’d on the sudden by the armed train,  
Were at their entrance miserably slain.

When, as from snow-crown’d Skiddow’s lofty cliffs,  
Some fleet-wing’d haggard, tow’rds her preying hour,  
Amongst the teal and moor-bred mallard drives,  
And th’ air of all her feather’d flock doth scower,  
Whilst to regain her former height she strives,  
(The fearful fowl all prostrate to her power :)  
Such a sharp shriek did ring throughout the vault,  
Made by the women at the fierce assault.

Unarm’d was March (she only in his arms,  
Too soft a shield to bear their boist’rous blows),

Who least of all suspected such alarms,  
And to be so encounter'd by his foes,  
When he was most improvident of harms.  
O, had he had but weapons to his woes!  
    Either his valour had his life redeem'd,  
    Or in her sight died happily esteem'd.

But there about him looking for the king,  
Whom he suppos'd his judgment could not miss;  
Which when he found, by his imagining  
Of those most perfect lineaments of his :  
Quoth he, 'The man that to thy crown did bring  
Thee, at thy hands might least have look'd for this;  
    And in this place the least of all the rest,  
    Where only sacred Solitude is blest.

' Her presence frees th' offender of this ill,  
Whose godlike greatness makes the place divine;  
And canst thou, King, thus countermand her will,  
Who gave to thee the power that now is thine,  
And in her arms in safety kept thee still,  
As in a most inviolated shrine?  
    Yet dar'st thou irreligiously despise,  
    And thus profane these sacred liberties ?

But e'en as when old Ilion was surpris'd,  
The Grecians issuing from the wooden horse,  
Their pride and fury roughly exercis'd,  
Op'ning the wide gates, letting in their force,  
Putting in act what was before devis'd,  
Without all human pity or remorse ;  
    Ev'n so did they, with whose confused sound  
    Words were not heard, and poor complaints were  
    drown'd.



Dissolv'd to tears, she follow'd him: (O tears!  
Elixir-like, turn all to tears you touch;  
To weep with her, the hard wall scarce forbears,  
The woeful words she uttered were such,  
Able to wound th' impenetrablest ears,  
Her plaints so piercing, and her grief so much:)  
And to the king, when she at last had come,  
Thus to him spake, though he to her were dumb.

' Dear son,' quoth she, ' let not his blood be spilt,  
So often ventur'd to redeem thy crown;  
In all his life can there be found that guilt?  
Think of his love, on which thou once should'st frown;  
'Twas he thy seat that so substantial built,  
Long with his shoulder sav'd from shaking down;  
'Twas he the means that first for thee did find,  
To pass for France, to exercise thy mind.'

' E'en for the love thou bear'st to that dear blood  
From which (my son) thou didst receive thy life,  
Play not the niggard in so small a good,  
With her to whom thy bounties should be *rife*,  
Begg'd on those knees at which thou oft hast stood:  
O, let my up-held hands appease this strife!  
Let not the breath, from this sad bosom sent,  
Without thy pity be but vainly spent.'

When in the tumult, with the sudden fright,  
Whilst ev'ry one for safety sought about,  
And none regarded to maintain the light,  
Which being over-wasted, was gone out,  
It being then the mid-time of the night,  
Ere they could quit the castle of the rout;  
The queen alone (at least, if any near,  
They were her women, almost dead with fear:)

When horror, darkness, and her inward woe,  
Began to work on her afflicted mind,  
Upon her weakness tyrannizing so,  
As they would do their utmost in their kind;  
And as than those she need no other foe,  
Such pow'r her fortune had to them assign'd,  
To rack her conscience (by their torture due)  
Itself t' accuse of whatsoe'er it knew.

O God! (thought she) is yet an hour scarce past,  
Since that my greatness, my command more high,  
And eminency wherein I was plac'd  
Won me respect in ev'ry humble eye?  
How am I now abused! how disgrac'd!  
Did ever queen in my dejection lie?  
These things she ponder'd, as despair still brought  
Their sundry forms into her troubled thought.

To London thus they March a prisoner led,  
Which there had oft been courted by the queen,  
From whom his friends and his late followers fled,  
Of many a gallant follow'd that had been,  
Of which, there was not one durst show his head,  
Much less t' abet his side that durst be seen;  
Which at his fall made them to wonder more,  
Who saw the pomp wherein he liv'd before.

O misery! where once thou art possest,  
See but how quickly thou canst alter kind,  
And, like a Circe, metamorphosest  
The man that hath not a most god-like mind:  
The fainting spirit, O how thou canst infest!  
Whose yielding frailty eas'ly thou canst find,

And by thy vicious presence, with a breath,  
Give him up fetter'd, basely *fear'd*, to death.

*Barons' Wars*, by M. Drayton,  
B. VI. st. 47—77, fol. edit.

---

---

### THE SAME SUBJECT,

BY ANOTHER HAND.

---

AND now so far had their discourses gone,  
That day was vanish'd, and the hour drew on,  
Which for the king's design was set; from whom  
A trusted squire to Montague was come.  
Arm'd as he was, the youthful Lord arose,  
And forth with courage flew: the like did those  
That were alike engaged; a gallant band  
About the person of their prince they stand.  
'Mongst whom brave Edward in rich armour dight  
His early manhood shows: with such a bright  
Heroic visage does the blue-ey'd maid  
Appear, in all her warlike tire array'd.  
For yet no golden down had cloth'd his chin,  
Nor twice nine painted summers had he seen,  
And yet those young, those maid-like frowns, as there  
They show'd, the genius of great France might fear:  
Much more in them the sure and present fall  
Of guilty Mortimer was read by all.  
Far from that castle on the side of Trent  
A cave's dark mouth was found, of deep descent;

Upon the brink of which there grew around  
 So close a thicket, as quite hid the ground  
 From sight; the cave could be descry'd by none,  
 And had remain'd for many years unknown;  
 Whose hollow womb did far from thence extend,  
 And under ground an uncouth passage lend  
 Into the castle. This dark vault was made  
 To serve the fort, when Danes did first invade  
 This fertile island; now not thought upon,  
 For the remembrance, as the use, was gone  
 Of such a place, until of late it chanc'd  
 Sir Robert Holland, to that charge advanc'd,  
 Surveying all his castle's nooks, had try'd  
 That horrid way, and closely certify'd  
 The king the truth of all: with store of light  
 The noble troop arrived there by night;  
 There void of fear into the dark descent  
 With his brave train heroic Edward went,  
 And through the ragged entrails of the cave\*  
 And baleful paths did fierce Rhanmusia wave  
 Her flaming brand, to guide their passage right,  
 And vanquish all the terrors of the night.  
 Her champions pass with fresh and sprightly cheer  
 Those mouldy vaults, and air unstirred, where  
 So many years no human foot had trod,  
 Nor living thing but toads and bats abode.  
 Yet full of hazard did th' attempt appear,  
 So great a train had pompous Mortimer.

\* *And through the ragged entrails of the cave.*] Thus Shakspeare,  
 in a much-admired simile:

Which like a taper in some monument  
 Doth shine upon the dead man's earthy cheeks,  
 That shows the *ragged entrails* of this pit.

*Titus And.* Scene vi.

But they, secure of any danger nigh,  
 Within the castle some in jollity  
 Consum'd that hour of night, and some in sleep,  
 (For the earl himself the castle's keys did keep).  
 In such a fearless but a fatal plight  
 The wooden horse surpris'd old Troy by night.  
 Into her chamber the fair queen was gone,  
 Where with her minion Mortimer alone  
 She sat ; but not his dearest company,  
 Nor love's sweet thoughts, which wont to give so high  
 A relish to them, now could bring delight :  
 They both were sad on that portentous night ;  
 (The fates, it seem'd, into their souls had sent  
 A secret notice of their dire intent)  
 Which she could not conceal ; nor Mortimer,  
 Although he often strove, by courting her,  
 To hide the inward sadness of his breast.  
 Caernarvon Edward's manes had possest\*  
 The room : and many strange ostents declar'd  
 Th' approaching ruin : in the castle yard  
 The dogs were heard unusually to howl :  
 About their windows the ill-boding owl,  
 Night-jars and *shreiches* with wide-stretched throats  
 From yews and hollys sent their baleful notes.  
 And (which increas'd their sad and ominous fears)  
 The beauteous queen relates, while standing tears  
 Began to dazzle her bright starry eyes,  
 That ghastly dream that did last night surprise  
 Her frightened fancy ; ' Mortimer,' quoth she,  
 ' Methought the sky was wondrous clear, when we

\* *Caernarvon Edward's manes had possest*

*The room, &c.*] On Mortimer's impeachment, the first of the five articles laid to his charge was, " That he had procured Edward of Caernarvon, the king's father, to be murdered, in most heinous and tyrannous manner, within the castel of Berklic." Holinshed, p. 349.

Together walk'd in yonder court alone;  
The gentle air seem'd undisturb'd: anon  
Rose sudden storms, a dark and pitchy cloud  
Obscur'd heaven's face, and thunder roar'd aloud:  
The trembling earth about us moved round,  
At last it open'd, and from under-ground  
Rose Edward's pale and dismal ghost, his hand  
Arm'd with a flaming sword, a threatening band  
Of furies did upon the ghost attend:  
He cry'd "Revenge!" With that they all 'gan bend  
Their force 'gainst us, and thee methought they slew:  
At which I frighted wak'd, and hardly knew  
(So great the terror was) whether we were  
Alive or not.' Ambitious Mortimer,  
Scorning to show from any dream a fear,  
Strove to divert so bad a theme, and chear  
The queen with amorous discourse again.  
While thus he flatters his own fate in vain,  
A boist'rous noise about the doors they hear;  
The maids without, that waited, shriek'd for fear;  
Clashing of steel, and groans of dying men,  
Approach'd their ears: for in the lobby then  
Stout Turrington and Nevil both were slain,  
That durst by force resist the armed train;  
And in the chamber, ere the queen and he  
Had time to doubt what this strange storm should be,  
Sent from the king, the armed troops appear,  
By whose command they seize on Mortimer;  
And in an instant hurry him away:  
(For at the chamber door did Edward stay)  
The woeful queen at first amazed stands;  
But quickly recollected wrings her hands,  
Strikes her fair breast, and after them she hies  
To the next lobby, weeps, and kneeling cries,

' Dear son (for well she knew her son was there\*)  
 Oh pity, pity gentle Mortimer.  
 Let no accusers raise thine anger so;  
 Nor wicked counsel make thee prove a foe  
 To him that well deserves: oh, pull not down  
 So true, so strong a pillar of thy crown.  
 But when she sees him gone, and no reply  
 Vouchsaf'd to her (for Edward's modesty,  
 Because his justice her fond suit denied,  
 For fear his tongue should be enforc'd to chide  
 A mother's crime or folly, words forbears)  
 A grief too great to be express'd by tears  
 Confound's her sense, as in an ecstasy  
 She falls to ground, and helpless seems to lie,  
 Until the maids and ladies of her train  
 Had to her chamber borne her back again.

*The Reigne of Edward III.* by T. May, B. I.

\* *Dear son (for well she knew her son was there), &c. &c.*] May seems here to have consulted Stow in his account. "Upon a certaine night, the king lying without the castle (Nottingham), both he and his friends were brought by torch light through a secret way under ground, beginning far off from the sayde castle, till they came even to the Queenes chamber, which they by chance found open: they therefore being armed with naked swords in their hands, went forwards leaving the king also armed without the doore of the chamber, least that his mother shoulde espie him: they which entered in slew *Hugh Turpington*, knight, who resisted them, Master *John Nevel* of Horn, by giving him his deadly wound. From thence they went toward the Queene Mother, whom they found with the Earle of March readie to have gone to bedde: and having taken the sayde earle, they ledde him out into the hall, after whom the Queene followed, crying, *Bel filz, ayes pitie de gentil Mortimer*: Good sonne, good sonne, take pitie upon gentle Mortimer, for she suspected that her sonne was there, though she saw him not." Chron. p. 229. fol. 1615.

THE  
ALARM OF SATAN,  
WITH THE INSTIGATION OF HEROD\*.

—◆—

BELOW the bottom of the great abyss,  
There where one centre reconciles all things,  
The world's profound heart pants; there placed is  
Mischiefs old master, close about him clings  
A curl'd knot of embracing snakes, that kiss  
His correspondent cheeks: these loathsome strings  
Hold the perverse prince in eternal ties  
Fast bound, since first he forfeited the skies.

The Judge of Torments, and the King of Tears;  
He fills a burnish'd throne of quenchless fire:

\* The particular relation that the whole of this piece bears to many passages in Milton's *Paradise Lost*, and the great sublimity of the poetry, are reasons sufficient to make it acceptable to every reader of taste, notwithstanding its being a translation. Of the *Sospetto D'Herode*, it is to be lamented that poetical readers in general know so little; from the specimen here produced, every English reader must be inclined to wish for more. A very intelligent correspondent in *Maty's Review* for March, 1785, (Article, Phillip's edition of *Crashaw*) has told us, that the whole poem has already been rendered into English verse, and that the title-page of the translation stands thus. "The Slaughter of the Innocents by Herod; written in Italian by the famous poet the Cavalier Marino, in four books, newly Englished, 1675; to which is added in my copy, in writing, 'Englished by T. R.;' to whom the initials T. R. belong I know not; but the translation seems superior to *Crashaw*."—An epitome of the 2d book is then given. Surely this translation would be highly worth republishing, particularly if executed in a superior style to *Crashaw*, which seems to me hardly possible.



And for his old fair robes of light, he wears  
 A gloomy mantle of dark flames, the tire  
 That crowns his hated head on high appears;  
 Where seven tall horns (his empire's pride) aspire.

And to make up hell's majesty, each horn  
 Seven crested Hydras horribly adorn.

His eyes, the sullen dens of Death and Night\*,  
 Startle the dull air with a dismal red :  
 Such his fell glances as the fatal light  
 Of staring comets, that look kingdoms dead :  
 From his black nostrils, and blue lips, in spite  
 Of hell's own stink, a worser stench is spread.  
 His breath hell's lightning is : and each deep groan  
 Disdains to think that heav'n thunders alone.

His flaming eyes' dire exhalation  
 Unto a dreadful pile gives fiery breath;  
 Whose unconsum'd consumption preys upon  
 The never-dying life of a long death.  
 In this sad house of slow destruction,  
 (His shop of flames) he fries himself, beneath

\* *His eyes, the sullen dens of Death and Night, &c.*] Milton gives him

..... eyes

That sparkling blaz'd.

*P. Lost, I. 193.*

Milton has this simile of a comet in his second Book :

..... on th' other side,

Incens'd with indignation, Satan stood,

Unterrified ; and like a comet burn'd,

That fires the length of Opiuchus huge

In th' Arctic sky, and from his horrid hair

Shakes pestilence and war.

*Ibid. 710.*

Again, he compares him to the sun in an eclipse, *Paradise Lost, I.*  
 598.

A mass of woe, his teeth for torment gnash,  
While his steel sides sound with his tail's strong lash\*.

Three rigorous virgins waiting still behind,  
Assist the throne of th' iron-sceptered king:  
With whips of thorns and knotty vipers twin'd  
They rouse him, when his rank thoughts need a sting:  
Their locks are beds of uncomb'd snakes, that wind  
About their shady brows in wanton rings.

Thus reigns the wrathful king, and while he reigns,  
His sceptre and himself both he disdains.

Disdainful wretch! how hath one bold sin cost  
Thee all the beauties of thy once bright eyes?  
How hath one black eclipse cancell'd and crost  
The glories that did gild thee in thy rise?  
Proud morning of a perverse day! how lost  
Art thou unto thyself, thou too self-wise  
Narcissus! foolish Phaeton! who for all  
Thy high-aim'd hopes, 'gaind'st but a flaming fall.

From death's sad shades to the life-breathing air,  
This mortal enemy to mankind's good  
Lifts his malignant eyes, wasted with care,  
To become beautiful in human blood.  
Where Jordan melts his crystal, to make fair  
The fields of Palestine, with so pure a flood,  
There does he fix his eyes: and there detect  
New matter, to make good his great suspect.

\* *While his steel sides sound with his tail's strong lash.*] Thus, Milton, speaking of the Old Dragon, upon the very same occasion:

Swinges the scaly horror of his tail.

*Hymn of the Nativity, stan. 18.*

He calls to mind th' old quarrel, and what spark  
 Set the contending sons of heav'n on fire :  
 Oft in his deep thought he revolves the dark  
 Sybil's divining leaves : he does inquire  
 Into th' old prophecies, trembling to mark  
 How many present prodigies conspire  
     To crown their past predictions, both he lays  
     Together, in his pond'rous mind both weighs.

Heaven's golden-winged herald late he saw  
 To a poor Galilean Virgin sent :  
 How low the bright youth bow'd, and with what awe  
 Immortal flow'rs to her fair hand present.  
 He saw th' old Hebrew's womb neglect the law  
 Of age and barrenness, and her babe prevent  
     His birth, by his devotion, who began  
     Betimes to be a saint, before a man.

He saw rich nectar thaws release the rigour\*  
 Of th' icy North, from frost-bound Atlas' hands  
 His adamantine fetters fall : green vigour  
 Gladding the Scythian rocks and Lybian sands.  
 He saw a vernal smile sweetly disfigure  
 Winter's sad face, and through the flow'ry lands  
     Of fair Engaddi, honey-sweating fountains,  
     With manna, milk, and balm, new broach the mountains.

\* *He saw rich nectar thaws release the rigour, &c.] For an opposite picture to this, see Shakspeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream*:*

..... hoary-headed frosts  
 Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose ;  
 And on old Hyem's chill and icy crown  
 An od'rous chaplet of sweet summer buds  
 Is as in mockery set.                      Act II. Sc. ii.

He saw how in that bless'd day-bearing night  
 The heaven-rebuked shades made haste away ;  
 How bright a dawn of angels with new light  
 Amaz'd the midnight world, and made a day  
 Of which the morning knew not, mad with spite.  
 He mark'd how the poor shepherds ran to pay  
     Their simple tribute to the Babe, whose birth  
     Was the great business both of heav'n and earth.

He saw a threefold sun, with rich increase,  
 Make proud the ruby portals of the East :  
 He saw the Temple sacred to sweet Peace  
 Adore her Prince's birth, flat on her breast :  
 He saw the falling idols all confess  
 A coming Deity\* : he saw the nest  
     Of pois'nous and unnatural loves, earth-nurst,  
     Touch'd with the world's true antidote, to burst.

He saw heaven blossom with a new-born light,  
 On which, as on a glorious stranger, gaz'd  
 The golden eyes of Night ; whose beam made bright  
 The way to Beth'lem, and as boldly blaz'd

\* *He saw the falling idols all confess*

*A coming Deity.*] See Milton's Hymn on the Nativity, where these particulars are most sublimely enumerated, Stan. ix. &c. Among other portents, that of the Oracles having been all struck dumb is not the most inconsiderable. G. Fletcher, in his *Christ's Victory*, published in 1610, some time before Milton could possibly have composed his Ode, has a similar idea on the same occasion :

The angels caroll'd loud their songs of peace,  
*The cursed Oracles were stricken dumb ;*  
 To see their Shepherd, the poor shepherds press,  
 To see their King, the kingly Sophys come.

Cant. i. stan. 82.

For the fullest information on this subject, see Mr. T. Warton's edition of Milton's Minor Poems, p. 280, to which this passage may be added.

(Nor ask'd leave of the sun) by day as night.  
 By whom (as heaven's illustrious handmaid) rais'd,  
     Three kings, or (what is more) three wise men, went  
     Westward, to find the world's true Orient.

Struck with these great concurrences of things,  
 Symptoms so deadly, unto Death and him :  
 Fain would he have forgot what fatal strings  
 Eternally bind each rebellious limb.  
 He shook himself, and spread his spacious wings\*,  
 Which like two bosom'd sails embrace the dim  
     Air, with a dismal shade, but all in vain,  
     Of sturdy adamant is his strong chain.

While thus heaven's highest councils, by the low  
 Footsteps of their effects, he trac'd too well,  
 He toss'd his troubled eyes, embers that glow  
 Now with new rage, and wax too hot for hell.  
 With his foul claws he fenc'd his furrow'd brow,  
 And gave a ghastly shriek, whose horrid yell  
     Ran trembling through the hollow vaults of Night,  
     The while his twisted tail he gnaw'd for spite.

Yet on the other side fain would he start  
 Above his fears, and think it cannot be.  
 He studies scripture, strives to sound the heart,  
 And feel the pulse of every prophecy.  
 He knows (but knows not how, or by what art)  
 The heav'n-expecting ages hope to see  
     A mighty Babe, whose pure unspotted birth  
     From a chaste virgin womb should bless the earth.

\*. *He shook himself, and spread his spacious wings, &c.*] In the same style Milton talks of *his sail-broad vans*. *Paradise Lost*, II.

But these vast mysteries his senses smother,  
And reason (for what's faith to him?) devour,  
How she that is a maid should prove a mother,  
Yet keep inviolate her virgin flow'r;  
How God's eternal Son should be man's brother,  
Poseth his proudest intellectual pow'r;  
How a pure spirit should incarnate be,  
And life itself wear death's frail livery.

That the great angel-blinding light should shrink  
His blaze, to shine in a poor shepherd's eye;  
That the unmeasur'd God so low should sink,  
As prisoner in a few poor rags to lie;  
That from his mother's breast he milk should drink,  
Who feeds with nectar heaven's fair family;  
That a vile manger his low bed should prove,  
Who in a throne of stars thunders above;

That he whom the sun serves should faintly peep  
Through clouds of infant flesh: that he, the old  
Eternal Word, should be a child, and weep:  
That he who made the fire should fear the cold:  
That heaven's high majesty his court should keep  
In a clay cottage, by each blast control'd:  
That glory's self should serve our griefs and fears;  
And free eternity submit to years:

And further, that the Law's eternal giver  
Should bleed in his own law's obedience;  
And to the circumcising knife deliver  
Himself, the forfeit of his slaves' offence.  
That the unblemish'd Lamb, blessed for ever,  
Should take the mark of sin, and pain of sense:  
These are the knotty riddles, whose dark doubt  
Entangles his lost thoughts, past getting out.

While new thoughts boil'd in his enrag'd breast,  
His gloomy bosom's darkest character  
Was in his shady forehead seen express'd.  
The forehead's shade in grief's expression there,  
Is what in sign of joy among the bless'd,  
The face's lightning or a smile is here.

Those stings of care that his strong heart oppress'd,  
A desperate, 'Oh me,' drew from his deep breast.

'Oh me! (thus bellow'd he) Oh me! what great  
Portents before mine eyes their pow'rs advance?  
And serves my purer sight, only to beat  
Down my proud thought, and leave it in a trance?  
Frown I; and can great nature keep her seat?  
And the gay stars lead on their golden dance?  
Can his attempts above still prosp'rous be,  
Auspicious still, in spite of hell and me?

'He has my heav'n (what would he more?) whose bright  
And radiant sceptre this bold hand should bear,  
And for the never-fading fields of light,  
My fair inheritance, he confines me here  
To this dark house of shades, horror, and night,  
To draw a long-liv'd death, where all my cheer  
Is the solemnity my sorrow wears,  
That mankind's torment waits upon my tears.

'Dark, dusky man, he needs would single forth,  
To make the partner of his own pure ray:  
And should we pow'rs of heav'n, spirits of worth,  
Bow our bright heads before a king of clay?  
It shall not be, said I, and *clomb* the north,  
Where never wing of angel yet made way.

What though I miss'd my blow\*? yet I struck high,  
And to dare something is some victory.

'Is he not satisfied? means he to wrest  
Hell from me too, and sack my territories?  
Vile human nature, means he not t' invest  
(O my despite!) with his divinest glories?  
And rising with rich spoils upon his breast,  
With his fair triumphs fill all future stories?

\* *What though I miss'd my blow, &c.*] Thus, Milton:

..... what though the field be lost?  
All is not lost; th' unconquerable will,  
And study of revenge, immortal hate,  
And courage never to submit or yield. *P. Lost, I.*

Phineas Fletcher thus, in a similar spirit, describes the Dragon:

Yet full of malice and of stubborn pride,  
Though oft had strove, and had been foil'd as oft,  
Boldly his death and certain fate defy'd:  
And mounted on his flaggy sails aloft,  
With boundless spite he long'd to try again  
A second loss, and new death; glad and fain  
To show his pois'nous hate, though ever show'd in vain.

So up he rose upon *his stretched sails*,  
Fearless expecting his approaching death;  
So up he rose, that th' air starts, and fails,  
And overpressed sinks his load beneath:  
So up he rose, as does a thunder-cloud, ~  
Which all the earth with shadows black does shroud:  
So up he rose, and through the weary air row'd.

*Purple Island, Can. xii. st. 58.*

See also a very spirited speech in G. Fletcher's *Christ's Triumph*, Part I. stan. 20.

See Milton, B. I. 225. The original is to be found in Spenser's *F. Queene*, B. I. Cant. xi. stan. 18, where the air is represented as too light to support the weight of the Old Dragon. Sound was never more completely rendered an echo to sense than in the last line of the second stanza which I have quoted from P. Fletcher:

So up he rose, and through the weary air row'd.



Must the bright arms of heav'n rebuke these eyes?  
Mock me, and dazzle my dark mysteries?

' Art thou not Lucifer? he to whom the droves  
Of stars that gild the morn, in charge were given?  
The nimblest of the lightning-winged loves?  
The fairest, and the first-born smile of heav'n?  
Look in what pomp the mistress planet moves  
Rev'rently circled by the lesser seven:  
Such, and so rich, the flames that from thine eyes  
Oppress'd the common people of the skies.

' Ah, wretch! what boots thee to cast back thy eyes,  
Where dawning hope no beam of comfort shows?  
While the reflection of thy forepast joys  
Renders thee double to thy present woes;  
Rather make up to thy new miseries,  
And meet the mischief that upon thee grows.  
If hell must mourn, heav'n sure shall sympathise;  
What force cannot effect, fraud shall devise.

' And yet whose force fear I? have I so lost  
Myself? my strength too with my innocence?  
Come try who dares, heav'n, earth, whate'er dost boast,  
A borrow'd being make thy bold defence:  
Come thy Creator too, what though it cost  
Me yet a second fall? we'd try our strengths:  
Heav'n saw us struggle once, as brave a fight  
Earth now shall see, and tremble at the sight.'

Thus spoke th' impatient prince, and made a pause,  
His foul hags rais'd their heads, and clapp'd their hands;  
And all the powers of hell in full applause  
Flourish'd their snakes, and tost their flaming brands,

‘ We (said the horrid sisters) wait thy laws,  
Th’ obsequious handmaids of thy high commands,  
Be it thy part, hell’s mighty lord, to lay  
On us thy dread commands, ours to obey.

‘ What thy Alecto, what these hands can do,  
Thou mad’st bold proof upon the brow of heav’n,  
Nor shouldst thou bate in pride, because that now  
To these thy sooty kingdoms thou art driven:  
Let heaven’s Lord chide above louder than thou  
In language of his thunder, thou art even  
With him below: here thou art lord alone  
Boundless and absolute: hell is thine own.

‘ If usual wit and strength will do no good,  
Virtues of stones, nor herbs; use stronger charms,  
Anger and love, best hooks of human blood:  
If all fail, we’ll put on our proudest arms,  
And pouring on heaven’s face the sea’s huge flood,  
Quench his curl’d; fires we’ll wake with our alarms  
Ruin, where’er she sleeps at Nature’s feet;  
And crush the world till his wide corners meet.’

Reply’d the proud king, ‘ O my crown’s defence!  
Stay of my strong hopes, you, of whose brave worth  
The frighted stars took faint experience,  
When ’gainst the thunder’s mouth we marched forth;  
Still you are prodigal of your love’s expense  
In our great projects, both ’gainst heaven and earth:  
I thank you all, but one must single out;  
Cruelty, she alone shall cure my doubt.’

Fourth of the cursed knot of Hags is she,  
Or rather all the other three in one;

Hell's shop of slaughter she does oversee,  
And still assist the execution :  
But chiefly there does she delight to be,  
Where hell's capacious cauldron is set on ;  
    And, while the black souls boil in their own gore,  
    To hold them down, and look that none seeth o'er.

Thrice howl'd the caves of Night, and thrice the sound,  
Thund'ring upon the banks of those black lakes,  
Rung through the hollow vaults of hell profound ;  
At last her list'ning ears the noise o'ertakes,  
She lifts her sooty lamps, and, looking round,  
A general hiss from the whole *tire* of snakes  
    Rebounding, through hell's inmost caverns came,  
    In answer to her formidable name.

'Mongst all the palaces in hell's command  
No one so merciless as this of hers ;  
The adamantine doors for ever stand  
Impenetrable, both to pray'rs and tears ;  
The walls inexorable steel, no hand  
Of Time or teeth of hungry Ruin fears.  
    Their ugly ornaments are the bloody stains  
    Of ragged limbs, torn skulls, and dash'd-out brains.

There has the purple Vengeance a proud seat,  
Whose ever-brandish'd sword is sheath'd in blood :  
About her Hate, Wrath, War, and Slaughter sweat,  
Bathing their hot limbs in life's precious flood.  
There rude impetuous Rage does storm and fret :  
And there, as master of this murd'ring brood,  
    Swinging a huge scythe, stands impartial Death,  
    With endless business almost out of breath\*.

\* The image of Death, who is here described as master of this mur-

For hangings and for curtains, all along  
 The walls (abominable ornaments !)  
 Are tools of wrath, anvils of torments hung ;  
 Fell executioners of foul intents,  
 Nails, hammers, hatchets sharp, and halters strong,  
 Swords, spears, with all the fatal instruments  
     Of Sin and Death, twice dipp'd in the dire stains  
     Of brothers' mutual blood, and fathers' brains.

The tables furnish'd with a cursed feast,  
 Which Harpies, with lean Famine, feed upon,  
 Unfill'd for ever ; here among the rest  
 Inhuman Erisichthon too makes one ;  
 Tantalus, Atreus, Progne, here are guests :  
 Wolvish Lycaon here a place hath won.  
     The cup they drink in is Medusa's skull \*,  
     Which mix'd with gall and blood they quaff brimful.

The foul queen's most abhorred maids of honour,  
 Medea, Jezebel, many a meagre witch,  
 With Circe, Scylla, stand to wait upon her ;  
 But her best housewives are the Parcæ, which  
 Still work for her, and have their wages from her ;  
 They prick a bleeding heart at every stitch †.

derous group, being almost out of breath with endless business, can never be sufficiently commended.

\* *The cup they drink in is Medusa's skull.*] This circumstance reminds us of a passage in a Runic Ode, preserved by Olaus Wormius. The old Scandinavian warrior Lodbrog, disdaining life, and thinking on the joys of immortality, which he was soon about to share in the hall of Odin, exclaims in a high spirit of savage sublimity,

Bibemus cerevisiam

*Ex concavis craniorum crateribus.*

† *They prick a bleeding heart at every stitch.*] This line must immediately recal to the minds of the lovers of Gray his Fatal Sisters, an Ode translated from the Norse.

Her cruel clothes of costly threads they weave,  
Which short-cut lives of murder'd infants leave.

The house is hears'd about with a black wood  
Which nods with many a heavy-headed tree\* :  
Each flower's a pregnant poison, try'd and good :  
Each herb a plague : the wind's sighs timed be  
By a black fount, which weeps into a flood.  
Through the thick shades obscurely might you see  
Minotaurs, Cyclopes, with a dark drove  
Of dragons, hydras, sphinxes, fill the grove.

Here Diomed's horses, Phereus' dogs appear,  
With the fierce lions of Therodamas ;  
Busiris has his bloody altar here,  
Here Scylla his severest prison has ;  
The Lestrigonians here their table rear ;  
Here strong Procrustes plants his bed of brass ;  
Here cruel Scyron boasts his bloody rocks,  
And hateful Schinas his so feared oaks.

Whatever schemes of blood, fantastic frames  
Of death, Mezentius or Geryon drew ;  
Phalaris, Ochus, Ezelimus, names  
Mighty in mischief, with dread Nero too,  
Here are they all, here all the swords or flames  
Assyrian tyrants, or Egyptian knew.  
Such was the house, so furnish'd was the hall,  
Whence the fourth Fury answer'd Pluto's call.

\* ..... a black wood,  
Which nods with many a heavy-headed tree.]

And low-brow'd rocks hang nodding o'er the deeps.

Pope's *Eloisa*.

Searce to this monster could the shady king  
 The horrid sum of his intentions tell ;  
 But she (swift as the momentary wing  
 Of lightning, or the words he spoke) left hell :  
 She rose, and with her to our world did bring  
 Pale proof of her fell presence. Th' air too well  
     With a chang'd countenance witness'd the sight,  
     And poor fowls intercepted in their flight.

Heav'n saw her rise, and saw hell in the sight.  
 The fields' fair eyes saw her, and saw no more,  
 But shut their flow'ry lids, for ever night  
 And winter strew her way ; yea, such a sore  
 Is she to nature, that a general fright,  
 An universal palsy spreading o'er  
     The face of things, from her dire eyes had run,  
     Had not her thick snakes hid them from the sun.

Now had the Night's companion from her den,  
 Where all the busy day she close doth lie,  
 With her soft wing wip'd from the brows of men  
 Day's sweat, and by a gentle tyranny,  
 And sweet oppression, kindly cheating them  
 Of all their cares, tam'd the rebellious eye  
     Of Sorrow\*, with a soft and downy hand,  
     Sealing all breasts in a Lethæan band.

When the Erynnis her black pinions spread,  
 And came to Bethlem, where the cruel king  
 Had now retir'd himself, and borrowed  
 His breast awhile from Care's unquiet sting.

\* ..... *tam'd the rebellious eye*

*Of Sorrow.*] An expression of infinite beauty and force. It is used by some one of our latter poets ; but I am now unable to turn to the passage.

Such as at Thebes' dire feast she show'd her head,  
 Her sulphur-breathed torches brandishing,  
     Such to the frighted palace now she comes,  
     And with soft feet searches the silent rooms.

By Herod ..... now was borne  
 The sceptre, which of old great David sway'd,  
 Whose right by David's lineage so long worn,  
 Himself a stranger to, his own had made:  
 And from the head of Judah's house quite torn  
 The crown, for which upon their necks he laid  
     A sad yoke, under which they sigh'd in vain,  
     And, looking on their lost state, sigh'd again.

Up through the spacious palace passed she,  
 To where the King's proudly-reposed head  
 (If any can be soft to Tyranny  
 And self-tormenting Sin) had a soft bed.  
 She thinks not fit such he her face should see,  
 As it is seen by Hell, and seen with dread\*:  
     To change her face's style she doth devise,  
     And in a pale ghost's shape to spare his eyes.

Herself awhile she lays aside, and makes  
 Ready to personate a mortal part;  
 Joseph the King's dead brother's shape she takes;  
 What he by nature was, is she by art.  
 She comes to th' King, and with her cold hand slakes  
 His spirits, the sparks of life, and chills his heart,

\* *She thinks not fit such he her face should see,  
 As it is seen by Hell, and seen with dread.*] The reverse of this,  
 that is, in a good sense, is Virgil's:

..... qualisque videri  
 Cœlicolis et quanta solet.      *Æn.* II.

Life's forge ; feign'd is her voice, and false too be  
Her words, ' Sleep'st thou, fond man ? sleep'st thou ?'  
said she.

' So sleeps a pilot whose poor bark is prest  
With many a merciless o'er-mast'ring wave ;  
For whom (as dead) the wrathful winds contest  
Which of them deep'st shall dig her watry grave.  
Why dost thou let thy brave soul lie supprest  
In death-like slumbers, while thy dangers crave  
A waking eye and hand ? look up and see  
The Fates ripe in their great conspiracy.

' Know'st thou not how of th' Hebrew's royal stem  
(That old dry stock) a despair'd branch is sprung  
A most strange Babe ! who here conceal'd by them  
In a neglected stable lies, among  
Beasts and base straw : already is the stream  
Quite turn'd : the' ungrateful rebels this their young  
Master (with voice free as the trump of Fame)  
Their new King, and thy successor, proclaim.

' What busy motions, what wild engines, stand  
On tiptoe in their giddy brains ? they've fire  
Already in their bosoms ; and their hand  
Already reaches at a sword : they hire  
Poisons to speed thee ; yet through all the land  
What one comes to reveal what they conspire ?  
Go now, make much of these ; wage still their wars,  
And bring home on thy breast more thankless scars.

' Why did I spend my life, and spill my blood,  
That thy firm hand for ever might sustain  
A well-pois'd sceptre ? does it now seem good  
Thy brother's blood be spilt, life spent in vain ;



'Gainst thy own sons and brothers thou hast stood  
In arms, when lesser cause was to complain :  
And now cross Fates a watch about thee keep,  
Canst thou be careless now, now canst thou sleep ?

' Where art thou, man ? what cowardly mistake  
Of thy great self, hath stol'n King Herod from thee ?  
O call thyself home to thyself, wake, wake,  
And fence the hanging sword heav'n throws upon thee :  
Redeem a worthy wrath, rouse thee, and shake  
Thyself into a shape that may become thee :  
Be Herod, and thou shalt not miss from me  
Immortal stings to thy great thoughts and thee.'

So said, her richest snake, which to her wrist  
For a beseeeming bracelet she had ty'd,  
(A special worm it was, as ever kiss'd  
The foamy lips of Cerberus) she apply'd  
To the King's heart ; the snake no sooner hiss'd  
But Virtue heard it, and away she hied,  
Dire flames diffuse themselves through ev'ry vein,  
This done, home to her hell she hied again.

He wakes, and with him (ne'er to sleep) new fears :  
His sweat-bedewed bed had now betray'd him  
To a vast field of thorns, ten thousand spears  
All pointed in his heart seem'd to invade him :  
So mighty were th' amazing characters  
With which his feeling dream had thus dismay'd him.  
He his own fancy-framed foes defies ;  
In rage, ' My arms ! give me my arms ! ' he cries.

As when a pile of food-preparing fire  
The breath of artificial lungs embraces,

The cauldron-prison'd waters straight conspire,  
And beat the hot brass with rebellious waves ;  
He murmurs and rebukes their bold desire ;  
Th' impatient liquor frets, and foams, and raves ;  
Till his o'erflowing pride suppress the flame  
Whence all his high spirits and hot courage came.

So boils the fired Herod's blood-swol'n breast,  
Not to be slak'd but by a sea of blood,  
His faithless crown he feels loose on his crest,  
Which on false tyrant's head ne'er firmly stood.  
The worm of jealous Envy and unrest,  
To which his gnaw'd heart is the growing food,  
Makes him impatient of the ling'ring light,  
Hate the sweet peace of all-composing Night.

A thousand prophecies, that talk strange things,  
Had sown of old these doubts in his deep breast ;  
And now of late came tributary kings,  
Bringing him nothing but new fears from th' East,  
More deep suspicions, and more deadly stings,  
With which his fev'rous cares their cold increas'd,  
And now his dream (hell's firebrand) still more bright,  
Show'd him his fears, and kill'd him with the sight.

No sooner, therefore, shall the morning see  
(Night hangs yet heavy on the lids of day)  
But all his counsellors must summon'd be,  
To meet their troubled lord ; without delay  
Heralds and messengers immediately  
Are sent about, who posting every way  
To th' heads and officers of every band,  
Declare who sends, and what is his command.

Why art thou troubled, Herod ? what vain fear  
Thy blood-revolving breast to rage doth move ?  
Heaven's King, who doffs himself weak flesh to wear,  
Comes not to rule in wrath, but serve in love ;  
Nor would he this thy fear'd crown from thee tear,  
But give thee a better with himself above.

Poor Jealousy ! why should he wish to prey  
Upon thy crown, who gives his own away.

Make to thy reason, man ; and mock thy doubts ;  
Look how below thy fears their causes are ;  
Thou art a soldier, Herod ; send thy scouts,  
See how he's furnish'd for so fear'd a war.  
What armour does he wear ? a few thin clouts ;  
His trumpets ? tender cries ; his men, to dare  
So much ? rude shepherds ; what his steeds ? alas,  
Poor beasts ! a slow ox, and a simple ass.

Translated from Marino, by R. Crashaw,  
Edit. 1670.

# PATHETIC PIECES.

THE

DEATH OF ROSAMOND.

FAIR Rosamond within her bower of late  
 (While these sad storms had shaken Henry's state,  
 And he from England last had absent been)  
 Retir'd herself; nor had that star been seen  
 To shine abroad, or with her lustre grace  
 The woods or walks adjoining to the place.

About those places, while the times were free,  
 Oft with a train of her attendants she  
 For pleasure walk'd; and, like the huntress queen,  
 With her light nymphs, was by the people seen.  
 Thither the country lads and swains, that near  
 To Woodstock dwelt, would come to gaze on her.  
 Their jolly May-games there would they present,  
 Their harmless sports and rustic merriment,  
 To give this beauteous paragon delight.  
 Nor that officious service would she slight;  
 But their rude pastimes gently entertain.  
 When oft some forward and ambitious swain,  
 That durst presume (unhappy lad!) to look  
 Too near that sparkling beauty, planet-struck

Return'd from thence, and his hard hap did wail.  
 What now, alas! can wake or fair avail  
 His love-sick-mind? no Whitsun-ale can please,  
 No jingling Morris-dances give him ease;  
 The pipe and tabor have no sound at all,  
 Nor to the may-pole can his measures call;  
 Although invited by the merriest lasses,  
 How little for those former joys he passes?  
 But sits at home with folded arms\*; or goes  
 To carve on beeches barks his piercing woes,  
 And too ambitious love. Cupid, they say,  
 Had stol'n from Venus then: and, lurking, lay  
 About the fields and villages, that nigh  
 To Woodstock were, as once in Arcady  
 He did before, and taught the rural swains  
 Love's oratory, and persuasive strains.  
 But now fair Rosamond had from the sight  
 Of all withdrawn; as in a cloud, her light  
 Enveloped lay, and she immured close  
 Within her bower, since these sad stirs arose,  
 For fear of cruel foes; relying on  
 The strength and safeguard of the place alone:  
 If any place of strength enough could be  
 Against a queen's enraged jealousy.

Now came that fatal day, ordain'd to see  
 Th' eclipse of beauty, and for ever be

\* *But sits at home with folded arms.*] Shakspeare, who above all others has the power of giving to common circumstances an air the most uncommon, has a pretty image of this kind. Ariel is describing to Prospero in what manner he had executed his orders; amongst other things he adds,

The King's son have I landed by himself,  
 Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs  
 In an odd angle of the isle, and sitting  
*His arms in this sad knot.*

*Tempest.*

Accurs'd by woeful lovers, all alone  
 Into her chamber Rosamond was gone;  
 Where (as if Fates into her soul had sent  
 A secret notice of their dire intent)  
 Afflicting thoughts possess'd her as she sate.  
 She sadly weigh'd her own unhappy state,  
 Her feared dangers, and how far, alas!  
 From her relief engaged Henry was.  
 But most of all, while pearly drops *distain'd*  
 Her rosy cheeks, she secretly complain'd,  
 And wail'd her honour's loss, wishing in vain  
 She could recal her virgin state again \*;  
 When that unblemish'd form †, so much admir'd,  
 Was by a thousand noble youths desir'd,  
 And might have mov'd a monarch's lawful flame.  
 Sometimes she thought how some more happy dame  
 By such a beauty, as was hers, had won,  
 From meanest birth, the honour of a throne;  
 And what to some could highest glories gain,  
 To her had purchas'd nothing but a stain.  
 There, when she found her crime, she check'd again  
 That high-aspiring thought, and 'gan complain  
 How much, alas! the too too dazzling light  
 Of royal lustre had misled her sight;

\* ..... *wishing in vain*

*She could recal her virgin state again.]* Thus Rowe, in his *Jane Shore*:

In vain, with tears, her loss she may deplore;

In vain look back to what she was before.

† *When that unblemish'd form.]* Thus Milton, in his *Comus*:

And thou *unblemish'd form* of Chastity. 1. 215.

He had originally written,

And thou *unspotted form* of Chastity.

How far this expression of May might influence him in the alteration it is impossible to determine.

O! then she wish'd her beauties ne'er had been  
 Renown'd \*; that she had ne'er at court been seen:  
 Nor too much pleas'd enamour'd Henry's eye.  
 While thus she sadly mus'd, a ruthless cry  
 Had pierc'd her tender ear, and in the sound  
 Was nam'd (she thought) unhappy Rosamond.  
 (The cry was utter'd by her grieved maid,  
 From whom that clew was taken, that betray'd  
 Her lady's life), and while she doubting fear'd,  
 Too soon the fatal certainty appear'd;  
 For with her train the wrathful queen was there;  
 Oh! who can tell what cold and killing fear  
 Through every part of Rosamond was struck?  
 The rosy tincture her sweet cheeks forsook †,  
 And, like an ivory statue did she show  
 Of life and motion reft, had she been so  
 Transform'd in deed, how kind the Fates had been,  
 How pitiful to her! nay, to the queen!  
 Even she herself did seem to entertain  
 Some *ruth*; but straight revenge return'd again,  
 And fill'd her furious breast. 'Strumpet (quoth she),  
 I need not speak at all; my sight may be  
 Enough expression of my wrongs, and what  
 The consequence must prove of such a hate.

\* *O! then she wish'd her beauties ne'er had been  
 Renown'd.*] I cannot resist the opportunity of quoting a few  
 fine lines from Daniel on this occasion, and on this very subject:

Did nature (for this good) ingeniate,  
 To show in thee the glory of her best;  
*Framing thine eye the star of thy ill fate,*  
 Making thy face the foe to spoil the rest?  
 O Beauty, thou an enemy profest  
 To Chastity, and us, that love thee most,  
 Without thee how w' are loath'd, and with thee lost?

*Complaint of Rosamond.*

† *The rosy tincture her sweet cheeks forsook.*] Thus Milton:  
 What need a *vermeil-tinctur'd* lip for that. *Comus.*

Here, take this poison'd cup (for in her hand  
A poison'd cup she had), and do not stand  
To parley now: but drink it presently,  
Or else by tortures be resolv'd to die.  
Thy doom is set.' Pale trembling Rosamond  
Receives the cup, and kneeling on the ground,  
When dull amazement somewhat had forsook  
Her breast, thus humbly to the queen she spoke:  
' I dare not hope you should so far relent,  
Great queen, as to forgive the punishment  
That to my foul offence is justly due.  
Nor will I vainly plead excuse, to show  
By what strong arts I was at first betray'd,  
Or tell how many subtle snares were laid  
To catch mine honour. These, though ne'er so true,  
Can bring no recompence at all to you,  
Nor just excuse to my abhorred crime.  
Instead of sudden death, I crave but time,  
Which shall be styled no time of life but death,  
In which I may with my condemned breath,  
While grief and penance make me hourly die,  
Pour out my prayers for your prosperity:  
Or take revenge on this offending face,  
That did procure you wrong, and my disgrace.  
Make poisonous leprosiës o'erspread my skin;  
And punish that, that made your Henry sin.  
Better content will such a vengeance give  
To you, that he should loath me whilst I live,  
Than that he should extend (if thus I die)  
His lasting pity to my memory,  
And you be forc'd to see, when I am dead,  
Those tears, perchance, which he for me will shed:  
For though my worthless self deserve from him  
No tears in death; yet when he weighs my crime,



Of which he knows how great a part was his,  
And what I suffer as a sacrifice  
For that offence, 'twill grieve his soul to be  
The cause of such a double tragedy.'

'No more (reply'd the furious queen); have done;  
Delay no longer, lest thy choice be gone,  
And that a sterner death for thee remain.'  
No more did Rosamond entreat in vain;  
But, forc'd to hard necessity to yield,  
Drank of the fatal potion that she held.  
And with it enter'd the grim tyrant Death:  
Yet gave such respite, that her dying breath  
Might beg forgiveness from the heavenly throne,  
And pardon those that her destruction  
Had doubly wrought. 'Forgive, oh Lord, (said she,)  
Him that dishonour'd, her that murder'd me.  
Yet let me speak, for truth's sake, angry queen:  
If you had spar'd my life, I might have been  
In time to come th' example of your glory;  
Not of your shame, as now; for when the story  
Of hapless Rosamond is read, the best  
And holiest people, as they will detest  
My crime, and call it foul, they will abhor,  
And call unjust the rage of Eleanor.  
And in this act of yours it will be thought  
King Henry's sorrow, not his love, you sought.'  
And now so far the venom's force assail'd  
Her vital parts, that life with language fail'd.  
That well-built palace where the Graces made  
Their chief abode, where thousand Cupids play'd  
And couch'd their shafts, whose structure did delight  
Ev'n nature's self, is now demolish'd quite,  
Ne'er to be rais'd again; th' untimely stroke  
Of death that precious cabinet has broke,

That Henry's pleased heart so long had held.  
 With sudden mourning now the house is fill'd ;  
 Nor can the queen's attendants, though they fear  
 Her wrath, from weeping at that sight forbear.  
 By rough north blasts so blooming roses fade ;  
 So crushed falls the lily's tender blade.  
 Her hearse at Godstow Abbey they inter,  
 Where sad and lasting monuments of her  
 For many years did to the world remain.  
 Nought did the queen by this dire slaughter gain,  
 But more her lord's displeasure aggravate ;  
 And now when he return'd in prosperous state,  
 This act was cause, together with that crime  
 Of raising his unnatural sons 'gainst him,  
 That she so long in prison was detain'd,  
 And whilst he lived, her freedom never gain'd\*.

*Reigne of Henry II.* by T. May, B. V.

\* The tale of Fair Rosamond is altogether most happily adapted to the purposes of poetry, nor has it escaped the notice of our older poets ; for, (exclusive of May), Warner, Drayton, and Daniel, have each tried their respective powers upon it. P. Fletcher, in his *Purple Island*, alludes to one of them, though it is uncertain which, *Cant. v. st. 45.* Both Drayton and Daniel mention the circumstance of King Henry's having presented Rosamond, the night before her ruin, with a casket wrought with the story of Neptune and Aymone : this little incident is most probably from history. The necessary curious information for illustrating the whole story may be found in Dr. Percy's *Reliques*, Vol. II. p. 141, who has entirely anticipated me on the subject.

It may be necessary to apprise some readers, that the word *bower* was formerly used with considerably greater latitude than at present ; and when applied to the residence of Rosamond, as it frequently is, means simply, retreat, private abode ; it annexes with it an idea of retirement, but no further. Thus Spenser, in his Sonnet 70, invokes the Spring :

Go to my love, where she is careless laid,  
 Yet in her Winter's *bower* not well awake.

The term occurs in almost every page of our old poets, with the same general signification. The word *cabin* is used in a similar manner.

## CLEOPATRA WITH THE ASPS BEFORE HER,

DEBATING ON HER OWN DESTRUCTION.

‘AND here I sacrifice these arms to Death,  
That lust late dedicated to delights :  
Off’ring up for my last, this last of breath,  
The compliments of my love’s dearest rites.’

With that she bares her arm, and offer makes  
To touch her death, yet at the touch withdraws ;  
And seeming more to speak, occasion takes,  
Willing to die, and willing too to pause.

Look, how a mother at her son’s departing\*  
For some far voyage, bent to get him fame,  
Doth entertain him with an idle parling,  
And still doth speak, and still speaks but the same :

Now bids farewell, and now recalls him back ;  
Tells what was told, and bids again farewell,  
And yet again recalls ; for still doth lack  
Something that love would fain, and cannot tell.

Pleas’d he should go, yet cannot let him go :  
So she, although she knew there was no way  
But this, yet this she could not handle so,  
But she must show that life desir’d delay.

\* *Look how a mother, &c.*] See Browne’s *Brit. Past. B. II.*  
*Song 4*, first lines.

Fain would she entertain the time as now,  
And now would fain that Death would seize upon her,  
Whilst I might see presented in her brow  
The doubtful combat try'd 'twixt Life and Honour.

Life bringing legions of fresh hopes with her,  
Arm'd with the proof of Time, which yields, we say,  
Comfort and help to such as do refer  
All unto him, and can admit delay.

But Honour scorning Life, lo forth leads he  
Bright Immortality in shining armour :  
Thorough the rays of whose clear glory, she  
Might see Life's baseness, how much it might harm her.

Besides, she saw whole armies of Reproaches,  
And base Disgraces, Furies fearful sad,  
Marching with Life, and Shame that still encroaches  
Upon her face, in bloody colours clad.

Which representments seeing, worse than Death  
She deem'd to yield to Life, and therefore chose  
To render all to Honour, heart and breath ;  
And that with speed, lest that her inward foes,

False Flesh and Blood, joining with Life and Hope,  
Should mutiny against her resolution,  
And to the end she would not give them scope :  
She presently proceeds to th' execution ;

And sharply blaming of her rebel powers,  
' False Flesh,' saith she, ' and what dost thou conspire  
With Cæsar too, as thou wert none of ours,  
To work my shame, and hinder my desire ?

Wilt thou retain in closure of thy veins  
 That enemy, base Life, or let my good ?  
 No ; know there is a greater power constrains,  
 Than can be countercheck'd with fearful blood.

For to the mind that's great, nothing seems great :  
 And seeing Death to be the last of woes,  
 And Life lasting disgrace, which I shall get,  
 What do I lose, that have but life to lose ?

*Tragedy of Cleopatra*, by S. Daniel, Act V. Sc. i.  
 Poetical Works, 1718, 12mo.

### A LADY,

BEING WRONGED BY FALSE SUSPECT, AND ALSO  
 WOUNDED BY THE DURANCE OF HER HUSBAND,  
 DOTH THUS BEWRAY HER GRIEF.

GIVE me my lute in bed now as I lie,  
 And lock the doors of mine unlucky bower :  
 So shall my voice in mournful verse descry  
 The secret smart which causeth me to lower :  
 Resound you, walls, an echo to my moan ;  
 And thou, cold bed, wherein I lie alone,  
 Bear witness yet what rest thy lady takes,  
 When others sleep which may enjoy their *makes* \*.

\* *When others sleep which may enjoy their makes.*] A common

In prime of youth, when Cupid kindled fire,  
 And warm'd my will with flames of fervent love,  
 To further forth the fruit of my desire,  
 My friends devis'd this mean for my *behove*.  
 They made a match according to my mind,  
 And cast a snare my fancy for to blind :  
 Short tale to make, the deed was almost done  
 Before I knew which way the work begun.

And with this lot I did myself content,  
 I lent a liking to my parents' choice ;  
 With hand and heart I gave my free consent,  
 And hung in hope for ever to rejoice.  
 I liv'd and lov'd long time in greater joy  
 Than she which held King Priam's son of Troy :  
 But three lewd lots have chang'd my heaven to hell,  
 And those be these, give ear and mark them well.

First Slander, he which always beareth hate  
 To happy hearts in heavenly state that bide :  
 'Gan play his part to stir up some debate,  
 Whereby suspect into my choice might glide.  
 And by his means the slime of false Suspect  
 Did (as I fear) my dearest friend infect.  
 Thus by these twain long was I plung'd in pain,  
 Yet in good hope my heart did still remain.

But now, ah me ! the greatest grief of all,  
 Sound loud my lute, and tell it out my tongue,  
 The hardest hap that ever might befall ;  
 The only cause wherefore this song is sung,

expression for *mates*. Thus Spenser, in his fine Sonnet to the Spring :

Where every one that misseth then her *make*. Son. 70.

Is this, alas ! my love, my lord, my roy,  
 My chosen pheare\*, my gem, and all my joy †,  
 Is kept perforce out of my daily sight,  
 Whereby I lack the stay of my delight.

In lofty walls, in strong and stately towers,  
 With troubled mind in solitary sort,  
 My lovely Lord doth spend his days and hours,  
 A weary life devoid of all disport.  
 And I poor soul must lie here all alone,  
 To tire my truth, and wound my will with moau ;  
 Such is my hap to shake my blooming time  
 With winter's blasts before it pass the prime.

Now have you heard the sum of all my grief,  
 Whereof to tell my heart (oh !) rents in twain,  
 Good ladies yet lend you me some relief,  
 And bear a part to ease me of my pain.  
 My sores are such, that weighing well my truth,  
 They might provoke the craggy rocks to *ruth*,  
 And move these walls with tears for to lament,  
 The loathsome life wherein my youth was spent.

But thou, my Lute, be still, now take thy rest,  
 Repose thy bones upon this bed of down,  
 Thou hast discharg'd some burthen from my breast,  
 Wherefore take thou my place, here lie thee down ;

\* *My chosen pheare.*] Sometimes spelt *fere*, and is used indifferently for husband, lover, or companion.

† . . . . *my gem, and all my joy.*] An expression of endearment of great beauty. Thus, Antony says, in Shakspeare :

Have I my pillow left unpress'd in Rome,  
 Forborne the getting of a lawful race,  
 And by a *gem* of women.                      Sc. xi.

And let me walk to tire my restless mind,  
 Until I may entreat some courteous wind  
 To blow these words unto my noble make,  
 That he may see ! sorrow for his sake.

G. Gascoigne's *Poems*, p. 141,  
 1587, 4to.

## DORACLES AND DAPHLES.

### A TALE.

**K**ING Aganippus, ere his death, had with his lords decreed  
 His only daughter Daphles should in empire him succeed.  
 A fairer lady liv'd not then, and now her like doth lack,  
 And nature, think I, never will a second she compact.  
 The king intombed, Daphles of his sceptre was possest :  
 And one there was, a nobleman, that could it not digest ;  
 Who (for he was of fame and force) did bid her battle, and  
 In doubtful end of victory their civil quarrels stand.  
 At length the Argive maiden queen she Doracles subdued :  
 But (Cacus) of this stratagem a tragedy ensued.  
 Now loves, not launces, came in *ure* ; the man that lost the day,  
 And lies in chains, left her in cares, her conquest was his prey.  
 Full often did she blame herself for loving him her foe,  
 But oftner thought she it more blame not to have erred so.  
 Thus whom in camp she loathed late, in chains she loved now,  
 And thought him sure, because so sure. To princes prisoners  
     bow,  
 Thinks she : and watching fitting time, unto the prison went,  
 Where at the door of such his lodge a many tears she spent.



But, ent'ring, when her eyes beheld the image of her heart,  
To her still peerless, though his bands had alter'd him in part,  
She casting down her bashful eyes stood senseless then a  
space \*.

Yet what her tongueless love adjourn'd was extant in her face :

And now the gaoler left to her the prisoner and the place.

‘Then, cheering careful Doracles, let it suffice (quoth she)

That I repent me of thy bands, and frankly set thee free:

And let that grace, grace out the rest (for more remains be-  
hind

Than, being said, may decent seem to such as faults will find):

Myself, my land, my love, my life, and all what so is mine,

Possess: yet love, and save my life, that now have saved  
thine.'

Then swoons she at his sullen feet, that yet abode in thrall :

Which to avoid, he faintly rubs his liver on his gall:

And with his hand, not with his heart, did rear her sinking  
down,

And, feigning to approve her choice, had promise of the crown.

But neither crown, nor country's care, nor she (worth all the rest)

Nor grace, nor duty, reconcile whom envy had possess'd.

No sooner was he got at large, and wealth supply'd his lack,

But he to seek her overthrow to foreign aids did pack.

Demand not how the wronged queen digested such her wrong ;

But ask if she, the tidings told, to hear them liv'd so long.

She liv'd indeed, yet swooned oft, and, swooning overpast,

From her mistempered head she tears her lovely tresses fast.

\* *She casting down her bashful eyes, &c.*] These two lines contain the very soul of simplicity: they are in the writer's best manner, and may safely vie with any modern lines on a similar subject.

And beateth on her ivory breasts, and casts her on the ground,  
And wrings her hands, and shrieketh out, and flingeth up  
and down.

Her ladies pitying her distress had got their queen to rest :  
From whenceforth outward signs and sighs her inward grief  
express'd :

Her sparing diet, seldom sleep, her silence, and what not,  
Had fram'd her now right lover-like, when thus to him she  
wrote.

‘ What fault of mine hath caus'd thy flight doth rest in clouds  
to me,

But faultless have I heard of none, and faulty may I be.

Yet not my sceptre, but myself, have kingly suitors sought :  
Did all amiss, save thou alone, that settest both at nought? }  
At nought, said I? yea well I said, because so easily caught. }  
One crime but cite, and I for it will shed a million tears :

And to be penitent of faults with it a pardon bears,

Ah, Doracles, if our extremes, thy malice and my love,

The former's ever ill shall not the latter's good remove !

I hear thou dost frequent the wars, and war thou wilt with  
me, }

Forgetful that my Argive men impatient warriors be : }

Sweet, hazard not the same to sword, that love doth war-  
rant thee }

Each spear that shall but cross thy helm hath force to *cræse*  
my heart:

But if thou bleed, of that thy blood my fainting soul hath  
part.

With thee I live, with thee I die, with thee I lose or gain,

Live safe therefore, for in thy life consist the lives of twain \*.

\* *Live safe therefore, for in thy life consist the lives of twain.*] Similarity of situation must unavoidably produce similarity of sentiment, and consequently of expression. Perhaps few readers will peruse this line without immediately calling to mind the conclusion of a song considerably too popular to be here introduced.

Most wisely valiant are those men that back their armed  
steeds

In beaten paths, o'er boarded tilts, to break their staff-like  
reeds :

Where not the dint of wounding lance, but some device of  
love,

Sans danger, hath sufficient weight their manhoods to approve,  
Where brave aspects of lovely dames tantara to the fight\*,  
Whose forms perhaps are wedg'd in hearts, when favours wag  
in sight,

Whereas the victor's prize is praise, and trumpets sound each  
blow,

Where all is well, that seems but well, in courage or in show,  
Where ladies doff their champions helms, and kiss where  
beavers hid,

And parley under canopies how well or ill they did:

Retire therefore, sweet-heart, retire: or, if thou wilt be arm'd,  
Then fight as these, where all things make that all escape  
unharm'd.

Such manhood is a merriment: things present are regarded:  
Not perilous wounds in war, but here wars peril is rewarded.  
In few, the wars are full of woes, but here even words of war  
Have braver grace than works themselves, for courts from  
camps be far.

Than are the valiant, who more vain? than cowards who  
more wise:

Not men that travel Pegasus, but fortune's fools, do rise.

Methinks I see how churlish looks estrange thy cheerful face,  
Methinks thy gestures, talk, and gait, have chang'd their  
wonted grace:

\* Warner has here taken an opportunity of ridiculing the taste for  
Tilts and Tournaments, then so much in fashion:

.....tantara to the fight.

Thus, Sylvester, in his translation of Du Bartas:

A heavenly trump, a shrill tantara blows.

Methinks thy sometimes nimble limbs with armour now are  
lame :

Methinks I see how scars deform where swords before did  
maim ;

I see thee faint with summer's heat, and droop with winter's  
cold :

I see thee not the same thou art, for young thou seemest  
old :

I see not, but my soul doth fear, in fight thou art too bold. }

I sorrow lastly, to have seen whom now I wish to see,

Because I see love's oratress pleads tediously to thee.

If words, nor weepings, love, nor lines, if ease, nor toils in  
fight,

May wean thee from a pleasing ill, yet come thou to my sight :

Perchance my presence may dissuade or partnership delight.

But woe am I, dead paper pleads, a senseless thing of woe :

It cannot weep nor wring the hands, but say that she did so ;

And sayeth so uncredited, or if, then thought of course :

Thus, thus, because not passionate, to paper fails remorse.

O that my griefs, my sighs and tears, might muster to thy  
view,

The woes, not words ; then pain, not pen, should vouch my  
writing true.

Yet fare thou well, whose fare-well brings such fare-ill unto  
me ;

Thy fare-well lacks a welcome home, and welcome shalt thou  
be.'

These lines, subscribed with her name, when Doracles did  
view,

He was so far from liking them, that loathing did ensue.

And, lest that hope should ease her heart, or he not seem  
unkind,

In written tables he to her returned thus his mind.

‘ The best of bees do bear, beside sweet honey, smarting  
stings,

And beauty doth not want a bait that to repentance brings.  
Content thee, Daphles, moles take *mads*, but men know  
moles to catch,

And ever wakes the Daulian bird \* to ward the sloe-worm’s  
watch.

I have perus’d, I wot not what, a scroll, forsooth, of love,  
As if to Dirus in his tent should Cupid cast his glove.

A challenge proper to such sots as you would fashion me,  
But I disdain to talk of love, much more in love to be.

Nor think a queen, in case of love, should tie me to consent,  
But hold the contrary more true, and it no consequent :

For persons must in passions jump, else love it proveth lame ;  
Nor think I of a woman’s grant, but as a woer’s game.

Your sex withstands not place and speech ; for be she base  
or high,

A woman’s eye doth guide her wit, and not her wit her eye.  
Then senseless is he, having speech, that bids not for the best ;  
Ev’n carters malkins will disdain when gentry will digest.

The better match the braver mart, and willinger is sought :  
And willing suit hath best event ; so Vulcan Venus caught.

I argue not of her estate, but set my rest on this ;  
That opportunity can win the coyest she that is.

Then he that rubs her gamesome vein, and temper toys with  
art,

Brings love that swimmeth at her eyes to dive into her heart.  
But since the best, at best, is bad, a shrew or else a sheep,  
Just none at all are best of all, and I from all will keep.

\* .... Daulian bird.] So Ovid :

Sola virum non ulta piè mœstissima mater  
Concinit Ismarium *Daulius ales* Ityn.  
*Ales* Ityn, Sappho desertos cantat amores  
Hactenus, ut media cœtera nocte silent.

*Saph. Ph. 153.*

Admit I come, and come I then because I come to thee?

No, when I come, my coming is contrary sights to see.

My leisure serves me not to love till fish as falcons fly,  
Till sea shall flame, till sun shall freeze, till mortal men  
not die,

And rivers, climbing up their banks, shall leave their chan-  
nels dry.

When these shall be, and I not be, then may I chance to love,

And then the strangest change will be that I a lover prove.

Let beavers hide, not busses hurt, my lips, for lips unfit:

Let scarred limbs, not careful loves, to honour honour get.

I scorn a face effeminate, but hate his bastard mind

That, born a man, preposterously by art doth alter kind:

With fingers lady-like, with locks, with looks, and gauds in  
print,

With fashion's barbing formless beards, and robes that brook  
no lint,

With spear in wrest, like painted Mars, from thought of  
battle free,

With gait, and grace, and every gaud, so womanly to see,  
As not in nature, but in name, their manhood seems to be.

Yea sooner than that maiden hairs bud on his boyish chin,  
The fury of the fiery God doth in the fool begin.

And yet to win, whom would be won, these vow with lesser  
speed,

Than might be won a town of war, the crop not worth the  
seed.

But let them travel till they tire, and then be rid for jades,

If gamesters fair, if soldiers mild, or lovers true of maids?

Who love in sport, or leave in spight, or if they stoop to lure,  
Their kindness must have kindly use; faults only make them  
sure.

Did fancy? no, did fury? yea, hang up the Thracian maid,

The wonders seven should then be eight, could love thee so  
persuade.

But love or hate, fare ill or well, I force not of thy fare;  
My welcome, which thou dost pretend, shall prove a thank-  
less care.'

When Daphles heard him so unkind, she held herself ac-  
curs'd;

And little lacked of so well but that her heart did burst;  
And where she read the churlish scroll, she fell into a swoon;  
But, brought again, upon a bed herself she casteth down,  
Not rising more: and so her love and life together end:  
Or (if I so may guess) in death her soul did live his friend.

The queen interr'd, and obit kept (as she in charge did give),  
A knight was shipp'd to Calidon, where Doracles did live,  
To offer him, as her bequest, the Argive throne and crown.  
Not that we force or fear (quoth he) thy favour or thy frown  
We move this peace, or make thee prince; but Daphles  
swore us so,

Who, loving more than thou could'st hate, nor liv'd nor died  
thy foe.

And is she dead (quoth Doracles) that lived to my wrong?  
I gladly do accept the news, expected for of long.

The lord and legate were embark'd, and ship ran under  
sail,

Until the Argive strand the mariners did hail.

To Daphles, by adoption, there enthronized a king,  
He divers years good fortune had successive in each thing,  
All friends, no foes, all wealth, no want, still peace and never  
strife,

And what might seem an earthly heaven to Doracles was rife.  
A subject, but a nobleman, did richly feast the king,  
And after meat presented him with many a sight and thing.  
There was a chamber, in the which, portrayed to the quick,  
The picture of Queen Daphles was; and deeply did it prick  
The king his conscience, and he thought her like did not re-  
main:

So whom her person could not pierce, her picture now did pain.

A kissing Cupid, breathing love into her breast, did hide  
 Her wand'ring eyes, whilst to her heart his hand a death  
                   did guide; }

*Non mærens morior*, for the mott, enchased was beside. }

Her courtesy and his contempt he calleth then to mind,  
 And of her beauty in himself he did a chaos find.

Recalling eke his late degree, and reck'ning his desert,  
 He could not think (or faintly thought), his love to stern  
                   her heart; }

And to the maker of the feast, did such his thoughts im-  
                   part. }

' And doubts your grace (the feaster said) if Daphles lov'd  
                   or no?

I wish (I hope I wish no harm) she had not loved so,  
 Or you more liked than you did, then she had lived yet:  
 To what her latest speech did tend I never shall forget.  
 Myself, with divers noblemen, whose tears bewray'd our care,  
 Was present, when her dying tongue of you did thus declare;  
 My hap (quoth she) is simply bad that cannot have, nor hope;  
 Was ever wretch (I wretch except) held to so scant a scope?  
 I see him rove at other marks, and I unmark'd to be:  
 I find my fault, but follow it,\* while death doth follow me.  
 Ah death (my lords), despair is death, and death must ran-  
                   som bliss,

Such ransom pleaseth Doracles, and Daphles pliant is.

Not bootless then (since breathless straight) sweet love doth  
                   flames contrive,

The which shall burn me up at once that now do burn alive.

Alas (then did she pause in tears), that Doracles were by, }

To take it from his eyes, not ears, that I for him do die; }

At least, perhaps, he would confess my love to be no lie. }

\* *I find my fault, but follow it, &c.*] Thus, Pope:

I view my crime, but kindle at the view. *Eloisa.*



But (want-wit I) offensive sights to Doracles I crave ;  
 Long live, dear heart, not minding me when I am laid in grave.  
 And you (my lords); by those same gods, whose sight I hope  
     anon,

I conjure that ye him invest your king when I am gone.  
 And only say I liv'd and died to him a lover true,  
 And that my parting ghost did sound, *sweet Doracles adieu.*  
 A sigh concluding such her words, she closed up her eye ;  
 Not one of us, beholding it, that seemed not to die.  
 Thus to your grace I leave to guess how tragic Daphles died ;  
 In love, my lord, yea loving you, that her of love denied.'

The picture, and this same discourse, afford sufficient woe  
 To him, that, maimed in his mind, did to his palace go.  
 There Doracles did set abroad a world of things forgot ;  
 What mean'st thou, man? (ah frantic man) how art thou  
     overshot

(He said) to hate the substance then, and love the shadow now,  
 Her painted board, whose amorous heart did break whilst I  
     not bow ?

And could'st thou, churlish wretch, condemn the love of such  
     a queen?

O gods, I grant for such contempt I justly bide your *teene.*  
 Her only beauty (worthy Jove, that now on me hath power)  
 Was worthy of far worthier love, without a further dower.  
 But gaze thou on her, senseless sign, whose self thou mad'st  
     thy prey,

And gazing perish; for thy life is debt to her decay.  
 Time going on, grief it grew on, of dolour sprung despair,  
 When Doracles to Daphles' tomb did secretly repair:

There (tears a preface to the rest) these only words he  
     spake ;  
 ' Thy love was loss, for loss my life in recompense do take,  
 Dear Daphles;' so a dagger's stab a tragedy did make. }

*Albion's England*, by W. Warner,  
 Chap. ix. Edit. 1602.

## ODE TO MARS.

**O** FIERCE and furious God! whose harmfull heart  
Rejoiceth most to shed the guiltless blood:  
Whose heady will doth all the world subvert,  
And doth envy the pleasant merry mood  
Of our estate that erst in quiet stood;  
Why dost thou thus our harmless town annoy,  
Which mighty Bacchus governed in joy?

Father of war and death! that dost remove  
With wrathful wreck from woeful mother's breast  
The trusty pledges of her tender love;  
So grant the gods, that for our final rest,  
Dame Venus' pleasant looks may charm thee best,  
Whereby when thou shall all amazed stand,  
The sword may fall out of thy trembling hand.

And thou may'st prove some other way full well  
The bloody prowess of thy mighty spear,  
Wherewith thou raisest from the depths of hell  
The wrathful sprites of all the furies there,  
Who, when they wake, do wander every where,  
And never rest to range about the coasts,  
T' enrich their pit with spoils of damned ghosts.

And when thou hast our fields forsaken thus,  
Let cruel Discord bear thee company,  
Engirt with snakes, and serpents venomous,

E'en she, that can with red vermilion dye  
The gladsome green, that flourish'd pleasantly,  
And make the greenly ground a drinking cup,  
To sup the blood of murder'd bodies up.

*Jocasta*, by G. Gascoigne, Act II. Scene the  
last, from his *Poems*, 1577, 4to.

---

### ODE TO CONCORD.

---

O BLISSFUL Concord, bred in sacred breast  
Of him that rules the restless-rolling sky,  
That to the earth, for man's assured rest,  
From height of heavens vouchsafest down to fly!  
In thee alone the mighty power doth lie,  
With sweet accord to keep the frowning stars,  
And every planet else, from hurtful wars.

In thee, in thee, such noble virtue bides,  
As may command the mightiest gods to bend;  
From thee alone such sugar'd friendship slides  
As mortal wights can scarcely comprehend.  
To greatest strife thou sett'st delightful end.  
O holy Peace, by thee are only found  
The passing joys that every where abound!

Thou, only thou, through thy celestial might,  
Didst first of all the heavenly pole divide  
From th' old confused heap, that Chaos high:

Thou madst the sun, the moon, the stars, to glide  
With order'd course, about this world so wide:  
Thou hast ordain'd Dan Tytan's shining light  
By dawn of day to change the darksome night.

When tract of time returns the lusty Ver,  
By thee alone the buds and blossoms spring,  
The fields with flowers be garnish'd every where,  
The blooming trees abundant fruit do bring.  
The cheerful birds melodiously do sing:  
Thou dost appoint the crop of summer's seed,  
For man's relief, to serve the winter's need.

Thou dost inspire the hearts of princely peers,  
By providence proceeding from above,  
In flow'ring youth to choose their proper *feares*,  
With whom they live in league of lasting love,  
Till fearful death doth flitting life remove;  
And look how fast to death man pays his due!  
So fast again dost thou his stock renew.

By thee the basest thing advanced is;  
Thou every where dost graft such golden peace,  
As filleth man with more than earthly bliss:  
The earth by thee doth yield her sweet increase,  
At beck of thee all bloody discords cease.  
And mightiest realms in quiet do remain,  
Whereas thy hand doth hold the royal rein.

*Jocasta*, by G. Gascoigne,  
Act IV. Scene the last.

## MATILDA THE FAIR,

AFTER RESISTING THE IMPORTUNITIES OF KING JOHN,  
WHO HAD DISGRACED AND BANISHED HER FATHER,  
RETIRES TO THE ABBEY OF DUNMOW, AND IS THERE  
POISONED BY AN ASSASSIN FROM THE KING.

---

MATILDA SPEAKS.

WHERE I alone, and to his tale expos'd,  
(As one to him a willing ear that lent)  
Himself to me he but too soon disclos'd,  
And who it was that thither had him sent,  
From point to point relating his intent;  
Who, whilst I stood struck dumb with this invasion,  
He thus pursues me strongly with persuasion.

' Hear but (saith he) how blindly thou dost err,  
Fondly to doat upon thine own perfection,  
When as the king thee highly will prefer,  
Nay, and his power attendeth thy protection;  
So indiscreetly sort not thy election,  
To shut that in a melancholy cell,  
Which in a court ordained was to dwell.

Yet further think how dang'rous is his offer,  
If thy neglect do carelessly abuse it:  
Art thou not mad, that thus do'st see a coffer  
Fill'd up with gold, and proffer'd, to refuse it?  
So far that thou want'st reason to excuse it,  
Thyself condemning in thine own good hap,  
Spilling the treasure cast into thy lap.

Wrong not thy fair youth, \* nor the world deprive  
Of these rare parts which nature hath thee lent,  
'Twere pity thou by niggardise should'st thrive,  
Whose wealth by waxing craveth to be spent ;  
For which, thou of the wisest shall be shent,  
    Like to some rich churl hoarding up his pelf,  
    Both to wrong others, and to starve himself.

What is this vain and idle reputation,  
Which to the show you seemingly respect ?  
Only the weakness of imagination,  
Which in conclusion worketh no effect,  
And lesser can the worshippers protect :  
    That only standeth upon fading breath,  
    And hath at once the being and the death ;

A fear that grew from doating superstition,  
To which your weak credulity is prone,  
And only since maintained by tradition,  
Into our ears impertinently blown,  
By folly gathered, as by error sown ;  
    Which us still threat'ning hind'reth our desires,  
    Yet all it shows us be but painted fires.

Persuade thyself this monast'ry to leave,  
Which youth and beauty justly may forsake ;  
Do not thy prince of those high joys bereave,  
Which happy him, more happy thee, may make,  
Who sends me else thy life away to take :  
    For dead to him if need'sly thou wilt prove,  
    Die to thyself, be bury'd with his love.'

\* *Wrong not thy fair youth, &c.*] See this argument pursued at large in Milton's *Comus*, 737, &c.

Rage, which resum'd the likeness of his face,  
Whose eye seem'd as the basilisk to kill;  
The horror of the solitary place,  
Being so fit wherein to work his will,  
And at the instant he my life to spill;  
All seem'd at once my overthrow to further,  
By fear dissuaded, menaced by murder.

In this so great and peremptory trial,  
With strong temptations sundry ways afflicted,  
With many a yielding, many a denial,  
Ofttimes acquitted, oftentimes convicted,  
Terror before me lively stood depicted;  
When as it was, that but a little breath  
Gave me my life, or sent me to my death.

But soon my soul had gather'd up her powers,  
Which in this need might friend-like give her aid,  
The resolution of so many hours,  
Whereon herself she confidently stay'd  
In her distress, whose helps together lay'd,  
Making the state which she maintained good,  
Expell'd the fear usurping on my blood;

And my lock'd tongue did liberally enlarge,  
From those strict limits wherein long confin'd  
Care had it kept, my bosom to discharge,  
And my lost spirits their wonted strength assign'd,  
Into mine eyes which coming as refin'd,  
Most bravely there mine honour to maintain,  
Check'd his presumption with a coy disdain.

Who finding me inviolably bent,  
And for my answer only did abide;

Having a poison murd'ring by the scent,  
 If to the organ of that sense apply'd,  
 Which for the same, when fittest time he spy'd,  
     Into my nostrils forcibly did strain,  
     Which in an instant wrought my deadly bane.

With his rude touch my veil disorder'd then,  
 My face discovering, my delicious cheek  
 Tinted with crimson \*, faded soon again,  
 With such a sweetness as made death seem meek,  
 And was to him beholding it most like  
     A little spark extinguish'd to the eye,  
     That glows again ere suddenly it die.

And whilst thereat amazed he doth stand,  
 Wherein he then such excellency saw,  
 Rueing the spoil done by his fatal hand,  
 What nought before, him this at last could awe,  
 From his stern eyes as though it tears would draw,  
     Which wanting them, wax'd suddenly as dead,  
     Grieving for me that they had none to shed.

When life, grown faint, hies lastly to my heart,  
 The only fort to which she had to take,  
 Feeling cold death to seize on every part,  
 A strong invasion instantly to make:  
 Yet ere she should me utterly forsake,  
     To him who sadly stood me to behold,  
     Thus in mild words my grief I did unfold.

\* .....my delicious cheek  
*Tinted with crimson.*] Expressed with a delicate felicity, superior to Milton's "vermeil-tinctur'd lip," which it might have contributed perhaps originally to suggest. But Milton's very epithet occurs in the poetry of Ed. Benlowes, Cant. I. stanza 21, 1652, fol.

Crouch low! O vermeil-tinctur'd cheek.



' Is this the gift the king on me bestows,  
Which in this sort he sends thee to present me?  
I am his friend, what gives he to his foes,  
If this in token of his love he sent me?  
But 'tis his will, and must not discontent me :  
Yet after, sure, a proverb this will prove,  
The gift King John bestow'd upon his love.

When all that race in memory are set,  
And by their statues, their achievements done,  
Which won abroad, and which at home did get,  
From son to sire, from sire again to son,  
Grac'd with the spoils that gloriously they won :  
Oh! that of him it only should be said,  
This was King John, the murth'rer of a maid!

Oh! keep it safely from the mouth of Fame,  
That none do hear of his unhallow'd deed ;  
Be secret to him, and conceal his shame,  
Lest after-ages hap the same to read,  
And that the letters showing it do bleed!  
Oh! let the grave mine innocence hold,  
Before of him this tyranny be told!

Thus having spoke, my sorrows to assuage,  
The heavy burthen of my pensive breast,  
The poison then that in my breast did rage,  
His deadly vigour forcibly exprest,  
Not suff'ring me to stand upon the rest,  
Longer for him it was no time to stay ;  
And Death call'd on, to hasten me away.

Thus in my closet being left alone,  
Upon the floor uncomfortably lying,

The fact committed, and the murth'rer gone,  
 Arrived at the utmost point of dying,  
 Some of the sisters me by chance espying,  
     Call'd all the rest, that in most woeful plight  
     Came to behold that miserable sight.

Thus like a rose by some unkindly blast,  
 'Mongst many buds that round about it grow,  
 The with'ring leaves improsp'rously doth cast,  
 Whilst all the rest their sovereign beauties show :  
 Amidst this goodly sisterhood even so,  
     Nipt with cold death untimely did I fade,  
     Whilst they about me piteous wailing made.

And my sad soul upon her sudden flight,  
 So soon forsaken of each several sense,  
 With all the horror death could her affright,  
 Strongly disturbed at her parting hence,  
 All comfort fled her ; for her last defence,  
     Doth to her spotless innocence betake her,  
     Which left her not, when all the rest forsake her

To show our pleasures are but children's toys,  
 And as mere shadows, or like bubbles pass,  
 As years increase, so waning are our joys,  
 Forgotten as our favours in a glass\*,  
 A very tale of that which never was:

\* *Forgotten as our favours in a glass.*] A thought peculiarly in the style of Shakspeare, yet, to the best of my knowledge, unborrowed from him. What follows, namely, his comparing the pleasures of life to

A very tale of that which never was,  
 is an improvement, I think, upon Shakspeare's comparison of life to  
     ..... a tale  
 Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,  
 Signifying nothing. *Macbeth*, Act V. Scene v.

Even so, Death us and our delights can sever,  
Virtue alone abandoneth us never\*.

*Legend of Matilda, by M. Drayton.*

\* Speed gives the following relation of this story: "King John disherited some noblemen without judgment of their peeres, and he would have destroyed Ranulph Earle of Chester, for that he reproched him with this, that he should use the wife of his brother Gefrey, Earle of Brytaine, whom Ranulph Earle of Chester had married, and from whom Ranulph was divorced by the council of King John, and the said Earle had married the daughter of the Earle Ferrers. King John being now in extremity, and mindinge to impute the fault to them that would not appease his fury aforetime, reprehended sometimes one, and sometimes another of his nobility, as traytors, calling them jealous, whose beds (as he bragged) he had defiled, and defloured their daughters. The Chronicle of Dunmow saith, this discord arose betwixt the king and his barons because of Mawde, called the faire, daughter to Robert Fitz Walter, whom the king loved, but her father would not consent, and thereupon ensued war throughout England. The king spoiled especially the castle Baynard in London, and other holds, and houses of the Barons. Robert Fitz Walter, Roger Fitz Robert, and Richard Mount Fitchet, passed over into France; some also went into Wales, and some into Scotland, and did great damage to the king. Whilest Mawde the Faire remained at Dunmow, there came a messenger unto her from King John about his suit in love; but because she would not agree, the messenger poisoned a boiled or potched egge against she was hungerie, whereof she died, and was buried in the quire at Dunmow."

Stowe's *Annales*, p. 170, Edit. 1615.

## ROBERT, DUKE OF NORMANDY,

ELDEST SON OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR, AND HEIR  
TO THE ENGLISH THRONE, AT HIS RETURN FROM  
THE CRUSADES, ON THE DEATH OF HIS BROTHER  
WILLIAM RUFUS, WHO HAD USURPED HIS KINGDOM,  
IS VANQUISHED BY HENRY THE FIRST, AND CON-  
FINED A PRISONER IN CARDIFF CASTLE.

---

As bird in cage debarr'd the use of wings,  
Her captiv'd life as nature's chiefest wrong,  
In doleful ditty sadly sits and sings,  
And mourns her thrall'd liberty so long,  
Till breath be spent in many a sithful song :  
    So here captiv'd I many days did spend  
    In sorrow's plaint, till death my days did end.

Where as a prisoner though I did remain ;  
Yet did my brother grant this liberty,  
To quell the common speech, which did complain  
On my distress, and on his tyranny,  
That in his parks and forests joining by,  
    When I did please I to and fro might go,  
    Which in the end was cause of all my woe.

For on a time, when as Aurora bright  
Began to scale heaven's steepy battlement,  
And to the world disclose her cheerful light,  
As was my wont, I with my keeper went  
To put away my sorrow's discontent :

Thereby to ease me of my captive care,  
And solace my sad thoughts in th' open air.

Wand'ring through forest wide, at length we gain  
A steep cloud-kissing rock, whose horned crown  
With proud imperial look beholds the main,  
Where Severn's dangerous waves run rolling down,  
From th' Holmes into the seas, by Cardiff town,  
Whose quick devouring sands so dangerous been  
To those, that wander Amphytrite's green:

As there we stood, the country round we ey'd\*  
To view the workmanship of nature's hand,  
There stood a mountain, from whose weeping side  
A brook breaks forth into the low-lying land,  
Here lies a plain, and there a wood doth stand,  
Here pastures, meads, corn-fields, a vale do crown,  
A castle here shoots up, and there a town.

Here one with angle o'er a silver stream  
With baneful bait the nibbling fish doth feed,  
There in a plough'd-land with his painful team,  
The ploughman sweats, in hope for labour's meed:

.....

Here sits a goatherd on a craggy rock,  
And there in shade a shepherd with his flock.

The sweet delight of such a rare prospect  
Might yield content unto a careful eye;  
Yet down the rock descending in neglect  
Of such delight, the sun now mounting high,  
I sought the shade in vale, which low did lie,

\* *As there we stood, the country round we ey'd.*] If we consider the time in which this was written, we cannot but admire the justness and propriety of the rural scenery here selected.

Where we repos'd us on a green wood side,  
A'front the which a silver stream did glide.

There dwelt sweet Philomel, who never more  
May bide the abode of man's society,  
Lest that some sterner Tereus than before,  
Who cropt the flower of her virginity,  
Gainst her should plot some second villany ;  
Whose doleful tunes to mind did cause me call  
The woeful story of her former fall.

The redbreast, who in bush fast by did stand  
As partner of her woes, his part did ply,  
For that the gifts, with which Autumnus' hand  
Had grac'd the earth, by winter's wrath should die,  
From whose cold cheeks bleak blasts began to fly,  
Which made me think upon my summer past  
And winter's woes, which all my life should last.

My keeper, with compassion mov'd to see  
How grief's impulsions in my breast did beat,  
Thus silence broke, ' Would God (my Lord), quoth he,  
This pleasant land, which nature's hand hath set  
Before your eyes, might cause you to forget  
Your discontent, the object of the eye  
Ofttimes gives ease to woes which inward lie.

Behold upon that mountain's top so steep,  
Which seems to pierce the clouds and kiss the sky,  
How the grey shepherd \* drives his flock of sheep

\* *How the grey shepherd, &c.*] The epithet *grey* refers to his dress, and not his age. Thus Drayton describes the same character :

The shepherd ware a sheep-grey cloak,  
Which was of the finest lock  
That could be cut with sheer.

*Dowsabel.*

Down to the vale, and how on rocks fast by  
The goats frisk to and fro for jollity;  
Give ear likewise unto these birds' sweet songs,  
And let them cause you to forget your wrongs.'

To this I made reply: 'Fond man,' said I,  
'What under heav'n can slack th' increasing woe,  
Which in my grieved heart doth hidden lie?  
Of choice delight what object canst thou show,  
But from the sight of it fresh grief doth grow?  
What thou didst whilome point at to behold,  
The same the sum of sorrow doth enfold.

That grey-coat shepherd, whom from far we see,  
I liken unto thee, and those his sheep  
Unto my wretched self compar'd may be:  
And though that careful pastor will not sleep,  
When he from ravenous wolves his flock should keep;  
Yet here, alas! in thrall thou keepest me,  
Until that wolf my brother hungry be.

Those shag-hair'd goats upon the craggy hill,  
Which thou didst show, see how they frisk and play,  
And every where do run about at will;  
Yea when the lion marks them for his prey,  
They over hills and rocks can fly away:  
But when that lion fell shall follow me  
To shed my blood, O whither shall I flee?

Those sweet-voic'd birds, whose airs thou dost commend,  
To which the echoing woods return reply,  
Though thee they please, yet me they do offend:  
For when I see, how they do mount on high  
Waving their out-stretch'd wings at liberty;

Then do I think how bird-like in a cage  
My life I lead, and grief can never suage.'

*A Winter Night's Vision*, by R. Niccols.  
See *The Mirour for Magistrates*,  
p. 650—653, 1610, 4to.

---

---

## RICHARD THE SECOND,

DELUDED BY THE ARTIFICE, AND OVERPOWERED BY  
THE AMBITION OF HENRY BOLINGBROKE, DUKE OF  
LANCASTER, MAKES HIS PUBLIC ENTRY INTO LON-  
DON, IN THE TRAIN OF THE LATTER, AND IS MET  
BY HIS YOUNG QUEEN ISABEL, WHO STUDIOUSLY  
THROWS HERSELF IN HIS WAY.

Now Isabel, 'the young afflicted queen,  
(Whose years had never show'd her but delights,  
Nor lovely eyes before had ever seen  
Other than smiling joys, and joyful sights :  
Born great, match'd great, liv'd great, and ever been  
Partaker of the world's best benefits),  
Had plac'd herself, hearing her lord should pass  
That way, where she unseen in secret was ;

Sick of delay, and longing to behold  
Her long-miss'd love in fearful jeopardies :  
To whom, although it had in sort been told  
Of their proceeding, and of his surprise ;  
Yet thinking they would never be so bold,  
To lead their lord in any shameful wise ;



But rather would conduct him as their king,  
As seeking but the state's reordering.

And forth she looks, and notes the foremost train ;  
And grieves to view some there she wish'd not there.  
Seeing the chief not come, stays, looks again,  
And yet she sees not him that should appear.  
Then back she stands ; and then desires, as fain  
Again to look, to see if he were near :  
At length a glittering troop far off she spies,  
Perceives the throng, and hears the shouts and cries :

‘ Lo yonder ! now at length he comes,’ saith she ;  
‘ Look, my good women, where he is in sight ;  
Do you not see him ? yonder, that is he !  
Mounted on that white courser, all in white ;  
There where the thronging troop of people be.  
I know him by his seat : he sits upright.  
Lo, now he bows ! dear lord, with what sweet grace !  
How long have I long'd to behold that face !

‘ O what delight my heart takes by mine eye !  
I doubt me when he comes but something near,  
I shall set wide the window.....what care I  
Who doth see me, so him I may see clear ?  
Thus doth false joy delude her wrongfully,  
(Sweet lady !) in the thing she held so dear :  
For, nearer come, she finds she had mistook,  
And him she mark'd was Henry Bolingbroke.

Then envy takes the place in her sweet eyes,  
Where sorrow had prepar'd herself a seat ;  
And words of wrath, from whence complaints should rise,

Proceed from eager looks, and brows that threat.  
'Traitor,' saith she, 'Is't thou, that in this wise  
To brave thy Lord and King art made so great?  
And have mine eyes done unto me this wrong  
To look on thee? for this stay'd I so long?

'Ah! have they grac'd a perjur'd rebel so?  
Well, for their error, I will weep them out,  
And hate the tongue defil'd that prais'd my foe,  
And loath the mind that gave me not to doubt.  
What! have I added shame unto my woe?  
I'll look no more.....Ladies, look you about;  
And tell me if my lord be in this train,  
Lest my betraying eyes should err again.'

And in this passion turns herself away :  
The rest look all, and careful note each wight ;  
Whilst she, impatient of the least delay,  
Demands again : ' And what ! not yet in sight ?  
Where is my lord ? what ! gone some other way ?  
I muse at this.....O God, grant all go right.'  
Then to the window goes again at last,  
And sees the chiefest train of all was past ;

And sees not him her soul desir'd to see :  
And yet hope spent makes her not leave to look.  
At last her love-quick eyes, which ready be,  
Fastens on one ; whom though she never took  
Could be her lord, yet that sad cheer which he  
Then show'd, his habit and his woeful look,  
The grace he doth in base attire retain,  
Caus'd her she could not from his sight refrain.

‘What might he be,’ she said, ‘that thus alone\*  
 Rides pensive in this universal joy?  
 Some, I perceive, as well as we, do moan:  
 All are not pleas’d with every thing this day.  
 It may be, he laments the wrong is done  
 Unto my lord, and grieves; as well he may.  
 Then he is some of ours; and we of right  
 Must pity him, that pities our sad plight.

\* This public entry of Henry and Bolingbroke is thus introduced and described by Shakspeare:

SCENE III. *The Duke of York’s Palace.*

*Enter York and his Duchess.*

*Duch.* My lord, you told me you would tell the rest,  
 When weeping made you break the story off,  
 Of our two cousins coming into London.

*York.* Where did I leave?

*Duch.* At that sad stop, my lord,  
 Where rude misgovern’d hands, from window-tops,  
 Threw dust and rubbish on King Richard’s head.

*York.* Then, as I said, the duke, great Bolingbroke,  
 Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed,  
 Which his aspiring rider seem’d to know,  
 With slow but stately pace kept on his course:  
 While all tongues cry’d, ‘God save thee, Bolingbroke!’  
 You would have thought the very windows spake;  
 So many greedy looks of young and old  
 Through casements darted their desiring eyes  
 Upon his visage; and that all the walls  
 With painted imag’ry had said at once,  
 ‘Jesu preserve thee! welcome, Bolingbroke!’  
 Whilst he, from one side to the other turning,  
 Bareheaded, lower than his proud steed’s neck,  
 Bespoke them thus: ‘I thank you, countrymen;’  
 And thus still doing, thus he pass’d along.

*Duch.* Alas! poor Richard, where rides he the while?

*York.* As in a theatre, the eyes of men,  
 After a well-grac’d actor leaves the stage,  
 Are idly bent on him that enters next,

‘ But stay : is’t not my lord himself I see ?  
 In truth, if ’twere not for his base array,  
 I verily should think that it were he :  
 And yet his baseness doth a grace bewray.  
 Yet God forbid.....let me deceived be ;  
 And be it not my lord, although it may :  
 Let my desire make vows against desire,  
 And let my sight approve my sight a liar.

‘ Let me not see him but himself, a king,  
 For so he left me.....so he did remove ;  
 This is not he, this feels some other thing,  
 A passion of dislike, or else of love.  
 O yes, ’tis he!.....that princely face doth bring  
 The evidence of majesty to prove ;  
 That face I have conferr’d, which now I see,  
 With that within my heart, and they agree.’

Thus, as she stood assur’d, and yet in doubt,  
 Wishing to see, what seen she griev’d to see ;

Thinking his prattle to be tedious :  
 Even so, or with much more contempt, men’s eyes  
 Did scowl on Richard ; no man cry’d, ‘ God save him !’  
 No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home ;  
 But dust was thrown upon his sacred head ;  
 Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off,  
 His face still combating with tears and smiles,  
 The badges of his grief and patience ;  
 That had not God, for some strong purpose, steel’d  
 The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted,  
 And barbarism itself have pitied him.  
 But Heaven hath a hand in these events,  
 To whose high will we bound our calm contents.  
 To Bolingbroke are we sworn subjects now,  
 Whose state and honour I for aye allow.

*King Richard II.*

Having belief, yet fain would be without ;  
Knowing, yet striving not to know 'twas he :  
Her heart relenting ; yet her heart so stout,  
As would not yield to think what was, could be ;  
Till quite condemn'd by open proof of sight,  
She must confess, or else deny the light.

For whether love in him did sympathize,  
Or chance so wrought to manifest her doubt ;  
Ev'n just before where she thus secret pries,  
He stays, and with clear face looks all about.  
When she—'Tis, O ! too true—I know his eyes :  
Alas ! it is my own dear lord !" cries out :  
And with that cry sinks down upon the floor ;  
Abundant grief lack'd words to utter more.

Sorrow keeps full possession in her heart,  
Locks it within, stops up the way of breath ;  
Shuts senses out of door from every part,  
And so long holds there, as it hazardeth  
Oppressed nature, and is forc'd to part,  
Or else must be constrain'd to stay with death :  
So by a sigh it lets in sense again,  
And sense at length gives words leave to explain.

Then, like a torrent had been stop'd before,  
Tears, sighs, and words, doubled together flow ;  
Confus'dly striving whether should do more,  
The true intelligence of grief to show.  
Sighs hinder'd words ; words perish'd in their store ;  
Both, intermix'd in one, together grow :  
One would do all, the other more than's part,  
Being both sent equal agents from the heart.

At length, when past the first of sorrow's worst,  
 When calm'd confusion better form affords;  
 Her heart commands, her words should pass out first,  
 And then her sighs should interpoint her words:  
 The whiles her eyes out into tears should burst,  
 This order with her sorrow she accords;  
 Which orderless, all form of order brake,  
 So then began her words, and thus she spake:

'What! dost thou thus return again to me?  
 Are these the triumphs for thy victories\*?  
 Is this the glory thou dost bring with thee,  
 From that unhappy Irish enterprise?  
 And have I made so many vows to see  
 Thy safe return, and see thee in this wise?  
 Is this the look'd-for comfort thou dost bring,  
 To come a captive, that went'st out a king?

'And yet, dear lord, though thy ungrateful land  
 Hath left thee thus; yet I will take thy part;  
 I do remain the same, under thy hand;  
 Thou still dost rule the kingdom of my heart:  
 If all be lost, that government doth stand,  
 And that shall never from thy rule depart;  
 And so thou be, I care not how thou be;  
 Let greatness go, so it go without thee.

'And welcome come, how-so unfortunate;  
 I will applaud what others do despise.

\* *Are these the triumphs for thy victories?*] In the same spirit  
 with Virgil's

Hi nostri reditus, expectatique triumphi! *Æn.* XI. 54.

I love thee for thyself, not for thy state ;  
More than thyself is what without thee lies :  
Let that more go, if it be in thy fate,  
And having but thyself, it will suffice.  
I married was not to thy crown, but thee,  
And thou, without a crown, all one to me.

‘ But what do I here lurking, idly moan,  
And wail apart ; and in a single part  
Make several grief ? which should be both in one ;  
The touch being equal of each other’s heart.  
Ah ! no, sweet lord, thou must not moan alone,  
For without me thou art not all thou art ;  
Nor my tears without thine are fully tears,  
For thus unjoin’d, sorrow but half appears.

‘ Join then our complaints, and make our grief full grief,  
Our state being one, let us not part our care ;  
Sorrow hath only this poor bare relief,  
To be bemoan’d of such as woeful are.  
And should I rob thy grief, and be the thief  
To steal a private part, and sev’ral share,  
Defrauding sorrow of her perfect due ?  
No, no, my lord ; I come to help thee rue.’

Then forth she goes a close concealed way,  
(As grieving to be seen not as she was) ;  
Labours t’ attain his presence all she may,  
Which, with most hard ado, was brought to pass :  
For that night understanding where he lay,  
With earnest ’treating she procur’d her pass  
To come to him. Rigour could not deny  
These tears (so poor a suit), or put her by.

Ent'ring the chamber, where he was alone  
(As one whose former fortune was his shame)  
Loathing th' upbraiding eye of any one  
That knew him once, and knows him not the same :  
When having given express command that none  
Should press to him ; yet hearing some that came,  
Turns angrily about his grieved eyes,  
When lo ! his sweet afflicted Queen he spies.

Straight clears his brow, and with a borrow'd smile,  
' What ! my dear Queen ! welcome my dear,' he says ;  
And (striving his own passion to beguile,  
And hide the sorrow which his eye betrays)  
Could speak no more ; but wrings her hands the while,  
And then—' Sweet lady !' and again he stays.  
Th' excess of joy and sorrow both affords  
Affliction none, or but poor niggard words.

She that was come with a resolved heart,  
And with a mouth full stor'd, with words well chose ;  
Thinking, this comfort will I first impart  
Unto my lord, and thus my speech dispose ;  
Then thus I'll say ; thus look ; and with this art  
Hide mine own sorrow, to relieve his woes ;  
When being come, all this prov'd nought but wind ;  
Tears, looks, and sighs do only tell her mind.

Thus both stood silent, and confused so,  
Their eyes relating how their hearts did mourn ;  
Both big with sorrow, and both great with woe,  
In labour with what was not to be borne :  
This mighty burthen wherewithal they go  
Dies undeliver'd, perishes unborn ;



Sorrow makes Silence her best orator,  
Where words may make it less, not show it more.

*Civil War*, by S. Daniel, B. II. st. 66—92.  
P. Works, 1718, 12mo.

---

## THE QUESTION.

---

BEING ASKED THE OCCASION OF HIS WHITE HEAD, HE  
ANSWERETH THUS :

WHERE *seething* sighs and sorrow sobs  
Hath slain the slips that nature set :  
And scalding showers with stony throbs,  
The kindly sap from them hath *fet* :  
What wonder then though that you see  
Upon my head white hairs to be.

Where thought hath thrill'd and thrown his spears,  
To hurt the heart that harmeth him not :  
And groaning grief hath ground forth tears,  
Mine eye to stain, my face to spot :  
What wonder then though that you see,  
Upon my head white hairs to be.

Where pinching pain himself has plac'd,  
There peace with pleasures were possess'd :  
And where the walls of wealth lie waste,  
And poverty in them is press'd :

What wonder then though that you see  
Upon my head white hairs to be.

Where wretched woe will weave her web,  
Where care the clue can catch and dust :  
And floods of joy are fallen to ebb,  
So low, that life may not long last :  
What wonder then though that you see  
Upon my head white hairs to be.

These hairs of age are messengers \*,  
Which bid me fast, repent, and pray ;  
They be of death the harbingers,  
That doth prepare and dress the way.  
Wherefore I joy that you may see  
Upon my head such hairs to be.

They be the lines that lead the length,  
How far my race is for to run :  
They say my youth is fled with strength,  
And how old age is weak begun.  
The which I feel, and you may see  
Upon my head such lines to be.

They be the strings of sober sound,  
Whose music is harmonical :  
Their tunes declare a time from ground  
I came, and how thereto I shall :

\* *These hairs of age are messengers, &c.*] See Dr. Percy's *Reliques*, who has printed the following five traditional lines, being part of an old song which he professes to have received from a friend :

.....his reverend locks  
In comely curls did wave ;  
And on his aged temples grew  
*The blossoms of the grave.*

Vol. II. p. 160.

Wherefore I joy that you may see  
Upon my head such strings to be.

God grant to those that white hairs have,  
No worse them take than I have meant :  
That after they be laid in grave,  
Their souls may joy their lives well spent.  
God grant likewise that you may see  
Upon your head such hairs to be.

From the *Paradise of Dainty Devises*,  
fol. 1, 4, signed W. Hunis.

---

---

## RICHARD THE THIRD,

BEFORE THE BATTLE OF BOSWORTH.

---

THE king (whose eyes were never fully clos'd,  
Whose mind, oppress'd with fearful dreams, suppos'd  
That he in blood had wallow'd all the night)  
Leaps from his restless bed before the light :  
Accursed Tyrell is the first he spies,  
Whom threat'ning with his dagger, thus he cries :  
' How dar'st thou, villain, so disturb my sleep,  
Were not the smother'd children buried deep\*?  
And hath the ground again been ript by thee,  
That I their rotten carcases might see?'

\* *Were not the smother'd children buried deep?]* There is much nature in this spirited interrogation.

The wretch astonish'd hastes away to slide,  
(As damned ghosts themselves in darkness hide)  
And call up three, whose counsels could assuage  
'The sudden swellings of the prince's rage:  
Ambitious Lovell, who, to gain his grace,  
Had stain'd the honour of his noble race;  
Perfidious Catesby, by whose curious skill  
The law was taught to speak his master's will:  
And Ratcliff, deeply learn'd in courtly art,  
Who best could search into his sovereign's heart:  
Affrighted Richard labours to relate  
His hideous dreams, as signs of hapless fate:  
' Alas (said they), such fictions children fear,  
These are not terrors showing danger near,  
But motives sent by some propitious power,  
To make you watchful at this early hour;  
These prove that your victorious care prevents  
Your slothful foes, that slumber in their tents;  
This precious time must not in vain be spent,  
Which God (your help) by heavenly means hath lent.'  
He (by these false conjectures) much appeas'd,  
Contemning fancies which his mind diseas'd,  
Replies;—' I should have been asham'd to tell  
Fond dreams to wise men : whether heav'n or hell,  
Or troubled nature, these effects hath wrought,  
I know, this day requires another thought:  
If some resistless strength my cause should cross,  
Fear will increase, and not redeem the loss;  
All dangers clouded with the mist of fear  
Seem great far off, but lessen coming near.  
Away, ye black illusions of the night,  
If ye, combin'd with Fortune, have the might  
To hinder my design: ye shall not bar  
My courage seeking glorious death in war.'

Thus being cheer'd, he calls aloud for arms,  
 And bids that all should rise, whom Morpheus charms.  
 ' Bring me (saith he) the harness that I wore  
 At Tewxbury, which from that day no more  
 Hath felt the batt'ries of a civil strife,  
 Nor stood between destruction and my life.'  
 Upon his breast-plate he beholds a dent,  
 Which in that field young Edward's sword did print:  
 This stirs remembrance of his heinous guilt,  
 When he that prince's blood so foully spilt.  
 Now fully arm'd, he takes his helmet bright,  
 Which, like a twinkling star, with trembling light  
 Sends radiant lustre through the darksome air\*;  
 This mask will make his wrinkled visage fair.  
 But when his head is cover'd with the steel,  
 He tells his servants, that his temples feel  
 Deep-piercing stings, which breed unusual pains,  
 And of the heavy burden much complains.  
 Some mark his words, as tokens fram'd t' express  
 The sharp conclusion of a sad success.  
 Then going forth, and finding in his way  
 A soldier of the watch, who sleeping lay;  
 Enrag'd to see the wretch neglect his part,  
 He strikes a sword into his trembling heart,  
 The haud of death and iron dulness takes  
 Those leaden eyes, which natural ease forsakes:  
 The king this morning sacrifice commends,  
 And for example, thus the fact defends:  
 ' I leave him as I found him, fit to keep  
 The silent doors of everlasting sleep.'

\* ..... *he takes his helmet, bright,  
 Which, like a twinkling star, with trembling light  
 Sends radiant lustre through the darksome air.*] This descrip-  
 tion of a piece of armour is as fine as any thing I am able to recol-

Still Richmond slept : for worldly care and fear  
 Have times of pausing when the soul is clear ;  
 While heaven's director, whose revengeful brow  
 Would to the guilty head no rest allow,  
 Looks on the other part with milder eyes :  
 At his command an angel swiftly flies  
 From sacred Truth's perspicuous gate, to bring  
 A crystal vision on his golden wing.  
 This lord, thus sleeping, thought he saw and knew  
 His lamb-like uncle, whom that tiger slew,  
 Whose powerful words encourage him to fight :  
 ' Go on, just scourge of murder, Virtue's light.  
 The combat which thou shalt this day endure,  
 Makes England's peace for many ages sure ;  
 Thy strong invasion cannot be withstood,  
 The earth assists thee with the cry of blood ;  
 The heaven shall bless thy hopes, and crown thy joys.  
 See how the fiends, with loud and dismal noise  
 (Presaging vultures, greedy of their prey),  
 On Richard's tent their scaly wings display.'

The holy King then offer'd to his view  
 A lively tree, on which three branches grew :  
 But when the hope of fruit had made him glad,  
 All fell to dust : at which the Earl was sad ;  
 Yet comfort comes again, when from the root  
 He sees a bough into the north to shoot,  
 Which, nourish'd there, extends itself from thence,  
 And girds this island with a firm defence :

lect of the kind. Let the reader compare it with the following lines  
 of Glover :

..... his glittering shield  
 Whose spacious orb collects th' effulgent beam  
 Which from his throne meridian Phœbus cast,  
 Flames like another sun. *Leonidas.*

There he beholds a high and glorious throne,  
Where sits a king by laurel garlands known ;  
Like bright Apollo in the Muses' quires,  
His radiant eyes are watchful heav'nly fires ;  
Beneath his feet pale Envy bites her chain,  
And suaky Discord whets her sting in vain.  
'Thou seest' (said Henry) 'wise and potent James,  
This, this is he, whose happy union tames  
The savage feuds, and shall those lets deface,  
Which keep the bord'ers from a dear embrace ;  
Both nations shall, in Britain's royal crown,  
Their diff'ring names, the signs of faction, drown ;  
The silver streams which from this spring increase  
Bedew all Christian hearts with drops of peace.  
Observe how hopeful Charles is born t' assuage  
The winds that would disturb this golden age,  
When that great king shall full of glory leave  
The earth as base, then may this prince receive  
The diadem, without his father's wrong,  
May take it late, and may possess it long :  
Above all Europe's princes shine thou bright,  
O God's selected care, and man's delight.'

Here gentle sleep forsook his clouded brows,  
And full of holy thoughts, and pious vows,  
He kiss'd the ground as soon as he arose ;  
When watchful Digby, who among his foes  
Had wander'd unsuspected all the night,  
Reports that Richard is prepar'd to fight.

*Bosworth Field*, by Sir J. Beaumont,  
p. 1—6, Edit. 1629.

## RICHARD THE SECOND,

THE MORNING BEFORE HIS MURDER IN POMFRET  
CASTLE.

---

W HETHER the soul receives intelligence,  
By her near genius, of the body's end,  
And so imparts a sadness to the sense,  
Foregoing ruin, whereto it doth tend ;  
Or whether nature else hath conference  
With profound sleep, and so doth warning send  
By prophetizing dreams, what hurt is near,  
And gives the heavy careful heart to fear :

However, so it is ; the now sad king  
(Toss'd here and there, his quiet to confound)  
Feels a strange weight of sorrows gathering  
Upon his trembling heart, and sees no ground ;  
Feels sudden terror bring cold shivering :  
Lists not to eat ; still muses ; sleeps unsound :  
His senses droop, his steady eyes unquick ;  
And much he ails, and yet he is not sick.

The morning of that day which was his last,  
After a weary rest rising to pain,  
Out at a little grate his eyes he cast  
Upon those bord'ring hills, and open plain,  
And views the town, and sees how people pass'd ;  
Where others' liberty makes him complain  
The more his own, and grieves his soul the more ;  
Conferring captive crowns, with freedom poor.



‘ O happy man, (saith he,) that lo I see  
 Grazing his cattle in those pleasant fields !  
 If he but knew his good, (how blessed he  
 That feels not what affliction greatness yields !)  
 Other than what he is he would not be,  
 Nor change his state with him that sceptres wield.  
 Thine, thine is that true life—that is to live,  
 To rest secure, and not rise up to grieve.

‘ Thou sit’st at home safe by thy quiet fire,  
 And hear’st of others harms, but feelest none;  
 And there thou tell’st of kings, and who aspire,  
 Who fall, who rise, who triumph, who do moan.  
 Perhaps thou talk’st of me, and dost inquire  
 Of my restraint, why here I live alone;  
 And pitiest this my miserable fall:  
 For pity must have part: envy not all.

Thrice happy you, that look as from the shore \*,  
 And have no venture in the wreck you see ;  
 No int’reſt, no occasion to deplore  
 Other men’s travels, while yourselves sit free.

\* *Thrice happy you, that look as from the shore, &c.]*

Suave mari magno turbantibus æquora ventis,  
 E terrâ magnum alterius spectare laborem ;  
 Non quia vexari quemquam est jucunda voluptas,  
 Sed quibus ipse malis careas, quia cernere suave est.

*Lucret. Lib. II.*

On the subject of kindred sensations to this, I have been always pleased with the following passage in Dr. Johnson’s *Journey to the Western Islands*. “ We came in the afternoon to Slanes Castle, built upon the margin of the sea, so that the walls of one of the towers seem only a continuation of a perpendicular rock, the foot of which is beaten by the waves. To walk round the house seemed impracticable: from the windows the eye wanders over the sea that separates Scotland from Norway, and when the winds beat with violence, must

How much doth your sweet rest make us the more  
 To see our misery, and what we be!  
 Whose blinded greatness ever in turmoil,  
 Still seeking happy life, makes life a toil.

Great Dioclesian (and more great therefore,  
 For yielding up that whereto pride aspires)  
 Reck'ning thy gardens in Illyria more  
 Than all the empire, all what th' earth admires ;  
 Thou well didst teach, that he is never poor  
 That little hath, but he that much desires ;  
 Finding more true delight in that small ground,  
 Than in possessing all the earth was found.

Are kings (that freedom give) themselves not free,  
 As meaner men, to take what they may give ?  
 What ! are they of so fatal a degree,  
 That they cannot descend from that, and live ?  
 Unless they still be kings, can they not be ?  
 Nor may they their authority survive ?  
 Will not my yielded crown redeem my breath ?  
 Still am I fear'd ? Is there no way but death ?

*Civil War*, by S. Daniel,  
 B. III. St. 62—69.

enjoy all the terrific grandeur of the tempestuous ocean. I would not for my amusement wish for a storm ; but as storms, whether wished or not, will sometimes happen, I may say, without violation of humanity, that I should willingly look out upon them from Slanes Castle." P. 36.

END OF VOL. I.











UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY

Los Angeles

This book is DUE on the last date stamped below.

A NOV 06 1988  
REC'D LD-URL

DEC 27 1988



University of California, Los Angeles



L 005 461 264 3

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



AA 000 056 268 6

